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THE *Atlantic*



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and the
South**

**Senator
John F. Kennedy**



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Cover portrait of Senator Kennedy by Ern  de Sauv 

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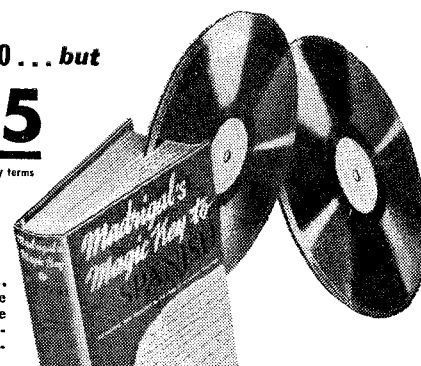
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



But Millikin has not been as unyielding as some of his colleagues in the House. In 1953, the President persuaded him to support a one-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. And the Senator was instrumental in upsetting the Republican scheme to pack the Tariff Commission. He was wise enough to see that if Republicans packed the Tariff Commission one year, the Democrats might do the same thing the next. Mr. Randall's attention, therefore, has been focused on winning Senator Millikin.

Senator Millikin and Representative Reed worked in close harmony with Chairman Randall on the trip which a dozen of the commission members made to Paris. The commission interviewed Winthrop Aldrich, Ambassador to Britain; James B. Conant, U.S. High Commissioner for Germany; R. A. Butler, British Chancellor of the Exchequer; Jean Monnet, President of the European Coal & Steel Community High Authority; and other representatives, both European and American, of NATO, the ECSC, and the Economic Commission for Europe. Those interviews produced a profound impression on Mr. Randall's group. One person who watched said, "They were overwhelmed with a sense of responsibility."

Mr. Randall returned to Washington with far greater confidence that he could avoid a minority report. Instead of a split down the middle, as seemed inevitable at first, the chances are favorable for a report which most members, except Representative Simpson, who refused to go to Europe and who has boycotted most of the meetings of the commission, will sign. Since so many things will be covered besides the tariff — economic and military aid, the problem of agricultural surpluses, customs simplifications, East-West trade, foreign investment policy, and relations with Latin America — there probably will be dissents at various points by individual members that will cause considerable trouble.

In view of the obstacles in the way, some of the President's most persuasive advisers are telling him that the Randall report should be put on the shelf for a year. They argue that in 1954 Congress will be in no mood to tackle highly controversial problems. Its chief interest will be in avoiding harsh decisions and adjourning as early as possible. This is an election year for all members of the House and a third of the Senate. The argument of the President's political advisers goes like this: "Congress will not be able to do much business this year. There are some important essentials

that have to be attended to, such as appropriations bills, tax legislation, raising the debt limit, amending social security, and foreign aid. Tariff problems should wait until the Republican majority is larger. The only practical course in 1954 is to extend the Reciprocal Trade Act for another year and postpone until 1955 the lengthy debate on the Randall proposals."

Many State and Treasury Department officials, as well as Mr. Randall, think that postponement would have tragic political repercussions here and abroad. Democrats would make the most of Adlai Stevenson's criticism that we have "government by postponement," and our allies might take protective steps of their own that would be difficult to retrace.

Because of the "escape clause" in the Reciprocal Trade Act, which permits industries that believe they are hurt by foreign competition to appeal for tariff protection, it is virtually impossible for the Administration to hold the tariff line as it is for very long. Unless Congress soon takes positive steps toward freer trade, there will be backsliding. That is one of the reasons why Mr. Randall wants to have a report ready in time for action by Congress in 1954. It remains to be seen whether the President will be persuaded by Mr. Randall or by his political advisers.

Intraparty struggles

It is partly because Mr. Eisenhower is receiving conflicting advice that Washington observers see difficult times ahead. It is said now that Mr. Eisenhower will look back on his first year as the easiest. His party is torn between those who want to retrench and those who want to go forward.

One of the first manifestations of this struggle in the new year will be over the Capehart proposal to enlarge the Senate Republican Policy Committee. The Indiana Senator will propose that all committee chairmen become members of the Policy Committee. This would mean a further intrenchment of the seniority system.

Senator Capehart's plan would weaken the authority of the majority leader, who is the Senate's chief contact with the President. The effect would be to wrest policy control from the elected Policy Committee and place it in the hands of men whose power derives solely from their seniority. If Senator Capehart is successful he will win a significant victory for the party's old guard. It will mean, for example, elevation to the Policy Committee of Senators McCarthy and Jenner.

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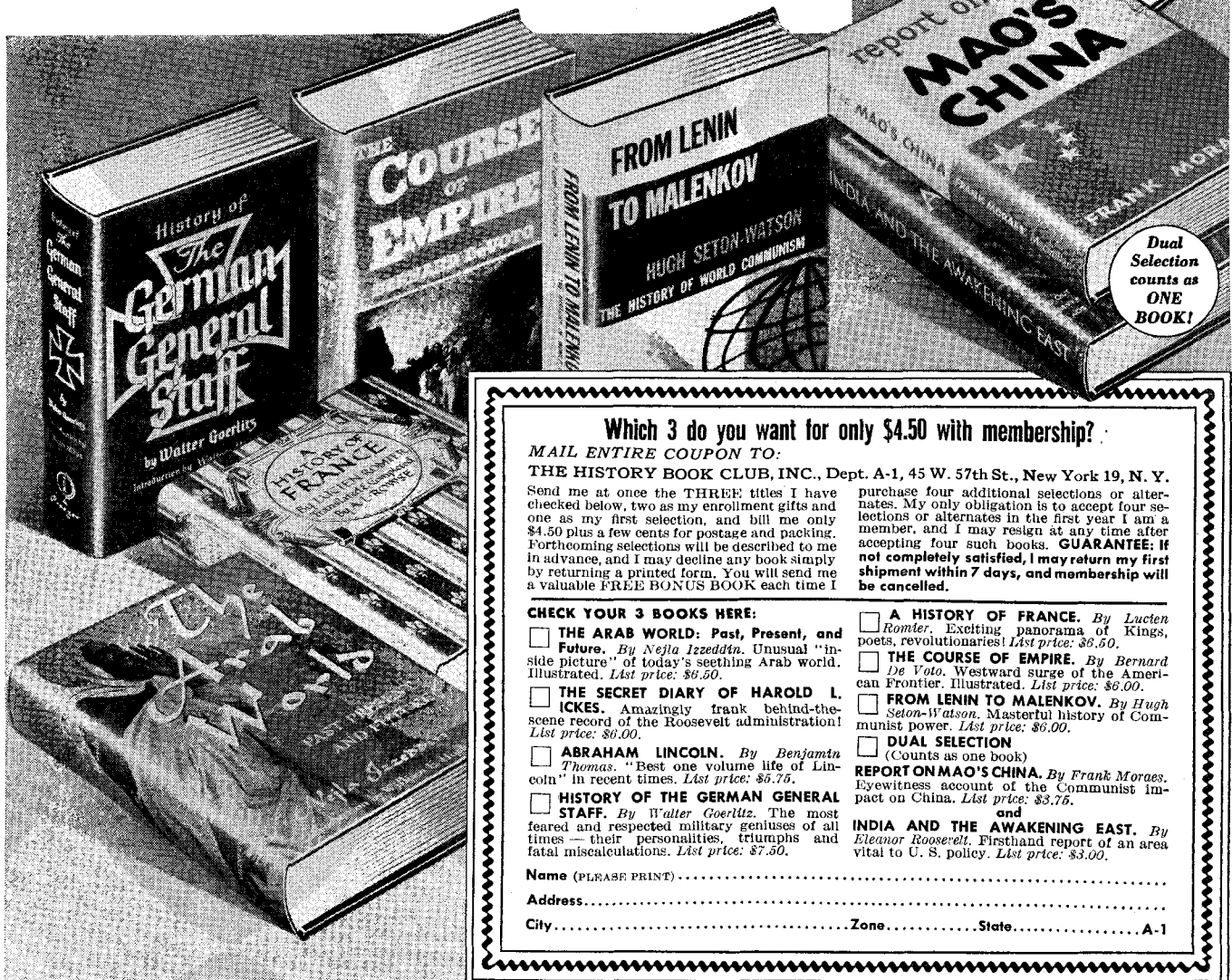
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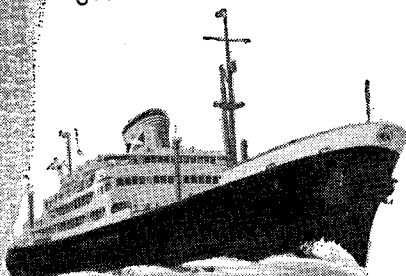
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That is but one of the intraparty power struggles which the President faces at a time when the Democrats are confidently coming out for battle. Control of the Senate now could be lost by the change of one seat, and control of the House could be lost by the change of three.

In such a supercharged political atmosphere — exaggerated by the November elections and the Brownell-Truman uproar — the President will appreciate the full force of the argument that Congressional elections are held too often in this country. The climate of an election year can have a paralyzing effect on the machinery of government, especially when the smallest change could affect control of Congress.

Mid-term elections

Advocates of a four-year term for House members got a boost recently from an unexpected quarter. When Parliament reconvened in Westminster, Sir Winston Churchill put at rest rumors that he would call a general election in an attempt to increase his majority. He said that the time was not ripe for another "costly, quarrelsome, machine-made tumult."

The five-year term of the House of Commons, Churchill said, "strikes a happy medium between Parliaments which last too little and Parliaments which last too long." He could have been thinking of the House of Representatives when he spoke of Parliaments which last too little.

Administration leaders are deeply disturbed by the problem which politics now poses. They readily concede that they got their programs off to a slow start in 1953 and that they did not fully take into account the mid-term elections. Now they are faced with some crucial decisions that require ratification by a Congress whose members are primarily concerned with campaigning.

Sir Winston said that elections exist for the sake of the House of Commons and not the House of Commons for the sake of elections, but nearly everything Congress does in the next few months will be with an eye to next November.

The President and the press

At his first press conference after the Brownell charges against Presi-

dent Truman in the Harry Dexter White case, the President made a desperate but vain attempt to stay above the battle. He likes to be the chairman of the board, seeking harmony and agreement. He refused to chastise the House Committee on Un-American Activities for subpoenaing Mr. Truman. He made it clear that he would not criticize the committee, but he added that he would not have done what it did.

No press conference in recent times has been as stormy as that one, and the President finally cut off the questions, saying that he would answer no more. He was obviously nettled and seemed surprised that questions should be as pointed as they were. It was an extraordinary conference, not at all typical.

The President has not hidden the fact that the press conferences are an ordeal. But only occasionally is his nervousness or unhappiness apparent to the correspondents. Several times he has shown that he has a quick temper, but generally he has kept it under control. He gives every appearance of trying earnestly to answer every question fully. Sometimes he talks animatedly without giving away much specific information.

Many correspondents complain that Mr. Eisenhower is verbose and platitudinous. He himself has said that he is a garrulous person. Sometimes he also is inept and bumbling, as when it took three or four statements to clarify his position on his role in campaigns. Although he is more careful on most things and certainly more averse to entering a fight than his predecessor, he too makes mistakes that show inadequate briefing and study and imperfect coordination in the Administration.

Eisenhower's hesitancy in making a decision or taking a firm stand is the exact opposite of Truman's attitude. When Attorney General Brownell made his first charges in the Harry Dexter White case the President, through his press secretary, quickly identified himself with them. But at his press conference the President backed away and cut much of the ground from under Mr. Brownell's original attack. Then the President took two additional steps to dissociate himself from the fracas. The announcement came from the White

House that the President had not seen the Brownell speech in advance and that he had not listened to Mr. Truman's television report.

Mood of the Capital

As the Administration prepares for its second bout with Congress, its first interest is in trying to down the ugly partisanship that lately has been apparent in so many ways. The charges and countercharges over the Harry Dexter White case served to add fuel to the flames.

It is astounding that party recriminations should become so acrimonious under Dwight D. Eisenhower. For seldom has a man attempted to stand above party to the extent that he has. But time and again things have happened that were beyond his power to control or after he had taken inadequate preventive measures. His lack of skill as a politician has left him open repeatedly to the charge of rank partisanship.

In his testimony before the Jenner committee, Mr. Brownell, with the enthusiastic support of J. Edgar Hoover, unquestionably put the Democrats back on the defensive, whatever the effect of Mr. Truman's television appearance may have been.

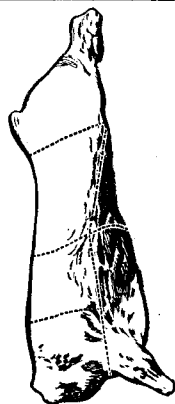
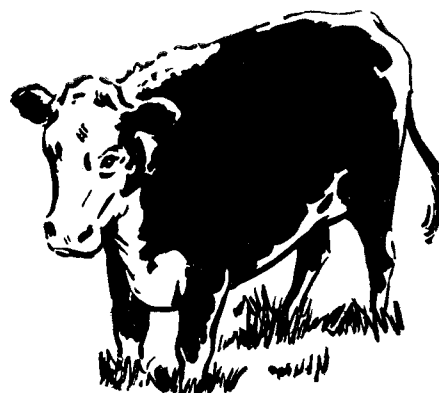
Two conclusions were immediately apparent: the Jenner committee has Administration support for a thorough and prolonged investigation into the past sins of the Truman Administration; and full corroboration is given by the announcement of Leonard W. Hall, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, that Communism under the Democrats will be a major campaign issue in 1954. The President expressed the hope at one of his press conferences that the investigations would be a matter of history by the next election. But Senator McCarthy, in his TV-radio reply to Truman, took direct issue with the President, and for the first time was openly critical of the Eisenhower policies.

President Eisenhower's great opportunity to lift his Administration above the political quagmire rests in his willingness to present Congress with a forward-looking program, which will command the support of responsible men in both parties, and in his capacity to see the program through, whatever the political obstacles.

How come \$1.00 steak from 25¢ steers?

1000 lbs. Steer
at 25.8¢ per lb.
Packer pays
\$258⁰⁰

Production costs of cattle raisers and feeders include breeding stock, death losses, feed and labor, land use, taxes, interest, supplies, equipment and other expenses for the three full years it takes to produce and feed a choice grade steer.



590 lbs. Beef
at 41¢ per lb.
Retailer pays \$241⁹⁰

Value of by-products, such as hides, fats, hair, animal feeds, etc., helps offset packers' dressing, handling and selling expenses, so that usually the beef from a steer actually is sold to the retailer for less than the live animal costs. As shown above, packer pays \$258.00 for typical 1000-lb. steer—sells meat for \$241.90*.

	Lbs.	Retail Price	Total
Porterhouse, T-bone & Club Steak	35	\$1.00	\$35.00
Sirloin Steak	55	.88	48.40
Round Steak	50	.77	38.50
Rib Roast	30	.65	19.50
Boneless Rump Roast	25	.89	22.25
Chuck Roast	105	.55	57.75
Hamburger	100	.42	42.00
Stew Meat & Misc. cuts	50	.56	28.00

450 lbs. of Retail Cuts
Consumer pays \$291⁴⁰

Retail markup takes into account such costs—and they've been rising—as rent, labor, depreciation on equipment and fixtures, etc. Also there is a loss of weight averaging 140 lbs. from shrinkage, fat and bones not salable to consumers. Prices are typical**.

All cuts of beef are equally nourishing.

If there were equal amounts of all, with an equal demand for all, steak and hamburger and stew meat would all sell at the same price.

But that just isn't the case—see table at right, above.

In general, demand is concentrated on steaks and roasts. This is why porterhouse steak, for example, may sell in some stores for \$1.00 while hamburger sells for 42¢.

If consumers don't want steak

badly enough to pay \$1.00 for it, the price goes down. If they demand more hamburger and the supply does not increase in line with increased demand, the price goes up.

That's how the law of supply and demand works.

*Based on actual government figures—Chicago market reports of U.S. Dept. of Agriculture for choice-grade steers and choice-grade beef, mid-October, 1953.

**Retail prices shown above are averages for all kinds of Chicago stores, including cash-and-carry, charge-and-deliver, in high rent areas and in low rent areas. Prices in some stores may be higher ... in others lower.

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Kashmir

THE dismissal last August of Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, for six years Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir, touched off a new series of dramatic incidents in India and Pakistan and in the territory of Jammu and Kashmir itself. Abdullah's dismissal from office was followed the next morning by his arrest and the arrest of one of his colleagues in the cabinet. The arrests led to popular demonstrations, and there were violent clashes between the demonstrators and the state police, resulting in casualties on both sides.

Once again extremists in Pakistan demanded religious war and a crossing of the cease-fire line. A timely SOS from Pakistan's Prime Minister Mohammed Ali to India's Prime Minister Nehru brought about a conference between them within a week of Abdullah's arrest. As a result, India and Pakistan are closer to a solution of the prickly Kashmir issue today than at any other time since 1947.

Since the British withdrew from India, the government of Jammu and Kashmir has undergone many radical changes. On August 15, 1947, when India became independent, the state of Jammu and Kashmir was ruled by Maharaja Hari Singh, an Indian prince, lineal descendant of Maharaja Gulab Singh who, for services rendered by him to the British during the conquest of the territory of the Punjab, obtained Kashmir more than a hundred years ago on payment of \$250,000 in cash.

Kashmir with an area of 82,000 square miles now has a population of 4 million. Of these, nearly 3 million are Moslems, less than a million Hindus, while the sparsely populated territory of Ladakh is predominantly inhabited by Buddhists.

Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah, a six-foot Kashmiri, started life as a schoolmaster. In 1938 he organized the National Conference, which developed into a very powerful political organization and enlisted widespread support from members of all the communities inhabiting the state of Jammu and Kashmir. His closest associate and most powerful collaborator in the movement was Ghulam Mohammed Bakshi.

In 1946 the National Conference delivered a straight ultimatum to Maharaja Hari Singh, and demanded not only complete self-government for Jammu and Kashmir but also abolition of dynastic rule. Abdullah and Bakshi and several others were arrested and sent to prison. Jawaharlal Nehru, who was then on the eve of accepting office as Prime Minister of the first provisional government of India, crossed into Kashmir to undertake the defense of the detained leaders and was also arrested. But after a brief detention he was forcibly conveyed to Indian territory and released.

The invasion of Kashmir

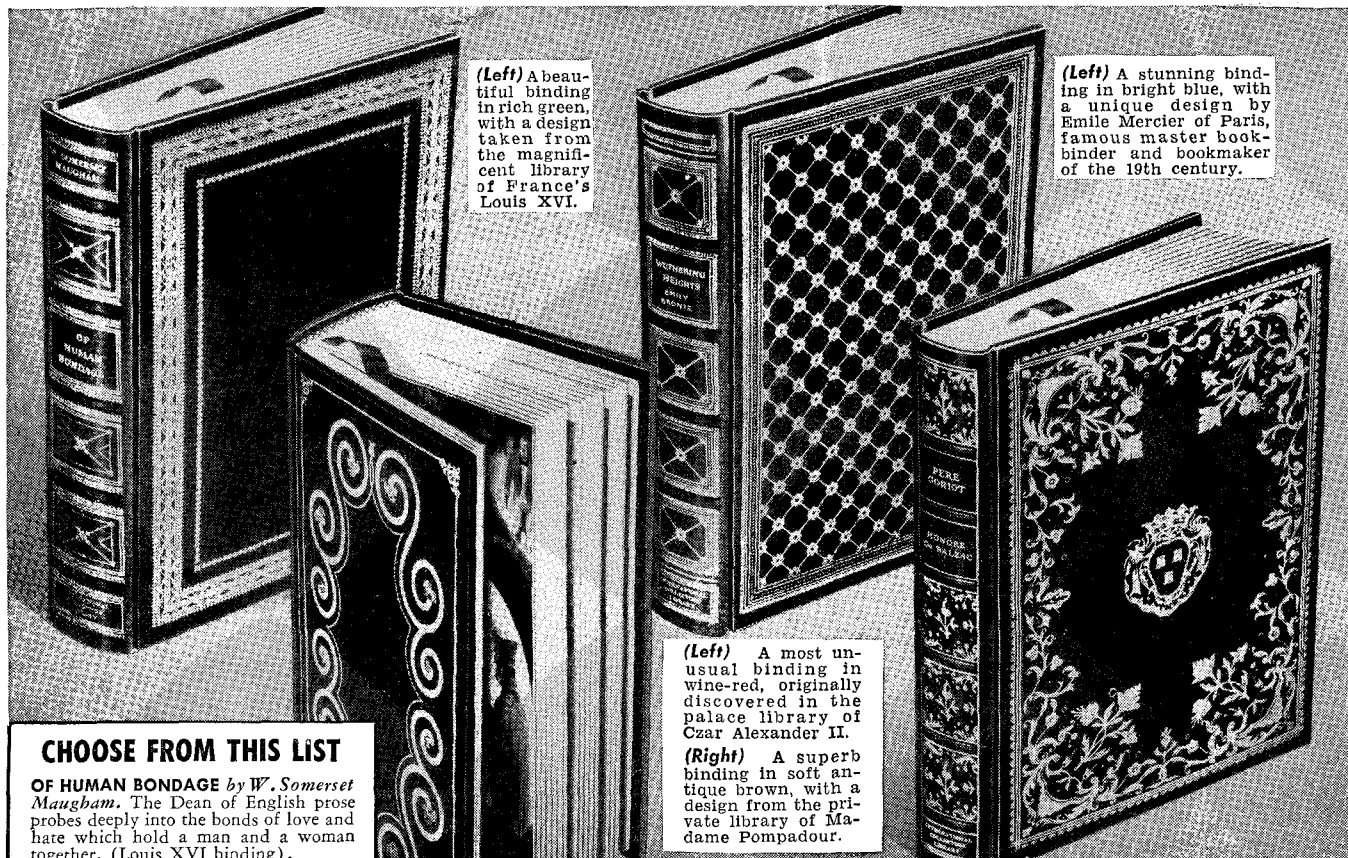
Under the Government of India Act of 1947 creating India and Pakistan as separate Dominions, the 400-odd princely states also became independent units with option to accede to India or to Pakistan according to their territorial contiguity. Prince Hari Singh, the ruler of Kashmir, a territory contiguous with India and Pakistan as well as with Russia, China, and Afghanistan, elected to remain independent, but offered to enter into bilateral agreements with the two Dominions, maintaining the status quo in regard to such matters as communications.

While these negotiations were proceeding the territory of Kashmir was attacked by a large body of Moslem tribesmen inhabiting the frontier of Pakistan. The small Kashmir army was completely overpowered; the raiders overran a considerable part of the territory with lightning speed and were actually within a short distance of Srinagar, the capital of the state, a few days after the attack had begun.

In order to mobilize public support Prince Hari Singh released Sheikh Abdullah and his associates and appointed Abdullah as Prime Minister and Bakshi as Deputy Prime Minister of a provisional popular government. With their concurrence an urgent appeal was made to India to help in the defense of the state and overthrow of the tribal marauders. An Instrument of Accession was formally signed by the ruler on behalf of the state of Jammu and Kashmir, whereby the state became an integral part of the Indian territory.

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This gave India the legal right to send armies and supplies. But India assured the people of Kashmir that after restoration of normal conditions in Kashmir, India would agree to the holding of a free and fair plebiscite to allow the people to decide whether they wished to continue the accession to India or to terminate it.

Indian armies were sent out for the defense of Kashmir while Pakistan forces joined in the attack. Soon a stage was reached in the hostilities when India asked for intervention by the United Nations to prevent "an international conflict between India and Pakistan on a wider scale." After many discussions and debates the United Nations appointed a five-power commission, consisting of representatives of Czechoslovakia, Argentina, the United States, Belgium, and Colombia, to utilize its good offices to bring about a settlement of the dispute.

As a result of the efforts of this commission a general cease-fire was agreed to by the two countries, truce terms were drawn up, and it was further agreed that after the truce terms had been fulfilled, a plebiscite would be held to determine future relations of the state of Jammu and Kashmir with India and Pakistan. Admiral Nimitz was chosen as plebiscite administrator by the UN.

During the last six years the cease-fire line has been maintained under the direct supervision of UN observers on both sides. The fulfillment of the truce terms, however, has resulted in a deadlock, thereby indefinitely postponing the holding of the plebiscite. Successive attempts by three United Nations intermediaries to break the stalemate have failed.

The Prince abdicates

Early in 1950 India adopted a constitution applicable to all the territories of the republic. Under special provision of the Indian constitution, the people of Kashmir were accorded complete autonomy in framing laws and determining their own form of government except in regard to three subjects on which the state had acceded to India—namely, foreign affairs, defense, and communications.

The first important political change brought about by the Abdullah cabinet was to compel the abdication of

Prince Hari Singh, the ruler who had earlier sent Abdullah to prison. Karan Singh, his son, succeeded Hari Singh. In order to secure the sanction of the people and to bring Kashmir democratically in line with the rest of India, the provisional cabinet, with the support of the National Conference, decided to convene a Constituent Assembly, which would function as the official Parliament of the state of Jammu and Kashmir. Elections to the Constituent Assembly were held in 1951 and gave the National Conference an overwhelming majority.

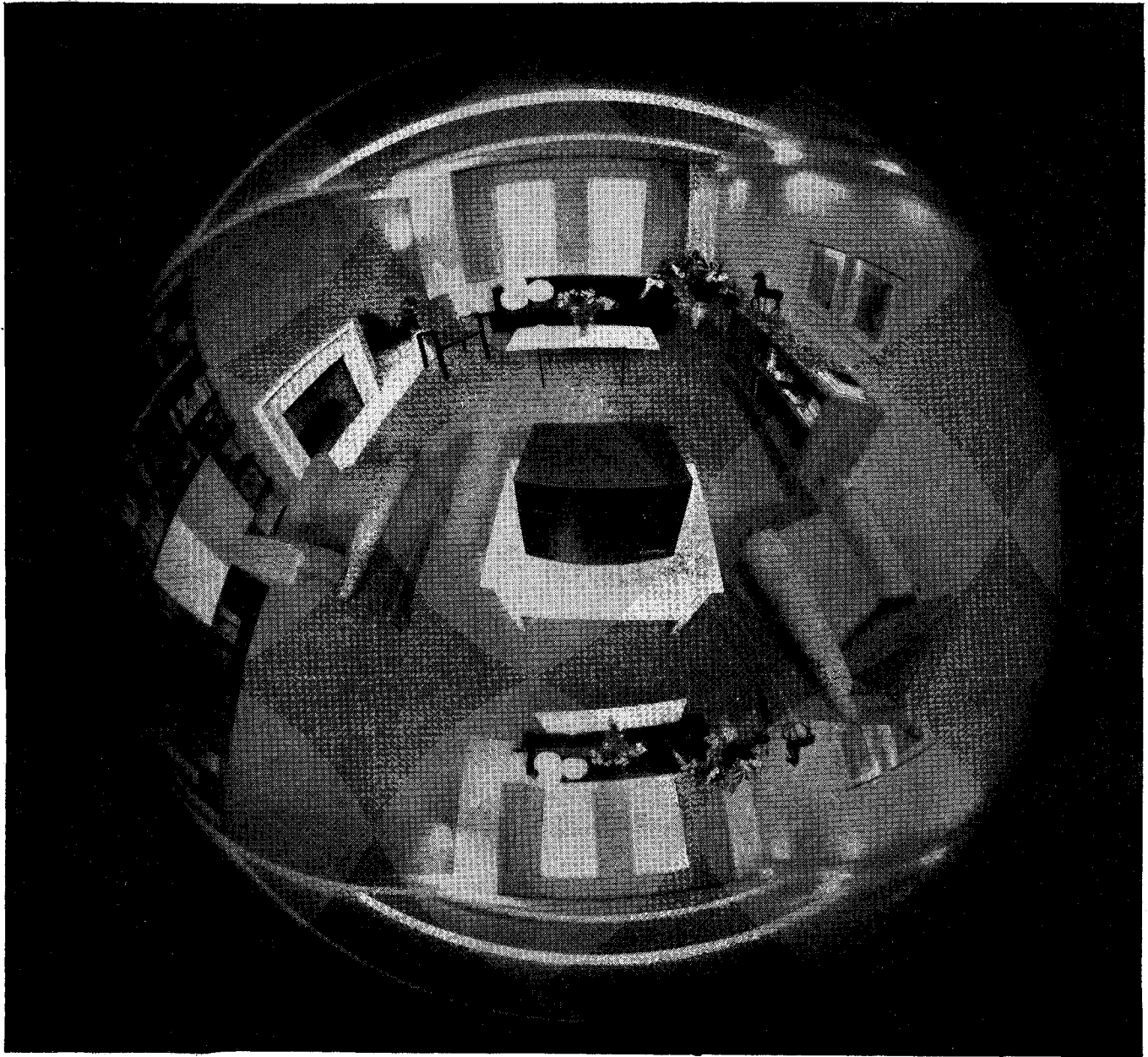
The National Conference voted Abdullah as leader and he reconstituted his cabinet from among his earlier colleagues and became Prime Minister. The first act of the Constituent Assembly was to vote the abolition of hereditary rulership and to have an elected head of the state. This was an important item in Abdullah's party program. Prince Karan Singh abdicated from all his rights as hereditary ruler and was unanimously elected the head of the state. Thus ended a hundred-year-old dynasty founded by Gulab Singh in the 1840s.

Abdullah runs into trouble

Earlier the Abdullah cabinet had expropriated the property of all landowners holding more than 30 acres and farmed them out to landless tillers. The Constituent Assembly endorsed this decision, which affected a large number of Hindu landowners, but decided in favor of granting adequate compensation to the owners.

Prime Minister Abdullah had ordered expropriation without compensation. While as head of the majority party he concurred with the decision of the Constituent Assembly, the idea of compensation was not to his liking. In the meantime, a large section of Hindus taking advantage of differences of opinion among members of the cabinet and of the Assembly started a powerful agitation in favor of complete accession to India under the leadership of a local party organization, Praja Prishad.

The agitation received the active support of extremist Hindu sections in India. Dr. Syama Prasad Mookerjee, the leader of the Opposition in the Indian Parliament, and several of his colleagues crossed over to Kashmir on a self-appointed fact-finding mission. They were arrested by Abdullah



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and indefinitely detained. Unfortunately, Dr. Mookerjee died of pleurisy and a heart attack during detention, leading to anti-Abdullah demonstrations in Jammu and in several parts of India.

Incensed by these incidents, Abdullah began to talk more and more in terms of "Switzerland-like" independence for Kashmir. His repeated declarations, the mounting discontent among the people, and increasing differences in the cabinet all created apprehension in India, and for several months a state of tension bordering on conflict existed between Sheikh Abdullah and his party colleagues on the one hand, and between him and the Government of India on the other.

Bakshi takes over

This was the state of affairs when Abdullah was dismissed, and Prince Karan Singh, titular chief of state, called upon Ghulam Mohammed Bakshi, the Deputy Prime Minister, to form a cabinet. The new cabinet was sworn in at an early morning ceremony held at the palace, and the first act of the cabinet was to order the arrest of Sheikh Abdullah and a few of his colleagues.

According to the Prince, this action had become necessary "in order to end a state of continuous tension, conflict and disharmony existing in the cabinet, resulting in a great deal of weakening of the administration, the spread of nepotism and corruption and acute economic distress among the people." Prince Karan Singh also claimed that Sheikh Abdullah had ceased to enjoy the confidence of his colleagues in the cabinet and his party.

Prime Minister Nehru of India, while declaring that the action taken by the new government of Jammu and Kashmir was entirely an internal matter, in which India's "advice was neither sought nor given," alleged that Sheikh Abdullah had been "wrongly advised" by "certain parties" in respect to the relationship between the governments of India and Kashmir.

Since assuming office the new Kashmir cabinet has worked hard for three objectives: to clean up the administration, to secure popular good will and support, and to gain the confi-

dence of the Constituent Assembly. The Kashmir administration resolved a food crisis by removing a fifty-year-old tax on indigenously procured supplies, bringing down the retail price of rice by 40 per cent and of wheat by 25 per cent. Measures have been introduced for the purpose of scaling down rural debt by nearly 50 per cent, thus promising considerable relief to the peasantry.

The Bakshi government recently announced the abolition of all fees in the 1349 schools and 10 colleges of the state, making education free for 110,000 boys and girls. In concurrence with the Government of India, an announcement was made that \$36 million would be spent towards economic development of Kashmir.

A party convention was summoned by Prime Minister Bakshi soon after he took office, in which an overwhelming majority expressed full confidence in his leadership and the program outlined by him. In October the Constituent Assembly was summoned, and its first action was to express unanimous confidence in the new cabinet. Bakshi was also formally elected leader of the National Conference party.

Riots in Pakistan

The arrest of Abdullah, however, created reactions of a different kind in Pakistan and the Pakistan-held territory of Kashmir. Whatever may have been the subsequent reactions of the people of Jammu and Kashmir on the Indian side, the dismissal and arrest of Sheikh Abdullah, who had been a leader of the National Conference for several years and had created widespread support for himself, came as a shock to the common people.

The reasons for the action taken by Prince Karan Singh were not understood, and the arrest led to several violent demonstrations in Srinagar, the capital of the state, and other towns. In some places business was suspended, and on two occasions the police had to open fire and 42 people were killed and several injured.

According to reports appearing in the Pakistan press the Moslems of the valley were in revolt against the Bakshi administration and had demanded the release of Sheikh Abdullah. The Pakistan press published what it claimed to be "authentic" stories of a daily mounting list of cas-

ualties, causing a wave of indignation among the Moslems of Pakistan against the Bakshi government and India.

Ali and Nehru get together

In this atmosphere of rising tension Mohammed Ali, Pakistan's Prime Minister, acted with rare statesmanship and cabled Nehru expressing a desire to fly to New Delhi within a week's time to discuss the issues arising out of the situation in Kashmir. Earlier, during their visit to England as guests of the British Government for the Coronation, Mohammed Ali and Nehru had had several exploratory talks regarding pending disputes between India and Pakistan, including the Kashmir problem, but deferred discussion to a later date.

Nehru responded to Ali's request with equal cordiality and the two Prime Ministers met in New Delhi on August 16, 1953. After six days of deliberation they reached agreement on several points and issued a joint communiqué on August 21, 1953. The notable achievements were:—

1. India and Pakistan, for the first time, agreed to a tentative date for the induction of a plebiscite administrator by the Jammu and Kashmir government.

2. The two Prime Ministers further agreed to hold direct negotiations for settling all preliminary issues arising out of the truce terms, which had hitherto defied solution, and to prepare the ground for the formal induction of the plebiscite administrator by the provisional date, April 30, 1954.

3. They also agreed to use their good offices and exert all efforts to create a favorable atmosphere in the two parts of Kashmir, and India and Pakistan, for the holding of a fair and free plebiscite.

Summarizing the achievements at a press conference held in Delhi before his departure for Karachi, Mohammed Ali said that "a solution of the Kashmir problem was now in sight" and that he was returning with "his minimum aspirations fulfilled." Nehru on his part expressed satisfaction at the results of the conference with Ali, and hoped for an early settlement of the Kashmir dispute and for improved relations between Pakistan and India.



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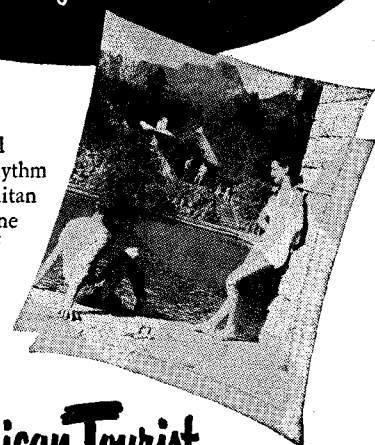
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British East Africa

TAKE a piece of ancient land sparsely inhabited by pastoral and nomadic tribes, mix into it a variety of white men of various intent, let it simmer for fifty years, and serve it hot in 1953. The result is a vulnerable, contradictory, and potentially dangerous area called British East Africa. In this flat land, this land of great mountains, of wild beasts, of desert and forest, the natives of Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya are emerging from their past. On the credit side stand those enlightened and sensible Africans who, with belief in Christian democratic principles, seek to bring their country quietly forward. On the debit side is Mau Mau.

Even though the activities of this organization have been restricted to a comparatively small area of Kenya, even though they are only indulged in by the Kikuyu tribe (that is, by two fifths of the native population), observers are watching carefully for the first definite signs that the white man is weakening. Though it would seem inconceivable that the forces of disorder could consume Africa, it is as well that the situation should be viewed in a world-wide way, for not only does East Africa play a vital part in the strategic pattern of the Western powers but its resources are essential to their economies.

The Kikuyu is intelligent, hard-working, ambitious, and politically aware. Over the years he had developed a religion and a government suited to his needs, based on a complicated system of blood relationship, age grouping, and land tenure: the possession of land was the material sign of his progress, his affluence, and his prestige. It is this tribe which has been most caught between the old way of life and the new. The white man came and strove to instill his ideas of religious and civic conduct, and by slow degrees he took from these natives their independence.

Into this vacuum stepped the political agitator. In 1922 it was Harry Thuku, president of the first Kikuyu Central Association; in the 1950s, after years of subversive activity and violent demand, Jomo Kenyatta was the ringleader, followed by Jesse Kariuki, Kangetha, F. W. Odede, and others in the now outlawed Kenya African Union. These

men knew what they were doing; they were the educated, the intelligent ones. But from legitimate grievance they produced crypto-Communist and nationalist propaganda, with just enough truth in it to make it seem the truth, with just enough mumbo-jumbo of secret and obscene ritual to make the uninitiated, ignorant, and often unwilling native join in a struggle which has as its main object the eviction of the white man.

Murder as a fine art

The design of a bloody autocracy appeals to men looking for quick gains. To the savage there is a certain satisfaction in killing expeditiously, in bringing murder to such a fine art that for his victims there is only two seconds between warning of danger and death.

Fear of Mau Mau makes him treacherous; the Rucks and the Meiklejohns were hacked to pieces by men who had been in their employ for many faithful years, and the little Ruck boy met death at the hands of his own "nurse-boy."

One Kikuyu, when asked by his dying master why he had attacked him after thirty-five years of close association, replied: "The past is the past and today is today."

The irony of it all is that the intergroup killings of Mau Mau — black brother against black brother — will probably destroy, faster than Western teaching, that very tribalism which is the backbone of the Mau Mau oath.

It is a popular battle cry that the white settler in Kenya stole land from the Kikuyu. It is at the same time convenient to forget that he occupies altogether 13,000 square miles, including the mission lands and lands appropriated for public purposes, such as the game preserves and forest reserves. The native possesses the rest of the 225,000 square miles of Kenya, of which 52,000 square miles of the best agricultural land has been reserved for his use. (Native reserves are in no sense compounds within which the native is confined, but are the means by which the British Government seeks to protect tribal land rights.)

Thanks to primitive and pigheaded native cultivation and to the falling death rate, this reserved land is deteriorating and becoming overcrowded. More land will have to be made ready by irrigation in order to satisfy the needs of the many Kikuyu who wish to remain agriculturists. A Royal Commission on East Africa has been set up to study this question.

Until the Mau Mau emergency, the extreme elements among the Kenya white settlers, powerful and critical, had been unenthusiastic about giving representation to the Africans and coöperating with Her Majesty's Government. They remained ignorant of the native way of life, except in so far as it concerned their own employees; and their favorite threat, when government became too officious, was to stage a "Boston Tea Party." With the arrival of British troops and aircraft came the realization that white security depends on Parliament and on the vote of people in the mother country.

Michael Blundell, spokesman for the European Elected Members on the Kenya Legislative Council, is trying to keep the settlers together. From the efforts of this liberal-minded man may emerge a group prepared to accept compromises, with whose help it may be possible to make constitutional changes equal in scope to those now being effected in Uganda and Tanganyika.

Uganda's prosperity

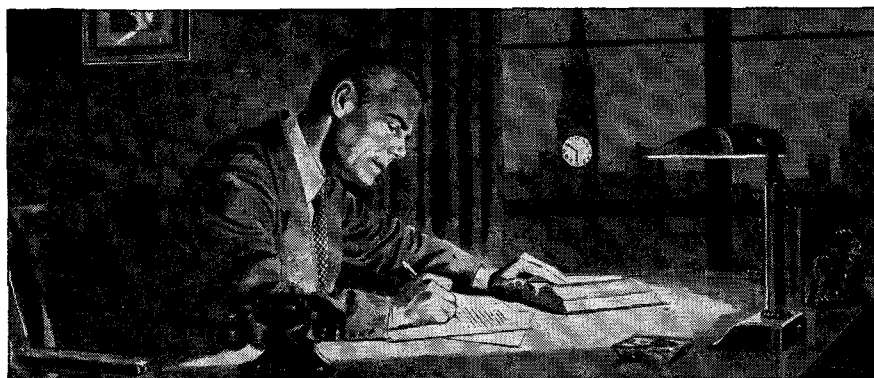
Kenya's fundamental weakness lies in the fact that its economy is based on a declining agriculture. Neither Tanganyika nor Uganda is so dependent on agriculture as Kenya. Uganda was and is a law unto itself, a native dynasty where the white man found barbarity and substituted prosperity.

All rural lands in Uganda are held in trust by the British Government for the native population; and out of a total area of over 80,000 square miles, less than 500 square miles belongs to non-Africans. Scattered over the country are the native cotton crops, whose yields make Uganda the main cotton-producing center of the British Empire. It is a rain crop without irrigation, and the system of small holdings tends to prevent serious soil erosion. Contained in this rich land are magnificent forests.

The Price of Success

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That's the price of success. Every man should ask himself: *Am I willing to endure the pain of this struggle for the rewards and the glory that go with achievement? Or shall I accept the uneasy and inadequate contentment that comes with mediocrity?*

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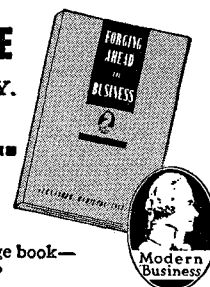
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The British Government's short-lived post-war Groundnuts scheme for producing oil for margarine in East Africa was an imaginative enterprise but it failed because, for reasons of political prestige, it did not advance cautiously from small beginnings, nor did it set out to gain local support. Instead, huge sums of money urgently needed elsewhere in the territory were squandered, and this extravagance, together with the deplorable behavior of some of the corporation employees, gave the local tribes a bad example of the white man's character and capabilities.

A more fruitful legacy to southern Tanganyika's economy is the construction of a railway one third of the way towards Rhodesia and the blueprint and initial construction at Mtwara of one of the finest deep-water ports of the East African coast.

Just over the border are the Portuguese, who have been in Mozambique since 1505. Their methods are based on the system practiced by the old Roman Empire. "We are Portuguese citizens," they say. "You, too, can be one if you prove yourself eligible." Roman Catholicism is the main religion taught in the territory; education is not compulsory; there is no color bar; and there are no Indian immigrants.

The Hindu threat

The British Government has continued to leave open the gates of British East Africa to Indians. The thousands who arrive, settle, and multiply are invading every part of civic life, and they are the real competitors and constitute the gravest hindrance to progress and prosperity.

The spiritual head of the most important Moslem group in East Africa, the Aga Khan, has specifically instructed his people to embrace the Western way of life and to be loyal to Great Britain. These people can therefore be regarded as East Africans, but it is very different with the immigrants from India, particularly the Hindus, who make no secret of the fact that their loyalties lie elsewhere and that they expect East Africa to become one day a part of the Indian Empire.

The white man's responsibility

There is at present plenty of room in East Africa, but the space needs to

be filled by men of energy and vision. Whatever his limitations, it is the white man on whom the future of the African depends; it is not only his money which is needed but his ability to push through schemes for the greater development of the more backward areas. The white man must be active but not dominant; he must be ready to laugh at the fallibility of his authority; he must have imagination; he must have more spark and be less concerned with theory.

In Kenya the native exercises a considerable measure of local self-government through the district councils; in Uganda and Tanganyika, native organizations are the primary instruments of the system of indirect rule and are in various stages of development, from the highly efficient native government of Buganda to the recently fledged district councils. From these stem the native treasures, law courts, schools, dispensaries, and employment agencies.

But because modern life cannot be fully lived on a tribal basis, responsibility for health, education, and agricultural enterprise must still rest primarily with the central government. And because there are certain services common to all—communications, collection of customs duties and income taxes, and various research projects such as the continuous fight against the tsetse fly—the three territories have formed a central body known as the East African High Commission, which consists of the governors and of European, Asian, and African representatives.

Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika together form a neat economic unit enjoying a favorable balance of trade. In visible terms Kenya's is unfavorable, but the colony has a considerable invisible export, not only in the performance of many services for the other two but in its flourishing tourist trade. All the major companies have offices in Nairobi and Mombasa, where much of East Africa's cotton and coffee is sold, and for the tourist there are the beauty, color, and power of the landscape and the wild animals roaming at will, preserved from extinction in all three territories by a wise system of game reserves and by strict hunting laws.

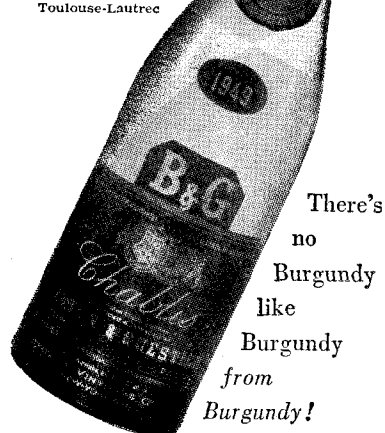
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many millions of pounds. The money comes partly from revenue, partly from British Government contributions, and partly from loans, including one from the International Bank. These plans cover improvements to roads and communications generally, soil conservation, planting and conservation of forests, opening up of new land, development of water supplies, and establishment of African, Asian, and European medical and educational services.

The West must help

Great new harbor works at Mombasa, Tanga, and Dar-es-Salaam are under construction, and inland transport is also being expanded, to all of which the United States is lending technical and financial aid. Through the Foreign Operations Administration a sum of \$1,680,000 has been put towards the Morogoro-Iringa Road Project in Tanganyika and £2,390,000 has been loaned to the East African Railways and Harbors Administration to facilitate exports of sisal and other essential raw materials through Mombasa and Tanga.

Other funds have come from the United States — about \$300,000 for each territory — which are primarily designed to foster small industry not directly related to agriculture. In this way the General Services Administration can, in return for metals, metal ores, and other raw materials, extend aid to firms which otherwise might have difficulty in raising sufficient capital.

It is important to underwrite East Africa. Now that both India and China are pursuing their own independence, this piece of Africa stands strategically and ideologically at the gateway between East and West. It is essential to uphold and encourage those Africans whose knowledge has raised them from the mass of their fellows but for whom, under the present system, there exist few opportunities for real service.

Among them there are moral, mature men who are not only faultless in manner and intelligent in thought and debate but who still retain the priceless African ability to laugh at themselves. These men, and many Europeans, official and unofficial, dare to nurse dreams of equal citizenship within a self-governing Central and East African dominion.

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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Future of 3-D

SIR:

I agree with the conclusions of John T. Rule's "Movies and TV" in the October *Atlantic* about the possibilities — nay, the inevitability — of subscription TV. But he missed the ball in analyzing 3-D.

The big point about 3-D is that it is essentially phony in its purport of imitating human vision. Its premise is that because we have two eyes, we normally see everything three-dimensionally. We don't. Most of the time we see things two-dimensionally.

The reason is this: the three-dimensional quality is established by the mind, not the eye. In most of our everyday vision, the third dimension is of no significance. If I look at a house across the street, or at you sitting across the room talking, it makes no difference in my life whether the house — or you — is three-dimensional or not. The mind, under these circumstances, does not bother to make the operation of correlating the two images taken in by the eyes. If, however, I have to step *into* the house across the street, the third dimension becomes significant, so that I won't trip — or if I have to reach for a cigarette you proffer me. Then the mind goes into 3-D gear, as it were, and comes up with a real 3-D impression.

Hence, when you project a 3-D movie, you are forcing on people a lot of mental work (the correlation or assimilation of three-dimensional impressions) which they ordinarily don't do. This is responsible for the sense of fatigue, optical or otherwise, that generally results in viewing 3-D films. Virtually everybody who has seen

them has remarked that intermittently, despite the glasses, they find their seeing lapsing back into two dimensions and they have to make a conscious effort to revive the 3-D effect.

This discrepancy between pictorial 3-D and the ordinary vision it purports to simulate has been remarked by Reeves, the Cinerama man, who probably has done as much studying in this field as anybody.

Film 3-D has another basic erroneous feature. In any scene, they have to focus the camera somewhere. In two-dimensional films, the problem was easy: they focused on the central figures and let the rest go fuzzy. In 3-D, this would obviously defeat the purpose of the whole thing. Therefore, they compromise-focus, the actual focal point being somewhere between the central figures and the background they want to take in also with reasonable sharpness.

This compromise-focus of course by definition is false compared with actual vision. But there's a more fundamental fallacy involved. It's a fixed focus. In normal vision, your eyes, as they gaze on any scene, are constantly shifting their point, depth, or plane of focus. The 3-D films impose an unnatural rigidity that is very onerous.

Hence there's no future in the medium at all, on its present optical-engineering basis. The 3-D films actually are less like normal vision than 2-D ones.

This is being rapidly confirmed at the box office, as the initial novelty appeal wears off. The Hollywood studios are writing off 3-D. The wide-screen stuff, based on peripheral vi-

sion, is something else again, and probably will survive, though it may be on a specialized basis.

GLADWIN HILL
Los Angeles, Cal.

Food for the Germans

SIR:

In "The Atlantic Report on the World Today — Germany," in your October issue, the author refers to the food distribution which was undertaken following President Eisenhower's offer of food for the people of the Soviet Zone. The article indicates that "thousands of East Berliners streamed across the city's dividing line to *buy* the packages at giveaway prices." While a small food distribution program undertaken by Mayor Kressman of the Berlin Borough of Kreuzberg in fact sold stocks at subsidized prizes, the large-scale program using U.S. food was given to the people of the Soviet areas without any charge.

RICHARD STRAUS
*Acting Public Affairs Adviser
Office of German Affairs
Department of State
Washington, D.C.*

I Personally —

SIR:

The irresponsible pricing which disturbs George Stevens in the October Accent on Living has given rise to somewhat related points which Mr. Stevens may mull over in relieving the tedium of his travels between Philadelphia and New York.

Why, for instance, is a cup of coffee — priced at ten cents, we'll say, *with* cream and sugar — not offered at a discount when served *with-*



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out sugar, or with a double refund when served *without* cream and sugar?

And why, in a restaurant where an initial cup of coffee or glass of milk is priced at fifteen cents, should subsequent cups of coffee be given free, when the request for a free glass of milk is met with a jaundiced eye? It seems to me that if each is worth fifteen cents initially and a second portion can be assimilated in the cost of the first beverage, then the same pricing should apply with the other beverage. Someone somewhere along the line is either losing money or making too much.

STANLEY D. MAYER
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR:

We should like to commend the *Atlantic Monthly* for the trenchant article "Can We Invest in Turkey?" by Clarence B. Randall (November issue). Inasmuch as my husband was born and spent his early years in Turkey, Mr. Randall's article was especially interesting to us both.

My husband has a friend in Turkey, a businessman, to whom we are mailing this article. I suggest that some of your other readers might have relatives or friends over there who would like to have this article brought to their attention. By this means, we in this country may assist in the transition of a valiant military ally into a trusted business associate.

ELIZABETH R. EMURIAN
Merion Station, Pa.

SIR:

I enjoyed greatly reading Whitney Balliett's "Jazz Today" (November *Atlantic*), but I cannot agree with his conclusions. He states, and rightly so, that the LP record has given the jazz musician room to move about in, and reasons from this premise that, given enough room, the musician will produce some worth-while music, just as one might reason that a painter, with a large enough canvas, will produce a masterpiece, or a writer, with

an endless supply of paper, a classic.

The 78 rpm record presents a challenge to even the most competent jazz musicians, who must, in order to produce a good record, search through their repertoires of phrases, riffs, and tripart harmonies for the perfect combination of them all. The number of records that have survived this challenge is small, but without the challenge, the musicians might never have tried. Louis Armstrong's "West End Blues" is an example of the type of beauty that is best found within a limited framework.

DAVID J. KNICKERBOCKER
Douglaston, L.I., N.Y.

The Marines in Korea

SIR:

S. L. A. Marshall's otherwise excellent article, "Our Mistakes in Korea" (September *Atlantic*), contains one major bloomer in the statement, "The reserves were not called."

This may have been true of the other services, but not of the U.S. Marine Corps. The Marine Corps Reserve was mobilized by order of President Truman in July, 1950, within a matter of days after the first increment of Marines (a provisional brigade and a Marine air group) had been sent overseas to the rescue of the Pusan perimeter.

R. D. HEINL, JR.
Lt. Col., U.S. Marine Corps
Fremington, N. Devon, England

Shakespeare

SIR:

The Peripatetic Reviewer's Shakespeare-by-ordeal (November *Atlantic*) reminded me that the thousand or more books in my Ohio boyhood home included eight complete sets of Shakespeare, though the cuisine tended toward codfish and shank meat. This Shakespearean profusion seemed particularly superfluous since, when I essayed a quotation from one of the plays, Father would usually continue with the entire scene, or act, from memory.

ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In 1946 the Atlantic announced an annual contest for Atlantic "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished authors making their first appearance in our pages. Each year thereafter the editors have voted prizes for those of special distinction, and the awards for 1953 are:

First Prize of \$750 awarded to

RICHARD YATES
for "Jody Rolled the Bones"
in the February issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to

GEOFFREY BUSH
for "A Great Reckoning in a Little Room" in the December issue

I once asked him about the background of his Shakespearean interest. He answered that at Oberlin College, in his day, reading of Shakespeare was strictly prohibited, as tending to incline the youthful mind toward the stage and its iniquities. The result was that he departed from college knowing most of Shakespeare's plays by heart. This Kittredge-in-reverse may be worth the attention of modern educators.

HENRY PERCY BOYNTON
Cleveland, Ohio

SIR:

The Peripatetic Reviewer speaks of the blinded Lear carrying Cordelia in his arms. Was he thinking of Gloucester? Or did he merely set a trap to find out how many readers he has, knowing they would write him?

While at it, I want to say that I enjoy and profit by his reviews. They have a human quality rarely found in others.

N. A. PEDERSEN
Logan, Utah

Alas, this is a case where the Peripatetic Reviewer's memory tripped him.

No Color Line

SIR:

As a member of the Board of Trustees of the Andover Theological Seminary, I wish to point out that in the otherwise fascinating article on Howard Thurman by Jean Burden in the October *Atlantic* there is a slur on the Seminary which should be corrected. It is the sentence: "At his graduation from Morehouse he applied for admission to Andover Theological Seminary, but religion was only for Caucasians, and they turned him down."

Andover has never had any color line whatever. There have been Negroes in almost every class. Joseph Neesima, great Japanese educator, graduated from Andover. Nor should it be forgotten that the Congregational Church, which founded Andover, the oldest theological seminary in the country, has been foremost in the work for Negroes, founding Fisk, Howard, Atlanta University, Talladega, LeMoyne, and many another notable Negro college or university.

The Congregational Church has also been very active in the project in which Dr. Thurman is so deeply interested, the interracial church.

ROBERT G. ARMSTRONG
Lebanon, Conn.

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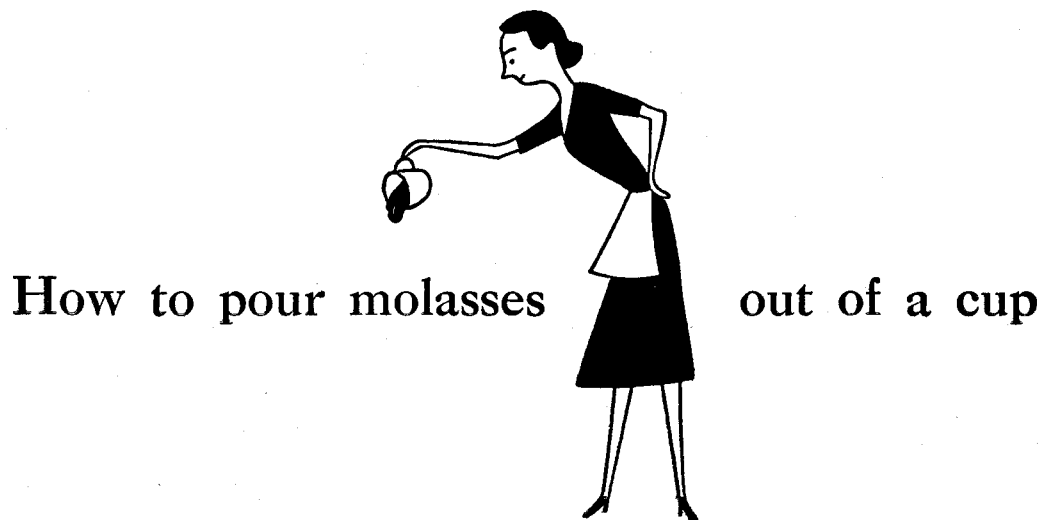
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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The first woman who greased the cup before measuring molasses deserves a small but appropriate medal for ingenuity. Likewise, the first man who thought to tape an emergency key under his car hood. Or whoever first sprinkled salt on an icy sidewalk. Or whoever first had the happy thought to warm a knife before cutting fruitcake.

In case you think all pesky problems center around the home, try soldering the connections on a radio. Or suppose you try assembling the bits and pieces of an automatic toaster.

If you did it for a living, you'd be on the lookout for better ways of working. That's for sure. In our family, a General Electric man or woman who finds an easier way to work a tool, to tighten a belt, or pack a parcel may win the price of a new hat, or a suit, or maybe even win the price of a new car.

Our sugar bowl marked "Cash for Suggestions" has been hit for over \$4,600,000 by employees in past years. Last year, over 27,000 suggestions were accepted and rewarded. This has been going on since way back in 1922.

As we write this, an order clerk in our Schenectady plant has just won himself a tidy \$4,800. His bright idea was a better way to use copper in motors and generators. By the way, we asked him how he planned to use the money. A new well on the family farm would be first, he said. The old well ran dry.

You get something extra out of this, too. You want products that give a pedigreed performance, do more, behave better. Thousands of thoughtful people backstage add their bit to our production efficiency. And only an efficient company can hope to deliver something extra in the package.

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With this essay, the Atlantic resumes the series of biographical papers each of which will seek to identify and probe that moment of supreme crisis, that turning point, of a person who made history. British essayist and biographer, D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS lived in Paris for many years between the wars, and from this vantage point has written serious works on Louis XI, Charles V, and François Villon. From the tapestry of Joan's past he has selected the particular strands that give life and belief to her career.

JOAN OF ARC

by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

How can one fix on one supreme moment in a life like Joan of Arc's? How does one perceive some irregular leap in the trajectory of a meteor? Which is the highest wavelet in a great river sweeping to the sea? How, in a life lived continuously on a plane far above that of the ruck of humanity, can the ordinary observer detect a level still higher? Where, in a pure and gallant spirit which never knew despair, is there room for that sudden soaring exhilaration which is itself conditioned usually by despair, or some degree of it? At what time was there any upsurge of transport in one to whom even the crowning at Reims was a fulfillment long foreseen?

Fortunately we are dealing with an extremely human being, possessed (the jolly, healthy wench) of a quick temper and a sense of fun; as essentially feminine, were such a comparison permissible, as Lola Montez, the standard adventuress-type, but, unlike that trollop, deriving no perpetual stimulant from challenges to her ego. The only two unforeseen calamities of any importance in Joan's career were overcome far otherwise. The frustrated captain throwing down her useless armor in tears after that retreat from Paris for which the politicians were solely responsible took the field again with her old brilliance and rode highhearted to her known end. Tricked into recantation, the exhausted victim of judges bought and sold died six days later proclaiming the divinely inspired integrity of her mis-

sion at the top of her voice, in smoke and flame. In neither crisis did Joan fall into despair, which she knew from her childhood's catechism to be one of the sins against the Holy Ghost, or recover by self-sufficiency. Nevertheless she was flesh and blood like the rest of us. I am apt to believe, with all due reserves, that she knew a unique and ecstatic moment of joy and achievement on the night of March 6, 1429.

It would be a relatively high moment, even then; not producing the kind of deep, self-satisfied intoxication experienced in such circumstances by a Napoleon or a Bernhardt. To compare any of Joan's spiritual experiences with those of the ordinary great, or ordinary humanity in general, is difficult because she is not an ordinary person. By all modern standards, indeed, she is an abnormal type: a superbly healthy, happy, perfectly integrated human entity with a completely resolved "unity of tension" and a high, clear, constant objective; one of those in whom — to pursue current fashionable jargon a little further — all value-potentialities become value-actualities; one of those "completed early," and for good. Fortunately for the psychiatry trade, such types are always a minority; fortunately for civilization, they emerge in every age to some degree, and apparently haphazard. That a remote peasant stock in French Lorraine should after centuries of total obscurity suddenly throw up a dazzling portent like Saint

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Joan and resume obscurity again is a kind of enigma recurring in human history, except for those who acknowledge the hand of God.

In this brief survey God will be, so to speak, a major issue, since without Him Joan's existence makes no sense. It must be recalled that she lived in a different world from our own; a world which, wallowing almost as luxuriantly in cruelty and crime as ours, had not to a large extent turned its back on the Divine. The most evil of Joan's contemporaries, even such a fantastic monster as Gilles de Raiz, were often capable of a penitence as enormous as their sins. Hers was in fact a fundamentally Christian world, and it must be treated as such. Romain Rolland, no friend to Joan's religion, underlines this essential in a comparison of Shaw's drama with Péguy's *Le Mystère de la Charité de Jeanne d'Arc*: "In itself a good play, witty, emotional, lively, and human, but after Péguy's nothing at all: superficial, devoid of real spirituality, completely foreign to the spirit of Catholicism, unaware of what goes on in the simplest and apparently most detached of Catholic souls; historically futile and frivolous." Modern criticism has produced few more wholesome correctives to excessive adulation.

A cognate matter arises and must be briefly dealt with before one can proceed to the main issue. Joan's history involves certain attested happenings inexplicable by normal experience. Complete skepticism is entirely permissible to observers sharing Joan's religion, who are not obliged to accept the authenticity of any specific miracle whatsoever, barring those of Our Lord recorded in Holy Writ. It will be assumed here, therefore, that to doubt Joan's sworn testimony to the objective and tangible reality of her visions and voices would be as insulting as to question the integrity of the liberal-agnostic newspaper editor from Lisbon who testified to the terrifying dance of the sun at Fatima, Portugal, on October 13, 1917.

Yet it must be noted that the supernatural in Joan's life, fusing perfectly with a joyous rustic humanity, manifested itself in no momentous prophecies, revelations, ecstasies ("My child," said Saint Teresa to a new postulant, "we don't want ecstasies here, we want someone who can wash dishes"), or other mystical phenomena, and was sometimes hardly discernible to the casual eye. The women of Bourges, beseeching her to bless their rosaries and waved on to her hostess with the cry "Touch 'em yourself — your touch is as good as mine," are not the only spectators in history to find Joan disconcerting. That a 17-year-old girl in close personal contact with Heaven all her life should call an errant page "You bloody boy" (*sanglant garçon*); that she would occasionally smack her fellow captains on the back and swear harmless rustic oaths; that she excelled at breaking vicious horses and laying field guns; that her genius for

tactics and strategy and her fearlessness in the front line of attack staggered the hardest-bitten professionals in the French army; that she could fight and sleep and ride long distances in armor — to anyone desirous of judging this feat, I recommend the trying-on of a suit of fifteenth-century plate — and loved gay, rich gowns and was pert to professional theologians ("Light does not shine only on you, Master Beaupère"), whom she took, wrongly, to be drones and dilettanti carried on the backs of a hard-working priesthood — all these things are extremely unsaintlike, according to the accepted view, and have often been overemphasized.

Of the same girl Guy de Laval said in awe, breathlessly, after meeting her for the first time, "She seemed to me a thing divine." What the careless young Breton noble was expecting we do not know. He probably saw no beauty by Hollywood standards. But he encountered Sanctity serene, aureoled, and absolute, and it shook him, as it shook so many others, apart from those who saw her by chance weeping for joy at the Communion rail, tending the wounded of both sides, kneeling apart for hours in absorption with the Infinite, comforting the miserable, in every way confirming the report of the Royal Commission which examined her at Poitiers in 1429: "We find in her nothing but goodness, humility, purity, devotion, honour, and simplicity." Why the learned doctors stopped short of detecting in her any traces of actual sanctity — it was not their function, in any case — might be traced largely, I think, to her saucy and celebrated retort to Friar Séguin, professor of theology, whose thick Limousin twang added the final touch to her boredom.

"What language do your Voices speak?"

"A better one than yours, brother."

A palpable hit. While it relaxed a few austere lips in that assembly, it may simultaneously have accounted for the commission's frigidly skeptical footnote, in the very spirit of the Roman Curia, on the so-called marvels attending this girl's progress. It may incidentally be observed that the theologians composing this commission were in every way the equals in learning and status of the theologians at Rouen who were to send Joan to her death, at Cauchon's bark, as a servant of the Devil. Perhaps, thinking of these men in her last moments on earth, she saw the English daggers at their unfortunate ribs and forgave them.

2

FRANCE in 1429 was for all practical purposes an appanage of the English Crown, ruled from Paris, firmly but not brutally, by John, Duke of Bedford, acting as regent for Henry VI, his infant nephew; a country largely sacked, wasted, and depopulated by ninety years of war. Immense tracts of rich land had gone back to virgin bush, desert, and jungle;

hedges grew in the streets of Beauvais; half the population of Lyons had emigrated into the Empire; whole towns and villages were deserted; the countryside almost everywhere stank of death and ruin. A resistance movement in Normandy carried on a fierce guerrilla war with the English and their Burgundian allies. What remained of the French army, smashed to pieces at Agincourt in 1415, lay mostly on the Loire and was due to be rolled up as soon as the English took Orleans from its hard-pressed garrison. A few other walled towns still held out against desultory Anglo-Burgundian attacks. Roving bands of military thugs known as the Flayers (*Ecorcheurs*) added their quota to the general misery created by famine, rapine, disease, unemployment, murders, reprisals, deportations, lootings, heavy taxation, black markets, requisitions, and all the concomitants of total war familiar five centuries later to the heirs and legatees of progress.

The Blood Royal of France, in the person of the 26-year-old Dauphin Charles, son of Charles VI, duly proclaimed King but as yet uncrowned, dragged out a depressed, hunted, and impoverished existence with a handful of followers in the safer parts of Touraine, and it highly diverted the English conquerors to know that at one time Charles was unable to pay his shoemaker. They deemed him a nonentity, but they erred. Homely, long-nosed features, thin, bandy, knock-kneed legs, and dubious, peering eyes notwithstanding, Charles was a man of education and intelligence, destined at length to pull France sufficiently out of the mud to enable his son Louis XI, that human dynamo, to restore her to the status of a leading European power.

Charles was neither bad nor weak. His chief handicap, at this time, was a tendency to listen to advice; his chief burden was a racking doubt of his own legitimacy. In pure hate he had been described as "the so-called Dauphin of France" by his mother, the foreign harlot Ysabeau of Bavaria, in the treaty of surrender signed at Troyes by her, since his aged father was insane. At the beginning of March, 1429, when the strange girl from Lorraine rode into his orbit, the Dauphin and his little court were staying at the château of Chinon in Touraine, waiting for the end.

It was in May of the preceding year that one of the Voices Joan heard in the garden at Domrémy became imperative and insistent, enforcing its urging of her to go to the King's help by a direct command for the first time. "Child of God, go to Robert de Baudricourt in the town of Vaucouleurs, that he may give you an escort." Ceasing to protest her humble condition and natural fears, she sought her uncle's house at Burey-en-Vaulx, a few miles away, and prevailed on him to take her to the fortress where Baudricourt held Vaucouleurs for France.

The tough, genial, burly soldier, a nobleman of

means, evinced legitimate amazement as he heard a country girl in "a poor red dress" giving him his orders. "I have come to you on behalf of my Lord (*Messire*) to tell you to send to the Dauphin. He is not to engage the enemy, because *Messire* is sending him help before mid-Lent. This kingdom belongs not to the Dauphin but to *Messire*, but it is the will of *Messire* that the Dauphin shall be crowned King."

"And who is '*Messire*'?" asked Baudricourt, goggling.

"The King of Heaven."

Something more amusing was coming. The girl in the shabby red gown added calmly: "In spite of his enemies the Dauphin will be crowned. It is I who will lead him to his crowning."

One hears the belch of mirth as Baudricourt turns on Uncle Durand Lassart ("Uncle" by rural courtesy — he was an elderly cousin-by-marriage): "Give her a few good cracks over the ear (*de bons soufflets*) and take her home to her father."

So Lassart and Joan returned to Domrémy; he, doubtless, irritable and abusive; she, as we know, disappointed but unshaken. Her Voices had not promised instant success, and she possessed no vanity to be wounded. She resumed her place in the home circle, her daily duties, prayers, and meditations, presumably her intermittent converse with her Visitants, though she does not mention this specifically at the trial.

3

IT WAS not till January, 1429, that Joan was able to evade her father's watchful eyes — he had threatened to drown her if he caught her dangling after soldiers again — and to seek her kinsman once more. Lassart gave in reluctantly, lodging her at Vaucouleurs in the house of friends, Henri and Catherine Royer; and before long Robert de Baudricourt, barring his doors to this crazy hussy, the talk of the town, but unable to rid his mind of her, was visited by the suspicion that she might not be ordinarily mad but demoniacally possessed, or even worse. Witches were not unknown in fifteenth-century Lorraine; early in the following century Nicolas Rémy, Public Advocate to the Duchy, smoked out a whole nest of them.

There was no harm in finding out. Baudricourt therefore clanked in unexpectedly one day as Joan sat spinning with her hostess, bringing with him the parish priest of Vaucouleurs, Jean Fournier; and to Joan's astonishment, since Fournier was at the moment her confessor, the priest put on his stole in silence and began the office of exorcism. She endured and passed this test with equanimity, but when Fournier had left she spoke of him with something of heat. "That's a rotten trick! (*C'est mal fait à lui!*) He's heard me in confession — surely he ought to know me!"

She had not much longer to spin and chafe. A whole countryside was now abuzz with gossip and conjecture and remembering old wives' prophecies of a girl deliverer from the Bois-Chenu, for she spoke frankly of her mission to anyone who cared to listen, cleric or lay. Very soon a messenger appeared from the Duke of Lorraine at Nancy, bringing a summons and safe-conducts. To Charles of Lorraine, an old man, very sick and feeble, under the thumb of an ambitious mistress, and an ally of Anglo-Burgundy, it had occurred that the fey wench at Vaucouleurs might possess some medicinal powers. Joan swiftly disillusioned him, urging him to take back his wife and imploring him, since Baudricourt continued hostile, to send her, Joan, into France. The Duke waved her civilly away with a present of four francs and a horse for the return journey. By the time she reached Vaucouleurs again she had evidently discovered, with Heaven's aid, how to end the shilly-shally. Insisting on an immediate interview, she apparently gave Baudricourt a piece of news which hit him in the midriff: namely, that two hundred miles away on the previous day, February 12, at Rouvray, near Orleans, one of the Dauphin's best remaining captains, La Hire, had taken a disastrous thrashing from Sir John Fastolf in that affray since known, from the food convoys involved, as the Battle of the Herrings. Within the next ten days the news was confirmed to Baudricourt by royal messenger, and he gave in.

The story of this clairvoyance is not Joan's but that of a contemporary chronicler, Cousinot. If authentic, like the announcement of the Lepanto victory by Saint Pius V in Rome on the evening of the day it occurred, it seems to me a more rational explanation of Baudricourt's sudden surrender than the feeble "miracle" story about eggs invented by Shaw. For Baudricourt wasted no more time. An escort for Joan was selected and sworn to aid and protection, and Baudricourt gave her a letter of recommendation in his own hand and found her a sword to boot. On the evening of February 23, dressed in male costume for safety's sake, mounted on a horse subscribed for by the townspeople, and attended by two new and devoted adherents, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, with two servants and the King's messenger, Joan left Vaucouleurs by the Porte de France and took the southwest road with Baudricourt's valedictory shout, "*Val et adviene que pourrai* — Go, come what may!" and the cheers of the populace ringing in her ears.

Some three hundred miles of unrelenting danger stretched before them through a country infested by the English, the Burgundians, and strong companies of brigands as formidable as either. Four broad rivers — Marne, Aube, Seine, and Yonne — lay across their path, all in flood after the winter rains and to be crossed only by bridges which

would certainly be guarded, at least by day. Two big cities along the high road, Troyes and Orleans, were to be especially avoided. What ambushes the hard-riding sextet might fall into, what roving enemy forces they might meet, were of course incalculable. By traveling all night and lying hidden off the track by day in some friendly house, lay or monastic, or some isolated farm, Joan's escort reduced risks to the minimum. She laughed and fretted at their excessive caution. "God is showing me my way, my brothers in Paradise tell me what to do — what are *you* afraid of?" They revered and guarded her nevertheless like a major relic, and only twice, at St. Urbain and Auxerre, did she manage to escape their vigilance and slip away to early Mass. At Gien, eleven nights after leaving Vaucouleurs, they crossed the Loire into French territory, to Joan's great joy. At St. Catherine-de-Fierbois they entered Touraine and next day came to their journey's end.

4

So we arrive at what seems to me, and may have seemed at the time to her, the one vital moment in her career on which all else depended. Her joy at overcoming the obstacle involved cannot, I think, be compared with her joy at Reims when the steeples rocked and the trumpets blared and a multitudinous roaring of "*Vive le Roi!*" simultaneously announced the crowning of the true King of France and her mission, within three months of taking the field. This was the natural and foreseen climax to a crescendo of victories in arms. At Chinon she won a different kind; a psychological one, if the term is adequate; more accurately, a spiritual one.

Her task was to convince the Dauphin Charles, immediately, at sight, that she was in possession of a secret known at that time (he believed) only to him and his Creator.

What came to be called the King's Secret was as follows. One day in 1428, when doubts of his legitimacy had become almost unbearable, Charles kneeled down in his oratory and made a mental prayer; "uttering no words" — I quote the form in which it was revealed and published four reigns later — "but in his heart imploring God that if he were indeed the true heir, of the blood of the noble House of France, and the Kingdom rightfully his, God would be pleased to guard and defend him, or at least to grant him the grace to avoid death or captivity, and escape to Spain or Scotland." Such a prayer, admitting such personal doubt and dismay, could not be uttered aloud, even behind locked doors in the privacy of an oratory. Some eavesdropping servant, some spy in the pay of Anglo-Burgundy, about the Court could have wrecked the last hopes of France, and one may well surmise that Charles's own minister

and chief adviser, fat La Trémoille, bred up at the Court of Burgundy and having a foot in both camps all his life and no scruples, would have been delighted to register and hold such a confession in reserve.

In the first week of March, 1429, therefore, the Dauphin Charles was absolutely certain that his secret was shared only with Almighty God. But he was wrong. A sturdy peasant girl from Lorraine, whom he was shortly to meet, knew it as well. Telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition — such labels, even if they apply, do not explain the source of her knowledge, which is undoubted. Her psychological condition was notoriously sane and robust — strong of itself, doubly strong by reason of a simple, devout Christian faith. She had no mark of the medium, never fell into trances, never claimed or displayed necromantic powers.

Given all this, the terrible necessity to stagger the bourgeoisie has naturally inspired a few attempts to degrade the feat above mentioned to the level of a fraud. The most interesting is Vallet de Viriville's suggestion that Joan was somehow indoctrinated and briefed in advance by the King's confessor, Machet, whom Viriville imagined as breaking the seal of confession and conspiring with an unknown girl to fool his master — a theory which might be called fit for the film trade were one not amply aware that no theory is too wild for a certain type of materialist pedant at grips with the supernatural. When it is recollected that Charles never told his secret to Machet or any other confessor, being under no obligation to do so, this fantasy evaporates.

It was more than eighty years after Joan's death, in the reign of François I, that the King's Secret was publicly revealed by one Pierre Sala, formerly a member of the household of Louis XI. Sala had it from the aged De Boisy, a former gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles VII, a trusted friend and a man of honor, to whom Charles once mentioned it, apparently sometime after Joan's appearance. De Boisy kept the secret for some twenty years after Charles's death. Its telling could then do France no harm, and in 1516 Sala published it in a chronicle called *Hardiesses des Grands Roys*, in which it is set forth as quoted above. Thus the world learned at last what Joan had stubbornly refused to reveal even under threats of judicial torture; and since the fact of her possession of this secret in March, 1429, is accepted, despite himself, by the dry, cautious, and agnostic Quicherat, still a leading authority on her career, it seems sufficient for anybody. To those acknowledging the omnipotence of God there is no great mystery in it.

5

THIS, then, is Joan's position on the evening of her arrival in Chinon, March 6, as one may imagine

her reviewing it, none too calmly, by the parlor fire of the inn "of good repute," kept by a woman of honesty, at which she and her escort put up. On her fate in the next few hours depended the fate of France. She had reached Chinon at midday. That same afternoon she had gone to the Château and been turned away by the guards, a rebuff more dismaying then than now. Over nearly ten centuries at least, from Charlemagne to Louis XVI, the rulers of France were what Henry James so pleasingly called George Sand, "eminently accessible." The populace had contact with them constantly, as a right; their palaces were not fenced off like those of the rulers of the Republic; some of them could even be buttonholed in the street. But the Dauphin Charles lived in constant danger, and his doors were kept.

Moreover, nobody in his household had ever heard of this girl, for the reason, as appeared later, that the carefully reticent letter she had dictated and dispatched to the Dauphin from St. Catherine-de-Fierbois, on the eve of her entry into Chinon, never reached him. Andrew thinks that La Trémoille, to whom it would come like all other state correspondence, tossed it into the fire. Baudricourt's enclosure he kept, nevertheless; possibly (thinks Lang) as a curious specimen of military wits gone astray.

Joan's arrival in Chinon had nevertheless caused a stir in the little town which had been noted at the Château. Sometime later in the day there were inquiries at her inn, and either she or Jean de Metz informed an envoy from the Dauphin's Master of Requests of her *état civil* and her mission. She did not know that on receipt of this bizarre news the Royal Council, presided over by Charles, met to discuss her in some heat and perplexity, some of the councillors arguing that in view of the desperate appeals from Orleans, now increasing, any straw should be snatched at, and others, notably La Trémoille, recommending that this girl should be expelled from the town as an impostor. Eventually a messenger was sent to the inn with orders to take Joan back for examination. Even as they rose, the majority of the Council were warning Charles to be wary of this creature.

It is here and now, immediately after receiving the summons, in my judgment, that Joan experienced the only approach to doubt, bewilderment, and panic she ever felt in her actual fighting career — here in the inn parlor, with the waiting man-at-arms whistling a tune at the door.

I base this conviction on two of her statements at the trial. Questioned on her Voices generally, she answered that before she left to see the King one of them spoke to her, saying "Go, boldly! When you are before the King he will have a good sign to receive and believe you." "Boldly" is here, I hold, an operative word pregnant with significance, occurring as it does in the records only

at times of great stress—for example, once or twice during the trial, when she was told by her Voices to “answer boldly.” That she received the call to courage at the particular moment we are considering seems to me to follow directly from her declaration elsewhere that Saint Michael the Archangel, chief of her three Visitants, spoke to her on the day of her arrival at Chinon, in “the house of a certain woman”—namely, the hostess of her inn.

None of her three beloved Voices, as she reports them, ever speaks needlessly or wastes words; least of all Saint Michael, whom she saw and heard first of all at Domrémy, and who instructed her exclusively for some time. His words frequently have a crisp military ring befitting the Generalissimo and Provost of Paradise, whereas the function of her other two saints, Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret, appears to be to assist with gentle encouragement and consolation. The direct commands come from “Monseigneur Saint Michel,” and when they do it is because Joan has need of them. At this eventful moment I think she certainly had, and the giver of the boldness she needed was at her elbow.

When the messenger from the King clumped into the parlor she must have realized suddenly all that lay before her. Her superb natural courage fled: she was once more the startled child of thirteen at Domrémy, or even the girl of a year ago, shocked into dismay by the sudden order to ride to Vaucouleurs, shrinking from the light and crying, as she had cried before, “I am only a poor girl! I can neither ride nor make war!” It took several repetitions (“two or three times a week”) to conquer this fear. The swaggering unsexed hoyden of Shavian drama conveys a curiously false impression of a girl whose Christian humility was extreme and whose boisterous moments were few. Nothing seems more obvious to me than that at this moment, with the signal for her first decisive action clear and urgent, Joan found herself in the grip of the same helpless fear as before, a lapse more horrifying to a nature like hers than can easily be imagined.

Moreover, if one may call on the common experience of large masses of mankind in every age, her fear was almost certainly being exploited at this moment by mankind’s enemy. Another inward voice would be speaking to her now, as the Accuser of the Brethren spoke to David Balfour; a thin, precise, mocking, donnish voice, familiar to all saints and many lesser men, repeating and emphasizing her ridiculous lack of qualification for the colossal task she was daring to undertake; reminding her of the fantastic nature of the formula with which she, a rustic nobody, hoped to conquer Royalty at sight, if she ever got that far; the unknown terrors of a Court, with its hostile, contemptuous eyes and tongues; the dreamlike strangeness of her present position, from which she might

well wake before long to find herself shuddering in bed at Domrémy; and—undoubtedly, this being a routine climax—suggesting the bare possibility that she might, after all, be mistaken, deluded, a dupe guilty of monstrous pride and blasphemous presumption, inviting the just anger of Heaven and man.

The same voice, murmuring the same subtle invitations to despair and surrender, has inspired memorable pages of Huysmans and Bernanos. It is a recurring commonplace in the lives of most practicing Christians, and there seems no reason to assume that Joan was exempt. For her, too, at length, the diabolic cloud dissolved in a flood of light as another Voice spoke. “Go, boldly! When you are before the King . . .”

The whole trouble may not have lasted thirty seconds. While it lasted it would be to such as Joan very like some of the agony and desolation of what the great Spanish mystic calls the dark night of the soul. She was to hear the evil voice again and suffer far worse a couple of years later, in vastly different circumstances, and to emerge once more victorious. But in May, 1431, she was not brimful of energy and spirits and on the threshold of her career, with the fate of a kingdom in her hands.

So, for a flash, the destiny of France—not to speak of England—hung in the balance. Then certitude returned, and she strode out after the messenger.

6

How she triumphed that night, a moment or two after being taken into the great hall by Louis de Bourbon, has been so often told that it hardly needs retelling. Undazzled by the light of fifty flambeaux, undaunted by the stares of a silent, glittering crowd, she looked round swiftly for (as she says) the light on the King, singled him out immediately from the group in which he was mingling by previous arrangement, divested of all royal tokens, went straight to him, doffed her cap, and kneeled on one knee. “God grant you good life, gentle Dauphin!”

“Jeanne, I am not the King.”

“In God’s name, gentle prince, you are he and no other.”

Charles drew her aside. At her next words, as every eyewitness of the occasion testifies, whether claiming to have overheard them or not, the morose and dubious features of the Dauphin lit up suddenly with an immense joy. Her ordeal was over.

What she actually said to him, according to her later recollection to Dom Pasquerel, her confessor, was: “I tell thee”—using the rustic and familiar *tu*, as to an equal—“I tell thee, from Messire, that thou art the true heir of France and the son of the King.” After they had spoken together privately for some time a bedchamber was ordered for Joan, with proper attendance, in the Tour de Coudray. With what ecstatic thanksgivings and prayers and

vows and happy tears she closed her eyes that night one may readily conjecture.

Next morning, and for some days afterwards, she was summoned to the Dauphin's presence. "As to what she said to the King," wrote the reliable chronicler Alain Chartier in a letter four months later, "nobody knows that; but it was most clear that the King was greatly encouraged, as if by the Spirit." She likewise affirmed, in the additional presence of four of the Council, her knowledge of "something of great consequence which he (the Dauphin) had done in secret," but the details and proofs of this she reserved for Charles alone. He examined and re-examined her closely, with and without witnesses, heard her whole story and her plans for the immediate relief of Orleans, and finally, with one reasonable mental reservation, accepted her, as well he might. Her cup of joy was full. The cynical passing smile of a La Trémoille, the cold eyes of a Regnault de Chartres, the shrugs and pursed lips of others of her enemies-to-be on the Council she can hardly have noticed. She had reached the heights.

An anticlimax, however mild, was inevitable.

As noted already, the Dauphin Charles was no fool. Release from his mental burden had, not unnaturally, given him already a new confidence of bearing and a new authority; nothing in comparison with the energy of years to come, but sufficient for him to impose this girl on his Council, skeptics and otherwise. This presupposed an official inquiry; if affirmative, as seemed almost certain, it would banish any last flicker of doubt from his own mind as well. In due course, therefore, Joan learned that instead of being dispatched with a force to Orleans, an order for which she had been imploring the Dauphin ever since convincing him of her mission, she was being sent before the assembly of learned doctors of theology.

She took the news with anger and dismay. "Poitiers! for God's sake! I know I shall have trouble enough! Well, let's be going." It was to be her first experience of professional theologians, and it gave her, longing and aching as she was for action, a distaste for them for life. "In God's name," she burst out early in the proceedings, "I did not come to Poitiers to work miracles! Take me to Orleans and I'll show you the signs of my sending!" But it took six weeks to satisfy her examiners completely, and the Orleans garrison had to wait for news of relief until, in mid-April, she was released with that honors certificate to which a jury of three highborn matrons added necessary testimony. Then at last Joan's high spirits returned completely. Even the despised divines at Poitiers had signed and sealed her captain's commission.

"The King [their report ended] should not prevent her proceeding to Orleans. To mistrust or reject her would be an offence against the Holy

Ghost and a sign of unworthiness of God's help."

Thus was the exaltation of her reception night at Chinon recaptured, and her work launched on a great joyous wave of confidence and power. *Fecisti viriliter* . . . aptly does the office for her feast day quote the Book of Judith, a heroine of her own kind.

To assert that the direct consequence of Joan's recovery of her courage at one single moment on the night of March 6, 1429, is the expulsion of the last of the English from French soil — Calais only excepted — in 1453 sounds odiously like what in well-bred circles is called "journalism." The chain of events is nevertheless solid enough. But for her acceptance that night by the Dauphin, the startling new hopes infused in him by her presence, the subsequent appointment of a raw country girl to a front-line military commission, her brilliant leadership in the field, and the tremendous sacramental and national tonic of the coronation at Reims, the French would certainly never have found the spirit or the means to throw off foreign oppression in that century at least.

She did not live to see the climax of the movement she started, and so longingly called *bouter les Anglais hors de France*. It began in a small way at Compiègne, the scene of her capture, some five months after her prearranged murder by that *beau procès* of Cauchon's which still delights the tribe of lawyers, so smoothly, legally, devilishly correct is the procedure (from which, as a graceful history don lately admitted, "we English cannot be said to come out very well"). Four years after the Anglo-Burgundian failure at Compiègne, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, with his troops everywhere on the run, recollected that he was a Frenchman and joined forces with Charles VII.

The crescendo of the Reconquest quickens from that moment. The year 1436 saw the recapture of Paris. By the end of 1453 France was free, and at Charles's death in 1461 was enjoying an industrial and commercial boom and the practical monopoly of the Levant trade. The metamorphosis of Charles, which began that March night at Chinon, might indeed be called not the least of Joan's miracles. Shocked by the shame of her death, he left off taking advice and developed into that man of action who has bequeathed a highly respectable name to French history for good sense, firmness, and justice. Charles is, so to speak, Joan's creation, flowering late, like the resurrection of France.

Their debt to this girl the French have recollected anew during the past half-century, thanks in great measure to a poet of genius. One could wish gratitude could have been expressed in happier terms than those of the sweetly languishing marble set up not long ago on the site of Joan's passion in the Place du Vieux-Marché. You can hear her incredulous hoot of merriment from here.



In his first year as the Junior Senator from Massachusetts, JOHN F. KENNEDY in three incisive speeches hit hard at the unfair competitive practices that have led industry to migrate from New England to the South. He argued that substandard wages and tax subsidies are no foundation on which to build a stable economy, and then presented his program for a fairer competition — a program which he has graphically illustrated in the article which follows. Born in Brookline, educated at the London School of Economics and at Harvard, he made a heroic record as a PT boat commander in the war; then on his return to civilian life he was elected to the House of Representatives and served in the 80th, 81st, and 82nd Congresses. In 1952 he was elected to the Senate.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE SOUTH

The Struggle for Industry

by JOHN F. KENNEDY

1

NEARLY 14,000 employees working for the John Doe Company, a New England textile concern, lost their jobs in the period following World War II because of the liquidation of thirteen of their mills. During the same period, the same company opened a large number of new plants in the South. It had "migrated." Why? To what extent was it influenced by natural advantages, by unfair practices, or by the policies of the Federal government?

For one southern operation, the John Doe Company bought a surplus naval factory at a low price; and for another, it obtained an accelerated tax amortization certificate from the Federal government, authorizing it to depreciate its plant within five years rather than the normal period of twenty to twenty-five years. It also utilized a Federally tax-exempt charitable trust in order to avoid taxes on several of its new southern operations, and negotiated with three southern communities for the building and equipping of more new plants through the issuance of municipal revenue bonds that are exempt from Federal taxation.

Not a single one of the John Doe Company's southern plants has been organized by a labor union, although attempts at unionization have been made for more than ten years. Injunctions, employer propaganda, and procedural delays under the Taft-Hartley Act have prevented the union from keeping any foothold gained through representation elections. Partly as a result of these maneuvers, the wage scales at the southern plants are all considerably lower than the prevailing union wage scale in the liquidated New England mills. The Bureau of

Labor Statistics states that 86 per cent of the woolen textile workers in the southeastern part of the United States operate under contracts calling for minimum entrance rates of \$1.05 or less, whereas only 6 per cent of the New England workers have a minimum as low as this. At four plants in South Carolina and Georgia the John Doe Company obtained "learner permits" allowing it to pay many workers, over a period of time, less than the out-moded Federal minimum wage of 75 cents an hour.

The Board Chairman of John Doe testified before a Senate subcommittee comparing the cost of his southern and New England operations. Power cost per kilowatt-hour was 7.4 mills at his Alabama plant as compared with 17 mills at his Rhode Island plant. Transportation rates were one third lower for equal distances, unemployment compensation taxes were half as great, and employee pension and vacation plans in operation at northern plants were not customary in southern plants.

One may think that this hypothetical case — which is actually a combination of two true cases — is an extreme example. But it is by no means untypical in revealing the pattern of industrial migration from New England to the South. Since 1946, in Massachusetts alone, seventy textile mills have been liquidated, generally for migration or disposition of their assets to plants in the South or other sections of the country. Besides textiles, there have been moves in the machinery, hosiery, apparel, electrical, paper, chemical, and other important industries. Every month of the year some New England manufacturer is approached by public or private southern interests offering various induce-

ments for migration southward. Other manufacturers warn their employees that they must take pay cuts to meet southern competition or face plant liquidations.

In only a small number of cases does direct migration take place through closing New England plants and transferring their operations to southern plants. More often, firms start by operating mills in both New England and the South, then tend to abandon their northern plants in periods of decline and later expand their southern operations when prosperity returns.

Such a movement has been going on for more than twenty-five years in the cotton textile industry. In 1925 New England had 80 per cent of the industry; now it has 20 per cent. Former Governor of Georgia Ellis Arnall and other southerners have freely predicted that the South will also "capture" the woolen and worsted industry, two thirds of which is still in New England, and large segments of other manufacturing groups.

2

WHY do industries move south, with all of the attendant consequences to their employees and community?

It would be unfair to imply that the South's natural advantages have not been responsible for a large share of this industrial migration. Perhaps most important of all, the South has a much larger supply of labor, primarily from the farms, to draw upon for industrial employment, thus enabling employers to select the youngest and most adaptable. Pure, fresh water; nearness to raw materials and production factors; greater space; a milder climate; and the hospitality shown new industries in new areas are also southern advantages which should not be denied. Nor should we seek to hamper the rapid efforts of the South to obtain some of New England's many and well-known advantages, in skilled labor, research, markets, and credit facilities.

Another major reason has been the influence of Federal programs. The best example of this is the cost of electric power. The man who wants to start a moderate-sized industry with a demand of 500 kilowatts and a monthly use of 100,000 kilowatt-hours would pay an annual electric bill in Boston of \$26,800, but in Chattanooga only \$11,000. New England, it should be noted, has not yet acquired for itself a single Federal hydroelectric project.

But the final reason for migration, with which I am particularly concerned, is the cost differential resulting from practices or conditions permitted or provided by Federal law which are unfair or substandard by any criterion. Massachusetts manufacturing industries in May of 1953 paid an average hourly wage of \$1.64; but because the Federal minimum is only an outdated 75 cents an hour, many industries migrating to the rural communities of

Mississippi pay workers only that less-than-subsistence wage, and those employees under "learners permits" even less. Practically all New England woolen textile mills pay a wage of at least \$1.20 an hour; but because of the recent Fulbright Amendment to the Walsh-Healey Act, which has held up the establishment of this wage as the new Federal minimum for that industry, the New England mills must bid for government contracts against southern mills paying only \$1.05 an hour. Labor organizations in highly unionized New England have achieved not only better wages but pension and fringe benefits as well. In the South, however, unionization of competing plants has been virtually halted since enactment of the Taft-Hartley Law.

Without adequate Federal standards for social security or unemployment compensation, many employers who move south support a level of benefits far below those paid by New England industry. Federal tax amortization benefits have not only been disproportionately granted to southern plants, but have also been granted to promote expansion in the South without regard to available facilities and manpower in New England. Federally regulated shipping rates by rail, truck, or sea discriminate unduly against New England and are a confused, shapeless mass of regulation. One of the most obviously unfair inducements offered to those considering migration is the tax-free plant built by a southern community with the proceeds of Federally tax-exempt municipal bonds.

It is therefore an unfortunate conclusion that the southward migration of industry from New England has too frequently taken place for causes other than normal competition and natural advantages.

This is particularly unfortunate when one realizes the effect of such industrial migrations upon the communities left behind. In Massachusetts alone, over 30,000 jobs have been lost in the textile industry since 1946. When the Kilburn Cotton Mill in New Bedford, Massachusetts, was partially liquidated and moved to North Carolina, 1000 workers lost their jobs. In Lawrence, particularly dependent upon the textile industry, post-war liquidations and migrations caused approximately one fifth of all workers to be without jobs continually from 1947 to early 1953 — the period of the greatest prosperity in American history. Nearly 5 million square feet of industrial plant stood idle. Over \$11 million annually was paid out in unemployment insurance benefits which were exhausted by over 50 per cent of the thousands of unemployed. Today Lawrence and the other one-industry towns in New England have made a remarkable recovery, partly through improvement in the textile industry but also through the fullest utilization of Yankee initiative and natural advantages in developing new, more stable industries to replace the old.

But current threats of further migration, including the largest woolen manufacturer in the nation,

again endanger the improved employment status in these communities.

These labor surplus areas are just one effect which the years of industrial migration have had upon older manufacturing regions. Although the New England states are far from depressed or undeveloped, and their citizens still enjoy a standard of living and per capita income above that of the nation as a whole, the lack of sufficient *new industry* to replace the old plants lost to the South has retarded New England's economic growth. Its industrialization, manufacturing employment, and per capita income have not kept pace with increases in the rest of the country. The year 1952-1953 was one of New England's most prosperous years; yet the region lagged behind national increases in total income and manufacturing payrolls and suffered a serious loss of employment in nonelectrical machinery, textiles, apparel, leather products, and several other industries. In all too many cases migration southward was directly responsible for this job loss, even in the newer hard-goods industries such as electrical machinery. The losses which would be suffered in the event of a general recession or another textile crisis would be drastically more severe in New England than in any other area of the country.

In contrast, as pointed out by Oscar Handlin in the December issue of the *Atlantic*, the South is becoming industrialized at a pace we must all admire. In 1951 the South added, on the average, one multimillion-dollar plant a day. In that year capital investment in new southern plants reached \$3 billion. Included among the new plants of the past few years are well over a hundred new woolen and worsted mills. During the past two decades, the South's multiple increases in the sale of goods manufactured, in value added by industry to raw materials received, in number of new independent businesses, in construction, in industrial employment, in total income payments, in total wages and salaries, in wage rates, and in per capita income payments have been many times as great as the rate of increase for the United States as a whole, for New England, or for any other region. The eleven southeastern states, for example, between 1929 and 1950 increased their per capita income 179 per cent. The gain for the nation as a whole was 111 per cent, for New England 85 per cent.

It would be wrong for New England to attempt to retard industrialization of the South. It is wrong to say, as did a Boston newspaper editorial, that the South is trying to "impoverish New England." Although New England is at a locational disadvantage in reaching the rapidly expanding markets of the southeast and the southwest, New England must sell to the South and the nation as a whole. New England thus benefits from this tremendous increase in southern and national purchasing power and prosperity. To the extent that locational ad-

vantages of southern industries offer real efficiency, New England consumers share the benefits of such efficiency with the entire nation.

New England knows it cannot shrink from competition with the South. The TVA is not "creeping socialism" because it attracts New England industry. It is a challenge to us to seek further utilization of our own natural resources. The modern plants and machines of the South, and the new and vigorous ideas of southern manufacturers, set a standard which New England industry should emulate, not try to destroy.

3

HOWEVER, I must reiterate that Federal policies have in many instances contributed to the unfair competitive practices or unfair inducements which have led to industrial migration. The answer lies neither in prohibiting Federal power and other programs aiding the South, nor, as some have maintained, in cutting wages or social benefits in New England or meeting subsidy with more subsidies; for in the end all of us are harmed and our problems still remain unsolved. Instead positive action is required. For this reason I presented to the Senate in May of 1953 a comprehensive program calling for Federal legislation aimed at the correction of these abuses.

I called for action to aid the expansion and diversification of industry in our older areas in order to replace the traditional industries lost through migration. Such aid would include providing loans and assistance to small business, retraining unemployed industrial workers, providing tax amortization benefits for industries expanding in areas of chronic unemployment, developing natural resources, and aiding local industrial development agencies. I further called for more adequate security for the jobless and aged who are the victims of industrial dislocation. But that is not enough. The minimum-wage, Walsh-Healey, Taft-Hartley, unemployment compensation, and social security laws must be improved to prevent the use of substandard wages, anti-union policies, and inadequate social benefits as lures to industrial migration. Tax loopholes must be closed, and equal consideration given to all areas in the administration of policies dealing with tax write-offs, transportation rates, and government contracts and projects; for these should not be factors inducing plant migration.

These are some of the policies within the jurisdiction of the Federal government affecting New England's economic status. At no time did I suggest in this program that a solution of New England's difficulties must be at the expense of the economic well-being of the South. I was anxious that the program be studied not as a political or regional issue, with heated arguments and oversimplified solutions, but rather as a program of mutual benefit for all,

based upon the interdependent economies of New England, the South, and the nation. It was not my intention to absolve New England from all responsibility for its economic ills, or to make the South a whipping boy in an appeal to the emotions of the man on the street. This is a problem upon which interregional coöperation, not political antagonisms, is needed.

Unfortunately, perhaps owing to incomplete reports in the public press, my position was not so understood by most southern newspapers. I was accused in editorials appearing all the way from Greenville, North Carolina, to San Antonio, Texas, of "blatantly asking for special and unusual consideration . . . attempting punitive legislation against the South . . . seeking Federal interference to help New England and hurt the South . . . and projecting on a legislative scale the North-South row at the 1952 Democratic National Convention."

Some of my colleagues in the United States Senate and House of Representatives also misunderstood my position. I did not, as Senator Maybank implied in his speech hailed by the southern press as an answer to "The Kennedy Program," seek "to transfer the faults and ailments which caused (New England's) hardships to other regions." Certainly I hope I was not one of those New England "spokesmen" who, Representative Chatham of North Carolina said, had "cried so pitifully over an empire which has lost its control over the rest of the country."

4

I SINCERELY believe that any future economic revival in New England, and my proposals for fair competition under existing Federal statutes, will aid, not injure, the prosperity of the South. I say that for four reasons: —

First, so interdependent is the economy of the United States that any increase in tempo in New England will stimulate industry in the South. When New England prospers, as it has in recent months, the South and all sections of the country that depend upon New England for markets and sources of supply are also benefited. New England's role in our economic stability and, I might add, in our mobilization effort is fundamental. The progress that the South has made in the past two decades has had a measurable effect on the welfare of the people all over the country. It is, I am sure, of importance to the entire United States that the New England economy remain a strong and viable force in the economic life of the country.

Secondly, surplus labor areas, a declining textile industry, inadequate use of water resources, one-industry towns, the debilitating effects of long-term unemployment and economically insecure old age, all trouble to some degree certain areas and industries in the South as well as in New England. Some North Carolina communities, for instance, were

hard hit when the hosiery industry moved to lower wage areas further south and in Puerto Rico. These are all problems that now exist in many parts of the country, and they will multiply as the economies of those regions mature.

It is imperative for the newer industrialized areas such as the Southeast to plan now for their "old age." When other areas, in Latin America and Asia, are industrially developed, the South will suffer the same pangs of aging now suffered by New England. This is particularly true because of the concentration of the southeast states upon the vulnerable American textile industry. In 1950 the three largest textile states of the South had 57 per cent, 67 per cent, and 39 per cent of their manufacturing employment in textiles. Already employment in these states has been affected by the impact of synthetic fibers, foreign competition, and migration on the cotton textile industry.

Third, the South is certain to seek Federal measures to alleviate these problems, just as it utilized Federal assistance in the days when Franklin Roosevelt called it "The Nation's Number One Problem Area." Thus it does not behoove some southern spokesmen now to attack programs channeling defense contracts to labor surplus areas, or seeking improvements in the Walsh-Healey Act, as "Federal interference with the forces of free competition." More than any other region the South has reason to recognize the tremendous role that the Federal government can play in developing the resources of an area. RFC loans, Federally constructed or financed power projects, soil conservation programs, farm price supports, grants-in-aid, construction projects, military installations, tax amortization certificates, and other policies and programs of the Federal government have been largely responsible for the remarkable improvement in the southern economy during the past twenty years. The southeastern states received in 1949 7.3 per cent of their income, gross wages, and salaries from the Federal government, as compared with 3.7 per cent for New England and 4.8 per cent for the United States as a whole. Four southern states, for example, received certificates of necessity for rapid tax amortization of industrial facilities worth five times the amount awarded the six New England states, although the latter's proportionate share of manufacturing industry was twice as great. In fiscal 1952, total Internal Revenue collections in Georgia netted the Federal government only a little more than one third of the amount collected from Massachusetts; but expenditures of the Federal government for grants-in-aid, wages and salaries, and rivers and harbors and flood-control projects in Georgia actually exceeded such Federal expenditures in the state of Massachusetts. Admittedly this is due in part to a consistent lag in the efforts of New England businessmen and officials to participate in such programs; but the fact remains that

the South has profited enormously and will in the future profit from Federal action in the economic sphere.

5

LAST, but most important, I have stressed many times in my speeches the theme of fair competition; and fair competition is just as essential to the South and its industries as it is to any other section of the United States. I am certain that the use of unfair practices to encourage the abandonment of existing plants, employees, and communities in New England, with its consequent long-term unemployment and distress, is not a necessary part of the South's industrialization program. Its aim should rather be one of new industrial development. "Our industrial concept," stated Mississippi's Governor White, "is not of robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Robbing Peter to pay Paul, in my opinion, does those Southern communities which practice it more harm than good. Dr. Harriet Herring of North Carolina, in her book *Southern Industry and Regional Development*, pointed out that artificial or substandard inducements to migration bring weak industries, a hit-or-miss industrial development, and no diversification of industry.

Substandard wages and tax subsidies are no foundation upon which to build stable industry. As pointed out by the *San Antonio News*, "The South should not want any industrialization founded on the reactionary concept of cheap labor. It is not cheap in the long run for any of the parties concerned." The South's greatest industrial growth has occurred at the same time as a steady narrowing in the North-South wage differential; and southern factories producing automobiles, aircraft, oil, and other products pay the same wages as their northern plants or competitors. Several southern economists and study groups have concluded that the Federal minimum-wage law, introduced by Hugo Black of Alabama, has not harmed industrial development in the South but has on the whole been beneficial and needs revitalization. Wages, they point out, are not only costs but also aids to productivity and purchasing power. Companies that come south to exploit southern labor, with the aid of inadequate minimum-wage and public contracts laws, and free from unionization under Taft-Hartley, are merely holding back southern progress.

Southerners themselves are becoming aware of the vice of luring industry southward through such inducements as tax-free plants built with Federally tax-exempt municipal bonds. Virginia repealed its tax exemption law in 1946, on the ground that it meant unstable industry and an unstable tax base. Although Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Tennessee have statutes offering tax exemptions to new industries, Virginia, Texas, North Carolina, and Georgia do not. The

Southeastern States Tax Officials Association has condemned the practice of tax-free municipal plants as "inequitable and unfair to industry in the State and detrimental to the taxpayers of the State because what is given away must be paid for by other businesses and individuals, ultimately, thereby creating an unhealthy social and economic condition."

Industries thus attracted are migrants, not new enterprises, with home offices outside the South. Once having accepted tax benefits and a few years of heavy profits, they may again move, leaving that community as well with empty buildings, stranded workers, and a heavy bond issue. As such use of public credit spreads, no community can be sure of the stability of the enterprises on which its citizens depend for their livelihood. In one southern town of only 10,000 people, municipal bonds for private industrial plants were proposed to the extent of \$51 million, or an additional debt load of more than \$5000 plus interest for every man, woman, and child in the town! What happens when their new-found benefactors leave for another bargain elsewhere?

The elimination of unfair competition of this character will benefit the South as it will benefit New England. The proposals I have made should not be regarded as posing an antagonistic issue between North and South. The issue that they do pose concerns the stability and integrity of our entire national economy. The competitive struggle for industry will and must go on, but it will be a fair struggle based on natural advantages and natural resources, not exploiting conditions and circumstances that tend to depress rather than elevate the economic welfare of the nation.

New England, without unthinking optimism, undue pessimism, or unfair recrimination, must meet the actual advantages of the South by developing its own human, material, and natural resources and, in that process, by utilizing the facilities of the Federal government wherever that is appropriate. It must also call upon the Congress to correct those abuses of Federal policies and competitive practices which have led to undesirable industrial dislocation.

The South, instead of fighting such a program, should welcome it for the stability that it promises and the safeguards that it assures to the South's new and proud industrialization. It is a common goal that lies ahead of us — the expansion and prosperity of every section of the nation, not the ephemeral aggrandizement of one at the expense of another through the exploitation of impermanent and ultimately self-destroying values. In checking such practices, the alliance of both South and North is needed if we would carry out our common pledge "to promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."



A naturalist like his father before him, FAIRFIELD OSBORN has been President of the New York Zoological Society since 1940. His interest in wildlife led, as it so often does, to an increasing vigilance towards its preservation, and this in turn to an ever-deepening concern for the conservation of all life-supporting natural resources. As the President of the Conservation Foundation, he has spread its gospel to every state in the Union, and in his two books, Our Plundered Planet (1948) and the newly issued The Limits of the Earth, he has challenged the theory that the earth is capable of supporting unlimited numbers of people.

PEOPLE AND ANIMALS

by FAIRFIELD OSBORN

1

THERE is a little universe of its own within our largest city. More than two thousand animals of almost a thousand different kinds have their home there. The largest weighs well over 3 tons, the smallest less than a penny. They come from every region of the earth — from the bare lands bordering the polar wastes and from the meshes of tropical forests hiding the equator. People from almost everywhere come too, more than two and a half million of them each year. This little universe is popularly known as the Bronx Zoo.

Zoos have been in existence for a long time. The oldest one of which we know anything was established in China by the first emperor of the Chou dynasty about 1100 B.C. This emperor must have sensed one of the essential purposes of a zoo, for he most fittingly called it the "Intelligence Park." Zoos have developed among widely divergent cultures, but they received their greatest impetus in Europe during the last century with the creation of "zoological gardens" and great collections on private estates.

The art of caring for wild animals in captivity is now a highly specialized affair. More and more emphasis is being placed on keeping animals contented, in surroundings as similar as possible to those of their natural environment. The gorilla is a case in point. One of our early guidebooks, published in 1907, contained the following statement about gorillas: "Whenever one arrives, all persons interested are advised to see it *immediately* — before it dies of sullenness, lack of exercise and indigestion." A few years later, the director of our zoo wrote: "There is not the slightest reason to hope that an adult gorilla, either male or female, will ever be seen living in a zoological park or garden." Today we have three, including a

mountain gorilla, the only one in captivity in this country. All of these animals came to us when very young — that is, in about their second year; today our oldest, Oka, a lowland gorilla, has been with us for a decade.

The turn from failure to success in the care of animals has occurred for two principal reasons — one physical, the other psychological. Much has been learned about diet, and present methods of feeding bring our animals to superb physical maturity. Take the case of hummingbirds. Thirty years ago not even the most skilled aviculturists were able to keep them alive. Today we usually have twenty or more of these exquisite birds, of a number of different species, at the Bronx Zoo, and they are frequently seen in collections elsewhere. The present success in caring for them is almost entirely due to the discovery by an English aviculturist of the proper diet, which contains Mellen's food, condensed milk, honey, and vitamin concentrate. A different kind of trick we learned several years ago was how to feed flamingoes, scarlet ibises, and roseate spoonbills so as to prevent their losing their vivid color after their first molt. Their standard diet had been bread, rice, and dried shrimps. In a purely empirical effort to maintain their natural coloration we added cod-liver oil, fresh shrimp, ground red peppers, ground carrots, and Mexican dried flies. At the next molt we were richly rewarded in all three species with a renewal of their color hardly less brilliant than that in nature. We must confess we still do not know which of the added ingredients is chiefly responsible.

Captive animals are, of course, subject to diseases, infections, and injuries just as human beings are, but they cannot describe their ailments. In general, our charges are probably better protected than

people are. Nowadays many of our animals, when they are indoors, are separated from the public by glass, and ventilating systems provide them with fresh and clean air. We have extraordinarily little illness. A modern animal hospital, manned by two experienced, highly trained veterinarians and equipped with X-ray, operating, and bacteriological rooms, is located near the center of our zoo. The veterinarians, the curators, and the keepers make certain that "starry" coats, ruffled feathers, dull eyes, or indifferent appetites — all danger signals — will be spotted promptly. From that point on, nothing that medical science or knowledge of the invalid's habits and needs can do is neglected.

One of the great thrills of keeping wild animals comes from their response to kindness. Fear and apprehension are just as bad for animals as they are for children, and zoo-keeping today lays great stress on handling animals with the utmost gentleness. The consequences of this method are extremely rewarding and sometimes even touching. Several years ago one of our tigresses had three young — two brothers and a sister — but the mother was an aged animal and carried no milk. Rather desperately we turned the three babies over to the wife of our head lionkeeper, who raised them in her own apartment near the Park. They grew to superb mature animals — the males, of great size, now weigh more than 500 pounds. The female, Dacca, has since mothered many of her own young. All three have an evident and deep affection for their foster mother, and several times Dacca has brought her new-born "kittens" out from the inner den to show them to "Grandma."

Practically all so-called "ferocious" animals respond, in some degree, to sympathetic treatment. When reared by hand or by their own mothers in captivity, lions, leopards, gorillas, the massive Alaska brown bear, and most other animals usually remain amenable or even gentle. Notable exceptions are buck deer, which in mating season may become dangerous; bull elephants, which almost invariably cause trouble; and male rhinoceroses like our Joe, who chums up with no one. Even wild-caught adults of many species can be reconciled to confinement if treated with kindness and consideration. Our bull okapi, the only one in captivity in this country, accepts living with us as placidly as though he had not reached maturity in the jungles of the Belgian Congo.

2

PEOPLE often ask, Do you think animals are happy in captivity? My answer is Yes, at least as regards the great majority of animals in any well-managed zoo. We are likely, of course, to judge happiness from our own human viewpoint, and it is obvious that our standards do not necessarily apply to animals. The psychological requirements of animals

are related to three basic needs: food, shelter, and security. Quite often one of my friends will come up to me and jokingly inquire whether we have a place for him in our zoo. No wonder! Our first goal with our animals is, of course, to meet their primary needs, and they seem to sense this and respond accordingly.

Practically all our "big cats" — tigers, lions, leopards, and jaguars — have been born in our zoo or been brought to us when very young. The same holds true of our great apes — and, in fact, of the majority of the animals we have. To them, consequently, the Bronx Zoo is the only home they know, and it is doubtful whether they would find more health and contentment in the wild. Our collections of deer have large ranges and — one proof of well-being — breed freely.

It is highly probable that animals live longer in captivity than they do in the wild state, although we cannot be certain, since records of animals in nature are obviously most difficult to obtain. Lions have lived in captivity for more than twenty-five years, a tiger for twenty years, and an elephant fifty-seven years. One of our own best records was Pete, the hippopotamus, who lived just a few months short of a half-century. It is unlikely that animals such as these could have survived so long in nature. Certainly the glow of health that most animals have in captivity, if they are really well cared for, is fair evidence of their good condition. There are exceptions, of course, and certain species — such as the muskox, the pronghorn antelope, and a few others — do less well in captivity.

The rapidity with which wild animals are capable of adjusting themselves to "civilized life" is often astonishing. Four years ago we brought six wild young elk from Wyoming. Despite the noise and excitement of a five-day train trip, they were soon comfortably established in a large pasture, and within ten days they paid no attention to the public or to the near-by noises of city traffic. Animals seem to have as much capacity for adapting to city life as people have.

Many of our animals evidently become deeply attached to their own "homes." The hurricane of November, 1950, blew out the glass sides of an outdoor flying cage in which three magpies from India lived. Driven by the violent wind, they were seen the next day in the girders of a large public garage at least a mile from the zoo. When we went to get them they had disappeared. The next morning they were found back in their flight cage, plumping their ruffled feathers and waiting for their breakfast.

Needless to say, keepers become very devoted to their charges. In the early days of our zoo, the head keeper of the bears was a tall, loose-jointed, grizzled man with a face of weathered granite — stern and with a rugged sense of duty. We did not

think of him as having any particular tenderness for his animals, yet he loved his bears. On a level piece of land near the bear exhibits, at the top of a rock ledge, was a small patch of clear ground. The keeper started a garden there and then installed a couple of beehives. Any time a swarm of bees was reported in the zoo or near by, this keeper would get it and add it to his colony. He finally had a half-dozen hives going, and the bears fed royally on honeycombs.

Several years ago we had a famous elephant named Alice, who had lived to a ripe old age of more than fifty years. She was brought to us as a young animal by an equally young attendant who had worked Alice for a while in a circus. He wanted to stay with his animal friend and applied to us for a job, but we had no place for him at that time. Later Alice got loose in the zoo and ended her wanderings by becoming wedged, of all places, in the vestibule of the Reptile House. After much excitement, she was extricated but refused to return to her own quarters. As a last resort we sent for her former attendant, who without any difficulty led her back to her place in the Elephant House. That incident settled it and the man got his job. Eventually Old Dick, as we called him in later years, became head keeper of the building housing the elephants, hippopotamuses, and rhinoceroses. He was the gruff type; but when it became evident that Alice, because of the infirmities of age, should be dispatched, Old Dick broke down and sobbed. He was given a two-day leave while Alice was humanely sent to elephant heaven and her remains removed from the zoo. Old Dick was never quite the same man after Old Alice departed.

The operation of the Bronx Zoo is a lively and unpredictable business, and scarcely a day goes by that something unexpected does not occur. Taking care of a visiting public that runs to millions each year obviously presents a variety of operational problems. It is not all easy going, and with so many animals and such a large public, accidents do happen. While the conduct of the public towards the animals is usually remarkably good, once in a while there are unpleasant incidents. Recently some young culprits hid in the zoo at night and stole the eggs from a brooding Darwin's rhea — a rare bird whose young we have never been able to raise. A number of years ago some boys went into the penguin enclosure, killed three of the birds, and threw their bodies into the bear dens — a case of juvenile delinquency in one of its meanest forms. We lost our superb male gorilla, Makoko, through drowning, although every precaution had been taken against such a loss. Then there was the case of Herbert, the 958-pound walrus, into whose pool a child had thoughtlessly thrown a rubber ball. Herbert swallowed the ball and died a week later. By some alchemy of personality he had won the

affection of the public, and his passing was memorialized within a few days of his death by editorials in the leading newspapers.

Several years ago we opened a Question House in order to provide a place where visitors could readily and at first hand obtain answers to questions about animals — any kind of question about any kind of animal. This little building is staffed by young men and women who are well along the way to becoming qualified zoologists. The Question House has been a lively success. The great majority of questions are serious and sensible; some are intended to be serious but are far from sensible. Among the latter are the following gems: —

"I have a blue racer at home and every time I pick it up it bites me. It doesn't hurt, and I don't care if it bites me, but will it hurt the snake to keep on biting me?"

"Which is more tenderhearted, the elephant or the hippo?"

"What is a kangaroo's pouch lined with?"

From a boy: "How can I fertilize box tortoise eggs?"

"Does an octopus have anything in common with a human being?"

From a city boy: "My grandfather says swamp rabbits swim on their backs and use their ears as oars. Is that really true?"

From a man: "Will a cow die if she loses her cud?" (When the Question House attendant said "No," the man's wife broke in with this: "See, I told you so — if cows died so easy as that, the price of milk would be even higher than it is.")

From a child: "Is a platypus a kind of cat? Its name ends with puss." The Question House attendant explained that a platypus was not a cat and, among other things, that it ate worms. *The child:* "Oh, I see, it's a kind of chicken."

"Do snakes ever laugh?"

"How do skunks stand each other?"

The immense popularity of the zoo is not surprising. The truth of the matter is that practically every one of us is thirsty for some contact with the natural world. Seeing wild animals answers this yearning to an extraordinary degree. A zoo is the best kind of antidote to the overmechanization of these modern days. To many people it is more than that. To them the observation and study of animal life in its myriad forms is a lasting inspirational experience — a revelation of movement, color, and sound, the end results of timeless processes of adaptation and evolution. Through some hidden channel there comes a sense of the unity of all life.

It is not too difficult to discern what we think of animals. One can never be quite sure, of course, what the animals really think of people. In our zoo we do everything in our power to gain their confidence and affection.



During his thirty years as editor of the Atlantic ELLERY SEDGWICK traveled widely, wishing to see for himself what was going on in lands far from the Hub. Since his retirement in 1938 he has continued to travel, observe, and write despite the painful handicap which arthritis has imposed. He has lived abroad for the past four winters; and his colorful essays on Spain, Sicily, Portugal, and Rome compose the nucleus for his next book, which he facetiously calls Europe in a Wheel Chair.

SOMETHING NEW IN DICTATORS

Salazar of Portugal

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

To the sensitive traveler the government of a country is almost as palpable as its geography. The ruler prints his own lineaments upon the ruled clearly as he stamps them on his medals. Everywhere the story is plain to read. The policeman on his beat fairly shouts it. It is more subtly told by the cleanliness of the streets, by national monuments cherished or neglected, by the quality of food and shelter, by prices and timetables. The faces on the street reflect it. Not twenty-four hours after our Ford, wedged into a barge scarcely larger than itself, was ferried across the broad Guadiana which divides Spain from southernmost Portugal, I felt myself at home in a dictatorship very different from the Spain I had left. Before a week had passed I knew that dictator or no dictator, Portugal is blessed among the nations.

Of autocrats and their works I had left no American prejudice behind. Harvard College had taught me intensively about them; but the first rule of travel is to keep an open and observant mind. I felt instinctively but with certainty that the scene before me was new in my experience. Much about me at once recalled the stimulating reforms of Mussolini's early years, but the spirit of that formidable régime was wholly absent. The Italian's ambition was to resurrect the buried imperialism of the Caesars. The Portuguese dictator, with power as unlimited, detests imperialism in any form. His aim is to restore the ancient simplicities through masterful but moderate control, subject in the most literal sense to the laws of morality. Like Mussolini, Salazar saw in parties only partisan conflict. He abolished them but, unlike his prototype, set up no party of his own. Strikes he judged intolerable and insisted upon their judicial settlement. Yet "never," he declared, "shall we hold the state omnipotent,"

and added a sharp and discriminating dictum on the man whose reforms he admired. "Not for nothing is Mussolini a child of the country of the Caesars — and of Machiavelli."

The similarity and the contrast puzzled me deeply. Here was something totally foreign to the dictatorships of history. Back and back I looked for precedents, but not until I had traversed twenty-five hundred years did I come on a true spiritual parallel. It suddenly struck me that the Portuguese dictator must have studied the principles of Confucius, and once again in my library at home I boned up on the maxims and commentaries which once seemed to have shaped China for eternity. There to my satisfaction I found that I was right. It seems an odd preface to a guide to Portugal, to advise preliminary consultations with the Chinese philosopher. But the comparison yields illuminating results.

In fundamentals Salazar thinks as Confucius did. He holds more influential even than principles, methods and men. In fact, method proclaims the man, and the virtue of the ruler is all-important, for his moral qualities are directly reflected in the nation over which he presides. A bad man makes a bad ruler. Before all things an autocrat must be virtuous, for his excellencies will be multiplied in his people. The unit of society is the family, a unity ordained of God and essential to man, rooted as it is in the natural order of things. Precisely as, in the realm of physics, the modern world has smashed the atom, breaching matter and throwing wide the doors to physical discord, just so it has shivered the family into the smithereens of individualism, opening in the social world as great a gap in nature. This breach must be closed. At all costs the family must be strengthened and preserved. The behavior

of children — so think alike the ancient and the modern philosopher — is the reflected image of ideas inculcated by parents. Authority determines the character of those beneath it. A wicked governor is answerable for the sins of his people. Tyranny is odious. "Remember then, my children," remarked Confucius, "fiercer is oppressive government and more to be feared than a tiger."

The American loves a formula. His convictions rest on habit. In our political campaigns it is the slogan, not the argument, which rams conviction home. Per contra the words we stigmatize as offensive goad us to fury. "Communism," "Fascism," carry about them so black an aura that all discrimination flies out the window. We give a word a bad name and we hang it. "Dictator" is positively obscene. To me also American prejudice is old and dear, but I am a Pharisee only at intervals, and on my travels my confidence in the universal beneficence of republican principles is — shall I say? — intermittent.

Do not time, place, and circumstances shift the meaning of words? In Portugal my self-questioning took formidable shape. Here is a country with everything against it: small, mountainous, and poor, with a population of which perhaps 5 per cent can read with fluency; yet from all that I could see, a better administered country does not exist in Europe. Can salvation, I asked myself, come through dictatorship? Is not liberty the first essential? Few of us, to be sure, know just what liberty means, though we may think we do. Is it possible, then, that a people's happiness is a saner objective? That word "happiness" at least has no shade of doubt. In my ears seemed to reverberate the tags of Fourth of July orations. "The alternative to liberty is tyranny." "Absolute power absolutely corrupts." "Let there be light, said Liberty." I tried to straighten the jumble of my thoughts.

2

PORTUGAL is a garden of flowers. To a Portuguese, flowers are necessities of life, and no doubt the blossoming countryside influenced me. Here seemed a country happy in its illiteracy, undepressed by its bondage. No dispiriting rows of tenements are to be seen. Families own their independent cottages. In every housing plan, homesteads are individual domains which after twenty years of modest rent-paying become family property. Hedge and fence are always in repair and, as is most noticeable to the tourist, historic memorials are almost too perfectly restored. And flowers, everywhere flowers. Even the roadmaker must be a gardener, for he is as responsible for his borders as for the smoothness of his highway. Like Italy and Spain, arable land is sharply limited. Wages are pitifully low. The farmer, his family about him, toils early and late — the women in their mannish hats bought once in a

lifetime, as shelter from the dangerous sun of summer. Life is hard, but through it runs a strand of content one does not feel in Spain. Year by year things improve. There is hope in the land.

It must be remembered that for a millennium good government had been almost unknown in Portugal. Her history is a perfect illustration of Gibbon's definition — the record of the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind. The dismal chronicle lights up but once — when, in the sixteenth century, Portugal led all Europe in adventure, tripling the size of the world and making the name of Henry the Navigator forever illustrious. His spirit descends upon the traveler, for everywhere he is held in remembrance. I have never seen a memorial more appropriate to its object than the straggling castle Henry built on the wild heath which overtops the tremendous palisades of Cape St. Vincent. The ramparts of Sagres once marked the end of the world. You stand there, Europe behind, and before you the endless rollers of the Atlantic against which the Navigator pitted his no less limitless imagination. In the rough field which forms the courtyard, this prince of princes laid with his own hands long lines of fieldstones forming the outline of a huge compass. There night after night young adventurers from all Europe thronged about him, fascinated by his personality and his speculations on the route to India, on the unknown continent to the south and the starry distances that must be traversed.

With the death of Henry night descended slowly on Portugal. Exhausted by her achievements the miniature country, a mere strip of coastline scarce a hundred miles wide, sank into apathy to lie prostrate under a despicable line of Braganzas and Bourbons. Finally, in 1908, the end of all things seemed approaching. The King, Don Carlos, and his eldest son were murdered in the great square of Lisbon. The crime compounded confusion, and all the furies which can bedevil a state broke loose. A plethora of parties — factions rather — strikes, secret societies, war, treason, Jesuit intrigues, clericals, anticlericals, Reds, Blacks, Mongrels, of all descriptions, made up the elements of a witches' broth. Within two hectic years a Republic was created, an honest one. But forms of government mean little. The escudo, which had a value of four shillings and sixpence, dropped by 1922 to twopence and halfpenny. Between 1910 and 1926 Portugal was ruled by eight presidents and forty-three ministries. The first government of the Republic lived nine weeks, the most stable lasted for a year. Curiously enough, the brightest thread in the tangled skein was the army, which, recruited from every class and every province, seemed alone imbued with some sense of patriotism. It was the army which led the nation out of the morass. In May, 1926, there appeared on the walls of the garrison city of Braga two simple sentences: —

For men of dignity and honor the political condition of the country is intolerable.

Portugal, to arms for the liberty and honor of the Nation!

The Portuguese are an emotional people. The simple words rang true. Their effect was electric. Three generals — da Costa, Cabecadas, and Carmona — rallied the army and with it the nation. Not a shot was fired. In a day Portugal was calm, but one more revolution was powerless to change the nature of things, and for two years the country was a little Hell paved with excellent intentions. The generals were patriots, but of civil government they had the unextensive knowledge of drill sergeants. Da Costa became President. Cabecadas had monarchical views and soon disappeared. After a season Carmona, ablest of the three, succeeded to power, but the root trouble remained. The country teetered on the very verge of bankruptcy. Fiscal problems were tackled by a series of well-drilled soldiers much as rookies might wrestle with calculus. The newborn League of Nations was besought for a loan of twelve million sterling. The request was granted, but as every previous borrowing had been used principally to retire its predecessor, strict conditions of oversight were stipulated, too galling to national pride to be accepted. The abyss lay straight ahead. Then occurred a scene reminding us of the day King Saul, sorely beset by Philistines, heard of the shepherd boy who was destined to be his saviour. Friends spoke to President Carmona of a young economist, a professor in the University of Coimbra, who had written with clarity and hard sense of the problems before the country. The salvation of Portugal was as casual as that! An intelligent reporter at the time approached the President. Here is his account of the crucial incident: —

General Carmona, beau ideal of a Chief of State, answers my questions with a delightful vagueness. "The new government," he remarks, "is just the best we can find at the moment. The Minister of Finance is to be a certain Salazar from Coimbra. Everyone praises him. Do you know him?"

No, I did not know him, and nobody else did except the students and his fellow professors.

But the old culinary axiom, first catch your hare, had not been followed. The young professor loved his classes. More than that, he held profound distrust of the democratic process. Moreover, once before, he had savored politics. He had been elected a deputy and after listening to one debate he had returned the very same evening to the University. Now it was difficult to budge him. However, he did come and this time stayed — almost for a week; for during that interval he learned that he was expected not to act but to advise, a situation outrageous to his nature. The climax came promptly. Salazar happened to telephone the Ministry. A strange voice answered the call. "Who is speaking?" he

asked. The voice answered, "The Minister of Finance." "Oh," replied Salazar, quite unperturbed, "I was under the impression that I was Minister of Finance." He got up, packed his bag, and the next morning resumed his lectures.

President Carmona continued his quest. More soldierly experiments, more wrestling with the Chimera according to military regulations, then a renewed and fervent invitation to the recalcitrant professor. Finally, every demand satisfied, with absolute control of finance assured, very reluctantly he came. Twenty-five years have elapsed since that momentous decision. Salazar still holds the reins of finance taut in his hands.

It is simple truth to add that in our generation it has been given to no other man to transform a people so quietly, so steadily, so profoundly. Kemal made Turkey a new country, but his rule was violent, revolutionary, and cruel. Salazar's pace is moderate and full of consideration for opponents as well as friends. To trace briefly his subsequent career: he became Minister for the Colonies in 1930, Prime Minister in 1932 — never for an hour relinquishing his control of finance — and in the dangerous year 1936 he assumed the additional burdens of the Ministries of War and of Foreign Affairs. These last two offices he relinquished when once his successors were fully trained. As President of the Council of Ministers, any or all of his colleagues are retained simply at his pleasure. The Constitution stands, but the President of the Council of Ministers is the interpreter thereof. Though it guarantees all the freedoms — free speech, free assembly, and free press — Salazar holds it absurd that these should apply to politics, which they could only "vulgarize" (his own word) and undermine.

Studying the Constitution on paper, the casual inquirer is apt to be misled. There is a President of Portugal by whom the President of the Council is nominally appointed and who takes from him the burden of ceremonial, but Solomon on his judgment seat did not rule more unconditionally than does Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. No law, no appointment, is valid without his signature, and his ideas become law. The emergence of the marvelously right man in a crisis of history suggests to the rationalist that there are aces as well as deuces in the pack. To the religious mind it is a demonstration of overruling Providence. To all of us it is profoundly impressive.

3

SALAZAR is a peasant's son born in 1889 in the hamlet of Santa Comba. At school in a neighboring village he learned the beautiful simplicities of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, the stock in trade of his life's work. His father, blessed with a son after the arrival of four daughters, destined him as a Portuguese matter of course

for the priesthood, and after his eleventh birthday the boy was sent to the seminary at Viseu. It was the seminary which taught him that his vocation was not the priesthood but public service. In 1908 he moved on to the University of Coïmbra, where after graduation he became Instructor and then Professor of Law and of Economics.

It would be hard to understand Salazar without a visit to Coïmbra. Whoever walks its twisted streets must realize how nobly an environment can shape a man. Venerable the city seems as Oxford. The river Minho, on which it stands, has a peculiar place in Portuguese affection. From river's edge the battlemented town, its streets running at every medieval angle, climbs a high hill crowned by the Cathedral and the great quadrangle of the University. Scholars swarm about looking as they looked four hundred years ago, each tightly buttoned in his frock coat surmounted by a black and rusty gown. The gownmakers of Coïmbra must spend long workless days, for new garments are unknown. Invariably ragged they are at the bottom, where an inch or two is ripped off. At graduation, I was told, every boy gives his girl the keepsake of a sentimental strip. This, like most romantic tales, I doubt, but the frayed finish of the gown does add a gaberlunzie touch carrying you back to the Middle Ages — this neatly balanced by the scholarly portfolio in every student hand, each bound with its bright ribbon, yellow, green, or red, appropriate to the rival faculties of Law, Medicine, and Humanities.

I visited Coïmbra, the legend of Salazar coloring my imagination. There amongst the boys scurrying to their ten-o'clocks I fairly caught sight of him, the yellow ribbon of his Law portfolio fluttering against his tattered gown. As he entered the library I followed, and when the great door swung open, I caught my breath. Before me was the most glorious of all Temples of Learning. Three vast and vaulted rooms, their walls from floor to dome glittering with gilded bindings of folio, quarto, and octavo, open each into the next through wide archways making one noble whole. The sections of books are broken by fanciful baroque columns, and each great room is intricately painted after the fashion of Chinese lacquer. Gold on red, gold on black, sparkle with subdued splendor. My first thought was: Has ever such tribute been paid to books? My second: What young man could go from such a place unchanged? Afterwards when I asked Dr. Salazar himself whether the influence of such a library was not enduring, he raised both arms high in air to express his feelings.

To enjoy the privileges of the University, young Salazar had to support himself. He became tutor in a school which, as it happened, was run in the English tradition. This set him thinking. To borrow his own words, he became convinced that "the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon state so strikingly

demonstrated during the European war is to be ascribed to fundamental elements in education. It is by English methods that a boy goes beyond the Latin system of purely intellectual stimulation, and learns to become a citizen." Concerning Portuguese education as it formerly existed, he speaks scornfully: "A smattering of information sometimes assimilated, sometimes sticking in the scholar's mind just long enough to enable him to pass his examination and so earn the right to forget."

Before he was twenty-one, Salazar's ideas were completely formulated. For him the primary importance of education is to develop moral character and a sacrificial love of country. By the time he was twenty-five we find him delivering at Oporto the detailed principles he holds today. That prodigy of English history, young Pitt, did not cast his shadow more definitely before him. Forms of government, Salazar maintained, are a secondary consequence. The essentials are administration and the men who make it. Unguided democracy is merely mob government. It must be Christianized, and in Portugal at least, though every man may worship as he will, it is Catholic. Democracy exists only when it grants no privileges to one class at the expense of another. If it yields to favored classes, it becomes demagoguery and therefore utterly incompatible with history, politics, and with human reason.

4

ONCE on the teaching staff, Salazar climbed the ladder. He wrote on current economic problems, gold, wheat, commodity crises. Suddenly there occurred an incident which cast into an iron mold his convictions on oligarchy and democracy. With three other teachers he was suspended on suspicion of advocating republican doctrine. There was no evidence against him and he was promptly reinstated, but not before he had published a reply which, among advanced minds, stamped him as a leader. It wasted no words in its declaration that despotism is bad, but stupid despotism is vile. Luther with his theses was not more uncompromising. Scorning to defend himself, Salazar indicted the government that persecuted him: —

In the space of a few years half the population of Portugal, Monarchists, Catholics, Democrats, Revolutionists, Syndicalists, Socialists, and citizens with no opinions at all have entered the prisons of the Republic, sometimes successively, sometimes alternately, sometimes simultaneously.

When she is intent on her job, Destiny acts secretly and with dispatch. The politicians had watched the young professor's arrival at the Ministry. They had seen him depart, leaving no trace behind. When they beheld him return, this time clothed with power, they remembered his words, and recognized the man who faced realities. From

the day of his final oath, the history of modern Portugal begins.

Salazar's equanimity equals his daring. Nothing could be more unspectacular than the way he went to work. One great asset he had. The financial honor of Portugal was untainted. Little or nothing might remain for the development of the country, but debts had been paid to the last farthing. When the Dictator is reminded that Russia, too, pulled herself out of the ditch by her own bootstraps, he smiles and remembers that Russia ratted on her debts, whereas no debtor of Portugal has ever been cheated of one escudo. True the borrowings have always been paid from new loans, but now that sort of financing is done with. The resurrection of Portugal was like the resuscitation of the drowned. Slowly, painfully, steadily, the breath of life returned, and after a year the patient began to suspire. The nation went to primary school and learned the merits of addition in modest taxes and the beauty of subtraction in every essential expense. Multiplication and division went unexplored till they could be afforded. Old-fashioned rules lived on. They had kept the world solvent before Keynes bedeviled it with his abracadabra of prodigal expenditure; deficit financing was anathema. Financiers might laugh, but Salazar imperturbably went his way, saving here a jot and there a tittle. He set his own salary at something equivalent to \$3000, and it is told that when he broke his leg and doctors' bills exceeded the balance of his income, he sharply rejected offers of the state to pay for his own misfortune, and simply sold one of his fields at the Vimiera he loves so well. For some difficult years he took over the work of two ministries but not their salaries.

To watch his system carries one back centuries in time. Here again are honored the maxims of Poor Richard. Salazar governs his country much as the famous farmers' wives of France manage their households, weighing the sous one by one, and dropping into the kettle every well-scraped bone and rescued leaf of cabbage. With all his administrative genius and acute intelligence, it is with a peasant's understanding he rules his peasant country.

It is by the individual character of a nation that its government must be judged. Portugal is a strip of coastline scarcely a hundred miles wide, with a population rivaling New York City. But to this Lilliput is attached a Brobdingnagian empire, and it must be remembered that Portugal stretches across the world.

For all its possessions, Portugal is a patriarchy and Salazar is its patriarch. Liberty and its inevitable corollary, duty, still have for him the meaning they had for Abraham and Isaac. Both are inseparable and both imbedded in the law of God. The endowments of men being unequal, Salazar believes that for the common good the unthinking

many must be controlled by the intelligent few. So thought the Prophets of Israel. When Isaiah promised that his people would be saved by a *Remnant* and the Lord gave assurance that if it contained but ten righteous men the city should yet be preserved from destruction, the same idea was present. It would be hard indeed to measure more accurately the transformation of men's political thinking than by considering the change which has come over that almost sacred word, *Remnant*. Once signifying the salt of the earth, it has come to mean the odds and ends sold at bargain counters as cheap stuff.

We are told that this is the century of the common man and that majorities necessarily have the wisdom to rule; yet there may be wisdom when votes are few.

But peace to controversy. Let us get on with Salazar's philosophy. Here is his statement.

Not the individual but society is the foundation of the state. Society's roots are in the family, a natural universal and necessary phenomenon out of which all other forms of human association have spontaneously developed. In this society man is a single element; from it he comes and to it he owes all that he is. He is a being endowed with liberty not because liberty gives him the power to do right but because freedom of choice gives to the good he does the greater value. No man finds an end in himself. Not within himself is the law he must obey. God created him as well as the law above him. There is no moral obligation which does not come from God. No dominion can be imposed by one man on another except in the name of God. God instituted authority and entrusted it to those who hold it so that law marked with the seal of His authority may be just in its content and aim of insuring the common good. Thus is secured neither the despotism of the State nor the blind mastery of the masses, but perfect equilibrium between a necessary authority independent of human fashion and social justice which does not vary with the fluctuation of public opinion.

This is counsel of perfection. Any tyrant might make mock of it by proclaiming God's authority for his own misdeeds. But to Salazar the divine commands are as living and potent as if they were printed in capitals on the statute books: with him they transcend every earthly consideration. It is merely as corollaries to them that he enumerates the essentials of an orderly family and a society based upon it. From his conception of the family as the unit of social order comes the most un-American of all Salazar's ideas. Feminists of the World, unite! The Dictator has a word for you: —

With one blow you have dismembered the nucleus of the family and intensified competition, bringing women into industry without giving them wages in any degree equivalent to their value as good housewives or to their social importance as mothers.

Salazar, you see, reverses the familiar argument.

His approach is not from the theoretical rights of women, but from their practical duties. Woman is simply too valuable an asset to be lost to the home. The family cannot spare her and live. To implement his philosophy, Salazar forbids married women to enter the service of the state. A single unmarried woman, it is true, is employed in government service. It is a joke in Portugal that at least one member of the sex is indispensable to the government.

5

HAVING locked women in, as my readers will put it, Salazar, following the lines marked by the Revolution, endorses a state set up on corporate principles. A parliament of two houses is retained, rather to generate ideas than to make laws. There is a parallel corporate body of employers and employed who forbid strikes and encourage fair practices. Perhaps his most startling innovation is the abolishment of parties. Long as man could remember, feuds and party intrigues had been the ruin of the state, but note this! Along with other parties, Salazar has abolished his own. Politics in the familiar, the devastating sense, he detests; and against this primal curse of democracies, wages ceaseless war.

"What do Portuguese women think of all this?" I am asked. I can only reply that at the gateway of his modest Palace they have erected a truly feminist monument — the eternal mother with her progeny — to express their gratitude!

Portugal then is a kindergarten. The children are obedient. The nurse is kind, wise, and strict, but never nags. There is a wholesome absence of petty restrictions in the nursery, and good children are rewarded.

Nothing is more characteristic of Salazar's wisdom than his official attitude toward the Church, to which his personal allegiance is complete. He maintains absolute freedom of religion. The prerogatives of the Church are straitly defined by a Concordat negotiated with the Vatican through thirty-six patient months. The powers of the Church are spiritual and spiritual only. In the old days of University life Salazar's roommate was a certain Manoel Gonçalves Cerejeira. This once closest of friends is now Cardinal Archbishop of Lisbon, Patriarch of Portugal. Looking back on long years of intimate association, the Cardinal made a remark of the utmost significance. "Once," he said, "I used to see Dr. Salazar at every hour of the day. Now I see him once a year, about Christmastime." Both are men consecrated to spiritual ideas, but Cerejeira is a Priest of the Church. Salazar is a Priest of the State.

How complicated the problem of Church and State! How simple the solution! "As a Catholic," says Salazar, "I believe that before all things the Church should preserve her own liberty, accepting in exchange the necessary sacrifices. As Chief of Government with essential duties towards Catholics and also towards those who are not Catholic, I must enforce solutions which safeguard religious liberties to all Portuguese. Other sheep I have which do not belong in the sheepfold."

Perfectly Catholic-trained in a Jesuit school departing not one iota from the ancient faith, Salazar is modern as 1953. You catch a hint of his spirit in his correspondence with a schoolgirl who in her quandary finds it natural to write to the Father of the State: —

Mr. President, I am very troubled. On the 16th I must pass an examination and I have a strong chance of failing. They tell me you are on good terms with our Lady of Fatima. Could you make a prayer for me telling our Lady that my home is in the Al-gave [the southernmost province of Portugal] but I am actually living in Lisbon. This is very important, for our Lady might be mistaken in the address.

The President's reply was mailed the same evening:

DEAR CHILD: Your commission has been done. I have already transmitted your request to our Lady of Fatima. But she answers that if in the examination you make as many mistakes in spelling in your *dictée* as in your letter, she could not be responsible for your success.

Some days passed. There came a second note: "I have to thank you, Mr. President. Thanks to you, I have passed my examination."

"Well," remarked the President, "the happier of the two of us was I, myself."

I had seen much and read more when a welcome opportunity came to talk to Dr. Salazar. His schedule was crowded, and most courteously he offered to receive me on a Sunday. The Dictator's presence fulfills his legend. His figure is tall with the slight stoop of the scholar. The gray eyes are penetrating, their gaze level and direct. The authoritative nose gives power to the face. Is this a Dictator? thought I, this courteous, modest, retiring scholar, hating publicity and loathing propaganda, who turns his back on popularity and speaks in public only on sufferance, never flattering his audience, never baiting his periods for applause? Duty done is his simple reward. The only material prize he values is the empty chair in his college classroom, which his dearest hope is one day to resume. What will happen to his successor, another chronicler must record.



A graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Law School who served as secretary to both Judge Augustus N. Hand and Judge Learned Hand, and from 1937 as special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., was appointed to the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts in December, 1941. Speaking before a group of some two hundred editorial writers at the conclusion of their three-day conference in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Judge Wyzanski defined the meaning of morale in these invigorating words.

THE ANATOMY OF COURAGE

by JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

I

I SHOULD like you to consider with me a characteristic and fundamental phase of the structure upon which our society is built — its morale. You have no need to be reminded that the last generation has been living in what W. H. Auden has called the "Age of Anxiety," what T. S. Eliot has described as "The Waste Land." In our own lifetime we have watched the disappearance of the easy optimism of the nineteenth century — a Darwinian confidence in the inevitable progress of mankind. It is not merely that in horror we have had to reckon with the retrograde cruelties in the Germany of Hitler and the Russia of Stalin. There is in us an awareness — which our parents often lacked, though our more remote forefathers had it — that within every man there is irrational evil as well as irrational good. Whether or not this irrational evil is labeled with the theological term of "Sin," it is an aspect of man which seems not to disappear, and hardly even to diminish, as he gains in technological mastery.

This awareness of an irrational dimension, vivid as it is to us who have lived in the years just before and the years of World War II, is even more evident in the youth in our universities. No teacher who speaks from any scientific or humanistic platform attracts a wider audience than religious leaders like Tillich and Niebuhr. They, without all the apparatus of compulsory attendance and regular examinations, draw to the chapel many times the number that go to any classroom.

While mindful of this religious revival among students, and indeed in a wider circle, I do not propose to address myself immediately to the fundamental concern which disturbs them. Rather, I shall approach my topic indirectly by considering courage in a fourfold aspect: physical courage, emotional courage, social courage, and spiritual courage.

Of all types of courage, the one which etymo-

logically and historically leaps first to mind is physical courage. From childhood we have known the lionhearted man of medieval knighthood. And as we advanced in school we were taught that this brave figure traces his lineage to the Spartan soldier. This is the model whom Plato in *The Republic* glorified as the warrior who obeyed the guardians and shepherded ordinary folk. The warlike courage of this Greek type furnished substance for one of Aristotle's four cardinal virtues. And the pattern which Aristotle discerned was refined by Cicero and even more majestically by the Stoic philosophers.

There are those who believe that in our altered social life, physical surroundings, economy, and technological circumstances we of the West have become too effete to retain our physical courage. Are reckless gallantry and a willingness to subordinate personal physical survival to the ideal of a great cause less compelling motives for men of the West than for men of the East?

For myself I have no doubt that in the final showdown our brothers and our sons, and we oldsters ourselves, will fight with as much vigor as any people anywhere. Remember the debate in the nineteen-thirties in the Oxford Union when a majority of that house resolved that under no circumstances would they fight for king and country. Yet Hitler soon learned that what men will do when faced with danger bears no resemblance to the way they boast of indifference before the beast attacks them. Of course it is always braver to face up to danger before it leaps upon us. Archibald MacLeish was clearly right in the famous essay in which he has exposed the reckless pusillanimity of the undergraduates of twenty years ago.

But we need not rely merely upon what happened in World War II. We already have convincing evidence that today our generation has men of physical courage. Consider Captain Carlsen and his

pertinacity in saving his tanker. And shortly after Edmond Hillary climbed the highest peak in the Himalayas this summer, Americans from New Hampshire boldly attacked the second highest peak. Whatever doubt there may be as to where the Carnegie and other foundations should spend their general resources, no one has ever felt a paucity of deserving candidates for medals.

The problem of emotional courage is a more subtle issue. The basic nature of emotional courage has long been understood — by none better than Dürer, whose plates of *Melancholia* and of *The Knight, Death and The Devil* reveal the two extreme phases of men's dispositions. Yet new light in our lifetime has been cast by Freud and other psychiatrists and specialists in the sciences of human behavior. Today most men recognize that it takes more than habit, more than training, more than will, to be courageous. Men enter this universe differently equipped; and long before they are consciously educated in any scholastic system, they are conditioned by early experiences. These, if not indelibly marked on their lives, are at any rate as difficult to erase as to decipher.

So it is that some among us, perhaps most, fluctuate in our capacity to summon forth our maximum strength. But some of the greatest contributors to our civilization and welfare have had periods of great emotional instability.

Lincoln is a familiar case. Less well known is the example of Charles Evans Hughes. Merlo Pusey was the first to draw the veil to let us see that the great Chief Justice whose majesty impressed us during his lifetime in person, as it has since then in marble on the front of the Supreme Court Building, was actually a man in a state of exquisite tension who balanced his years of unbelievable intellectual activity with months when he found it necessary to leave his family and his work and go mountain climbing here and abroad. What we know from the uninhibited Boswell and from Dr. Johnson himself shows that both the Great Cham of Literature and his more volatile biographer each had his alternating moods of elation and despair.

And in this company, I need hardly remind anyone of the autobiographical experience — described, to be sure, under the fiction of a French character — which William James narrates in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. When seized by the green terror, James nearly succumbed. Yet as time elapsed, he not only regained his balance but dared report to the world at large the depth of his dismay. By his understanding and self-revelation he has aided all who have followed him to master their own personalities.

Indeed, have we not learned that candor in revealing one's own limitations and acknowledging one's own struggles is the first prescription for increasing emotional courage? What Lincoln, Hughes, Johnson, Boswell, and James described, they de-

scribed not for themselves alone, but also for us. Every man has it in his power deeply to increase his fortitude by facing his weaknesses and taking those elementary precautions of rest and withdrawal which will give him serenity and assurance.

2

A TYPE of courage much to the front in current discussion is social courage, occasionally called civic courage.

Ours is a very different world from that of the Colonial fathers. In the smaller societies of early New England, as in the Athens of Aristotle, every man was inevitably a political animal dwelling with his neighbors in a common concern for the welfare of a community which he could see with his eyes and understand with his experience. We live in an entirely different world: each of us is so hard pressed to earn his daily livelihood in the particular compartment where his skill is at a premium that we rarely discern the scope and nature of the social organism of which all of us are a part.

And yet no society will ever be made by a mere collection of professionals. He who is only an editor and not a citizen, or a lawyer and not a citizen, or a judge and not a citizen, cannot by being added to the heap of other men similarly narrow in their professionalism give that foundation from which will grow a cohesive and meaningful structure. A society is not a sum total arrived at by adding individualists. It is the large *S* which reproduces on vaster scale the small *s* within each of us.

But how, in the circumstances of our time, can each of us develop so that he will be a fully conscious social being contributing to the common weal? Two answers — neither adequate, but both perhaps suggestive — may be given.

The first is that in American society, and indeed in all the Western world, the method by which men grow in social stature is through participation in voluntary associations — the university, the church, the labor union, and that host of private groups whose early rise was discussed by Tocqueville, whose local history has been depicted by Professor Arthur Schlesinger, and whose legal significance Maitland described in immortal terms. These voluntary associations in society give man a chance to expand his social nature and to feel his common ties. These associations do for a peaceful society what military association does for a belligerent society. This thought has been strikingly developed in a perceptive Phi Beta Kappa address by Harlow Shapley, who took his theme from William James's celebrated essay, "The Moral Equivalent of War."

The very nature of voluntary associations demands that they must be self-generated. They cannot be sponsored by the state and articulated into its corporate existence. For this is the road toward totalitarianism. The associations of which I am

speaking result from independent creative activity. Their members' desire to contribute to the common weal must spring from the adventurous spirit of man and not be dictated by any terrestrial power. To be sure, some of these associations may not conform with the dominant views in a community. Some may be composed of protestants. And others may be regarded as wayward. Indeed this has long been recognized as one of the dangers of voluntary associations. The political tyrants of Greece outlawed them. The medieval glossators observed that both Imperial and Papal powers frowned upon associations unless they were licensed. But in America, at least until recently, we have always said that except when an association is criminally conspiratorial in character, or unlawful in its means or its ends, we would take the risk of divergence and dissent, and count this all a gain for democracy and development. We have agreed with Heraclitus that "from different tones comes the finest tune." McCarthyism, in its generic sense, is a denial of that principle. It is the urge for conformity. And in its effort to solidify us to withstand atomic war or preparatory espionage, the supporters of the newer concept of so-called Americanism seem to me to have sapped one of the roots of social courage.

A second and perhaps more fundamental method of achieving social courage is to recognize how far each one of us bears responsibility for the well-being of our society and the climate of opinion in which we live. We cannot, like the *Hausfrau* who believes herself charged only with duties toward *Kinder, Küche, Kirche*, turn our backs on the politics of our day.

Can I put my views better than by reminding you of the magnificent illustration of Karl Jaspers reopening the Medical Faculty at Heidelberg in 1945? You will recall that he said to those assembled that all in the room, himself included, were responsible for the Nazi evil, if for no other reason than the fact that they were still alive: "We who survive have not sought death. . . . We preferred to remain in life for the weak, even if justifiable, reason that our death would not in any way have helped. It is our own fault that we are still alive. . . . It demands that we should take on us the consequences of being alive in such conditions." This, as Sir Walter Moberly said, in his profound study of Responsibility, "is not the language of hysteria but of insight."

And now I come to the fourth division of my topic, spiritual courage. We have been living for centuries upon the spiritual capital bequeathed to us by the men who dwelt in Palestine, in Greece, in India, and in China from 800 B.C. to A.D. 200 — the so-called Axial period of our history. The Hebrew prophets, Jesus and his immediate followers, the Greek founders of philosophy, the authors of the Upanishads, the Buddha, gave us a rich store from which we have

constantly borrowed. And although our account is not overdrawn, our own contributions to the total fund of faith have been small indeed.

It is plain that, without going further back, from the Age of Reason at the end of the eighteenth century the depletion has been precipitate. What began as a movement of deists outside the Church and was aggravated by the development of a nihilistic outlook from the time of Nietzsche has been intensified by the extremes of an existentialist movement which, in its origin under Kierkegaard, was perhaps the most original Christian activity of the last hundred years.

And now as we come face to face with a threat of a strictly materialist philosophy from the Communist states, we are on the verge of spiritual bankruptcy. And indeed nothing reveals this more clearly than our attempt to treat as though they were spiritual principles the political maxims of democratic liberalism — maxims which are and were meant to be negative restraints on abuse of power, not affirmations of the ultimate ends of man.

But, under the surface, another current has begun to tug at our society. Already I have referred to Tillich and Niebuhr and to the audiences which they have attracted. Men of science, no less than men of the cloth, at last proclaim that there are and always will be limitations imposed upon the mind of man. There lies beyond his reason a territory of mystery. The further man progresses, the more man is aware that the boundary lies beyond any steps that he and his followers can ever take. How men in the future will deal with these spiritual problems that lie beyond man's capacity to analyze and define, no mortal dares predict. The very meaning of a mystery and of nonrational considerations is that they do not lend themselves to a plan. For a plan is by definition an intellectualization of something fully understood.

Nor is even the general direction of the way in which we shall go something that lies within my personal capacity to discern. Only one who wishes to play the role of a false Messiah could set himself up before you as a prophet of the spiritual future.

And yet, without rashness and with due humility, one may believe that philosophers like Jaspers are in general right in their emphasis on the crucial importance of each man looking into his own background of spiritual tradition. Isaiah said to us: be "mindful of the rock of thy strength," "the rock whence ye are hewn." Turning to our origins nourishes those emotions which make us receptive to spiritual influences.

It may be that the spiritual influences of the future will come in shapes quite different from those we and our ancestors have known. But familiarity with the older vessels will make us better prepared for what the future may hold.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Before entering college in 1946, BENJAMIN DE MOTT worked for seven years at a variety of jobs in downtown New York, downtown Baltimore, in the army, and as a newspaperman and free-lance writer in Washington, D.C. He attended Johns Hopkins and George Washington Universities and recently received a Ph.D. from Harvard. Mr. De Mott is now an instructor of English at Amherst College.

PLANTING PHEASANTS

by BENJAMIN DE MOTT

NO, NEVER you say I warm to them. I'd as soon keep clean a them as walk. Deed I don't rare up when Yale says they are running around thinking they are the Lord God stocking the rivers and forests in the Garden of Eve. *But* — I got a shop here to think about, don't I? Would it make sense for me to try to beat them down, or go round provoking them by lies and stories about what I did and did not see? You know the answer to that.

And one other thing: there's not many round here, including Yale Hunnicutt, that ain't thrown a tub of state trout into his brook where it runs water. Oh, Yale says, there is nothing against that with underwater creatures which you just drive over and scoop into a net and into your can and truck back and pour in. Hell, Yale says, that is done so quick you don't know you did it nearly. That's right, that is how he puts the difference between fish and birds: one is quicker. Now how can you get sense into a contrary, crazy-clever man like that? You tell me.

And that story about him making up the club. He never. It was town boys that hunt together on a Sunday made up the club. Harry Daley — Harry was Police Chief and he's dead twenty years but don't think what there is of him didn't roll over and twitch hearing this ruckus. There was Harry Daley, Ron Van Dusen's old man, me, and some others hard to remember made up the club. (I had just come in and taken over the shop then, renting out the farm.) We worried a lot of boys outside town to come in with us, saying we would dump some trout in their streams at the least, and after some yawing the Hunnicutt brothers — Yale and Arthur

— joined up. Sure he stayed in and paid his dues but is that the same's *making up* the club? You tell me.

We were not after his company for love, mind. Not Harry Daley. He never could get room enough to hunt in, Harry Daley, and he saw some these Polacks moving in then were posting their land. Oh-oh, Harry says, don't want that to spread. So he pulled in a lot of boys with good acreage outside town. That was the idea in getting the Hunnicutts with that whip tongue. That was all there was to the club.

I mean all as long's Harry and Hen Van Dusen run it. There was no meeting — hell you could see anybody you wanted on a Saturday evening right here in the shop. Then after Harry went we started sending out a little card like this with your name, saying you paid dues in the Nod Valley Game and Fish, and pretty soon they went to having a meeting over to the Grange. Right along we were planting them trout which the State raises up as fingerlings, and some were talking about what more they meant to do. Licenses come up every year with the town growing like it did when they put up the plant over to Taunton, and the club got bigger. There would be fifteen or twenty faces I could not tell you what they were, and more than that now. And the new ones were all full of talk about the game going out of the field and fish out of the river and so it was, which was too bad for them, Yale says, they not being around here long enough to know where it went to. Yes, they were going to do something all right — but never much came of it.

Then they made this lawyer name of Waller president. He had come up out the city five or ten

years back where he made a pile and he came in here and made a name for himself for one thing and another. They had got to having a big supper every year with speeches and the like to get money and at this first supper after Waller made president was when the thing came up. It never would have, maybe, but that Waller's a clever man with fire and get-up. And wait a minute. I said that about him but does that mean I warm to them? No, means I don't shut my eyes like Yale and some others, take Turk Edmonds as example. Anyway Waller had gone right out on his own hook and invited the State Officer to come around and make us a speech.

This State man was a little young fellow about as big's a bean and shiny new, and he made us a nice speech at that. He went on about how the State was starting in to rear pheasant chick by the hundred and would hand them to the Nod Valley Game if the members build pens and feed them till they grow up big enough to release. He sat down quick enough but that Waller was up quicker, quick as a trap, getting him to say what would it cost, what kind of pens, when would they start and the like. Oh, you could see how that man made his pile, no question.

We were down in the basement where the ceiling's shallow, and it was noisy in there with the scout troopers cleaning table so's they could get out and every man smoking and ragging around — you couldn't catch every word Waller and the State man had to say at the center table. But after a time, when the State man must of tired out talking, young as he was, Waller looks around of a sudden and sets to banging his knife handle on the glass hard enough to slice it in two.

"Gentlemen," he says, so-fashion.

Wasn't anybody doing much but talking what was in his mind, but they didn't want to let off. And those troopers were still making a racket in the washroom with them plates. Waller, he is a big-voiced man, though. He made them stop.

"Gentlemen," he says again, and they shut up still. "You have heard the Conservation Officer," he says. "What do you propose to do?"

He stood there waiting awhile, strong-faced man, with everybody looking at him like a actor. Then Yale Hunnicutt opens his face. "All right, men," Yale says out loud. "Flap your wings and take off like he wants."

Some of them at our table thought he was funny, but they shut down right quick because next door this fellow Trott in the mortgage loan — kind of thick-bodied man with a fat face and little wire glasses, always in a blue suit — Trott was up on his feet, his mouth going like a lathe. "We don't want to let our enthusiasm carry us off before we get down to concrete," he says.

Well Yale sits there noisy chuckling but nobody with him now. He has his place clear, been the

family's for more than he can count. But there was probably not ten others in the room that didn't owe that man shingles off their roof, so they never looked at Yale. Trott talked, then Waller and the State man some more — and the upshot was they made Trott and Waller head men to look into it and get up some money. Waller had that boy from the State Office stand up again and they gave him a hand, which was right, since like as not he got no hire for his time and could have eat no worse home. I say they clapped him — not Yale, mind. He sat there grinning to himself the whole time like at a show.

2

Now I figured they would go on to the end of the cut, those two, whether anybody behind them or not. They was not your ordinary team. But I never expect them to come worrying me about Yale. I was come after, though. The fact is they couldn't let this thing rest.

When they came to me I told them as straight and polite as a man can that there was no sense talking to Yale about his pens. I said right off talking to Yale was like telling something to a adding machine — you got to hit it for it to catch on. I should never said that, for they put me in camp with Yale that instant. And you know that's not right.

A week after the meeting Yale was in here waiting for his wife to finish spending his egg money up the dime store, and in comes Waller hot after him.

"Nobody waiting, Mr. Waller," I said. I started in to hurry, figuring get him in the chair and he couldn't tangle with Yale. I didn't want my shop mixed up with Yale that way.

"That's all right," Waller says. "That's all right. I just came over when I saw Mr. Hunnicutt step in here and I want to talk to him a minute, all right?"

That is a lawyer's way. He will take your name out right in front of you and track all over it to somebody else, letting on you're not in hearing, and then turn around at you, and you don't know what to do. Learn that in a courtroom. He moved right through the boys and sat down with his seat flush on my magazines, like it would be a privilege for anybody after him to pick one up with the warm of his behind in it. You wouldn't want to tangle with that man.

"Mr. Hunnicutt," he says, looking at his shoes like. They all quiet down and stare there at Ernie, my second man, where he was using the clippers. I never heard them things sound so loud, like electric buzzers. Bzzz, bzzz — regular racket.

After a while, seeing he wasn't going right on, Yale said, "What can I do for you?"

But still that lawyer won't look at him. He keeps

watching his shoes and frowning like he was trying to do Noel Bailey's estate tax in his head. Length he says, right down to business: "Mr. Hunnicutt, they tell me you've got some old turkey pens out there at your place."

"I did have that," Yale said serious like, he making out to be a lawyer too, you see. Never had any respect.

That shook up Waller. He looked up quick.

"Why," he says, surprised, "why, what happened to them? Ain't you got them still?"

"Why I don't doubt," Yale said. "I ain't looked around for them but I don't doubt they're where they were." He looks at himself in the mirror. "Why," he says, "who would want to run off with some old beat-up turkey pens now?"

I bent over that minute coughing and pumping up that chair, razor in my hand, to cover up what Yale said. All the boys went on watching and listening to Ernie's buzz saw. I think Ernie was starting to give a all over bowl cut with his engine, he was listening so hard.

Waller, he laughed a little not so cocksure. "Well, Mr. Hunnicutt," he says. He gives another laugh kind of weak. "I know we surely don't want to run off with them. Fact is, we want to leave them right where they are."

"Fine," Yale says. "Then we are eye to eye about my turkey pens anyway."

Well, I set to honing and this time Ernie bends over quick, like with a laughing catch. You can see how he would get a joke out of it. He has a tenth with option to buy when I quit, and the less it is worth, the cheaper he buys out. He snapped off the beater and goes stomping off for no reason after the broom, leaving his man sitting there wondering why in the hell a man would go out after a broom in the middle of shearing. He comes back brooming it hard, keeping his back to Yale, and the man in the chair looking down at the broom rustling around under him and wondering what in the hell. I had to work there with my elbows high up and standing tipping-toe on account of the chair being up where I put it. And oh it was quiet, nigh's quiet as a snowdrift except for Ernie going whish-whish with the broom.

"All right," Waller said, looking mad. "All right. I'm just going to ask you one question, Mr. Hunnicutt." And then he ups and points at me! "You too, Dunwoody," he says, "you old-timers." And he snorts. "One question."

Can you beat him putting me smack with Yale like that?

"Fine," Yale said. "Go ahead with one question."

I put my razor in, and Waller gets up and walks back and forth like in a magistrate's court. "Have you read it, I want to know?" he says. "Have you read what is on the back of your card in the Nod Valley Fish?"

I set to rubbing my chin like trying to recollect, but Yale wanted to make that man madder. "No," he says, flat. "I been shy reading lately."

"You should read it," Waller says, "both you old fellows. You should read something before you set out to sign it."

And he points at me again! "You read something before you go about breaking your solemn oath," he says, nigh shouting. "That's all I got to say."

And he up and tromped out here like a wood soldier banging the door shut so's the glass rattled and the bells rang half a minute after he left.

3

YALE looks over at me. "Sounds like a earthquake, don't it," he says.

Well, I straighten my man up and work his scalp quick and comb, and got him out of here. The other boys went out right behind, they knowing this was between Yale and me. I had my purse out as fast as could be and looked at that card and that was one against him — was no writing of mine on it. Yale comes over by the register and takes it out of my hand and turns it over, and up the top these big letters: CONSERVATION PLEDGE. Yale read off the fine print — it was about plenishing Nature and resources of the U.S. But no writing of mine on that card, least I could explain that.

I asked Yale to make sure he knew what he was messing in. "Yale," I said, "you know what that is about."

But Ernie puts in, "Means old Waller wants his bird in Yale's cage, that's what about."

Like I said, this was all money in Ernie's pocket.

"He may want," Yale says. He goes over and sits in that wicker rocker in the window. "Hell," he says to me, "lawyer man is mad at you for sure, ain't he?"

I just looked at him — all's I could think then was, get him out of here.

Ernie comes by and opens the door for his man and then pulls the window shade down. It was shutting-up time. He went back out after his coat.

"Why," Yale says, "why he came up here out the city with his pile to hunt and he can't find nothing to poke a gun at. That's all eating him."

I didn't say a word. I heard about him buying guns, that was so. He even bought a old Sterling-worth single shot loose in the stock that was leaning against Ron Van Dusen's prescription case for five years before he came along, catching dust. For the good steel, he told Ron when Ron asked what he wanted it for. But is that against a man? All it showed was means.

Ernie came up then on his way out. He winked at Yale, standing there by the door, and says to me, "A old man like you." He shakes his head so. "I thought you was a decent type of old man but

now I know better. A man that breaks his solemn oath will butt goats and steal if he wants."

"Get to hell out of here," Yale says. "Leave the man alone."

When he was out Yale set there awhile rocking in my chair.

"Arthur would of ate this up," he said. Arthur is his school-trained brother just died in the winter. "Why," he said, "half of why he came up out the city was to hunt and he ain't yet seen his first deer."

He looked around at me, that grin on his face. But damn if I was ready for any grinning. One thing that Waller has got is friends in this town or people that look to him anyway. But Yale goes right on talking to himself.

"That would be right though," he says. "Just who in the hell would be trying to tell a lawyer where to find something?"

"Yale," I said. But no, he won't listen.

"Him and that leash-train spaniel dog," he says kind of silly laughing. "Why, he don't have to come right up on it. If there was anything inside one mile square, that high-train spaniel dog would lick it out." He closes his eyes a minute. "Oh my," he says, "Arthur should of been here."

"Well he ain't," I said, hard. I had no mind to be hard, but I eat off this shop, never forget it.

"No," he said, keeping on rocking. "But Arthur could set that man straight."

"Listen here a minute, Yale," I said. "What is it you got against this project?"

"Project," he says. Uncommon, stubborn man.

"These people are some of my customers," I told him. "They're trying to improve."

"Hell, I grow whiskers," Yale says. "Corn too."

"All right," I said, "they are improving your growing, too."

"With cage birds," he said.

I wasn't going to let him slip out that way. "It's the same," I told him. "Same thing as improve your land."

"It's worn out," he says. "Don't he know that?"

"I see you dust your east half last week," I said.

That took him. He made a sour face. "Oh," he says, "a man has got to make out for himself."

"But you say it is worn out," I was keeping right after him.

He gave me a long look. "Dun," he says, "you ever taste that sweet mix of Elder's?"

"It's soil that eats," I told him. "Don't you forget that."

"Soil," he says.

"Yes soil," I said. "The soil eats and out comes that good corn and beans year after year."

He shook his head but I knew I had him running.

"It tastes elegant, too," I said. "I've bought your corn weeks running and you should come round and see them grandchildren mine tear into it at table. Made corn and made bird, show me the difference," I told him.

He shakes his head again.

"Well," he says, "crazy things will come along with kids now days."

"I can't tell what you're thinking, Yale," I told him. "I have got this shop to think about."

He leans back and let out a big yawn. "A man will act like a hog," he says. "That's Arthur's belief."

He gets up out of the chair. He's a long, thin drink of a man, but not as tall as you get the idea some times. "You do what you want," he says. "They say they have a car, two cars, all right. I say they got a school building right up the front door. They got a houseful of every which kind of thing with nothing to do but shut it off when it is finished its work," he says. "And now you want to make it so's you can walk out in the morning and catch your bag like in the far woods of Africa. And in despite it's worn out."

I just looked at him.

"You tell me," he said. "If that ain't a man acting like a hog, I be damned to hell gate if I would know a hog rolling in the mud if I saw one."

He didn't wait one second for me to come back at him, just heel-turned with his coat around him and light out that door.

4

I MADE amends best I could to them. I drove by this fellow Kaczniak's place where they finally worked it out to keep them, and hammered some on those pens, which looked too tight-close for one good bird, let alone a hundred. Short of wire, they were. They collected over three hundred dollars for them birds out of the town but Trott was keeping a close hand on it, which was right for him to do. He came around to Turk Edmonds asking could they pick up vegetable refuse he piles out behind. But Yale must of got to him because Turk told them to go to hell, there was pigmen paying cash for it every week. But Trott's a clever man himself. He takes himself down to the new National while the soap's still on the glass and they never open yet, and worried them into letting him have theirs.

What those things ate! Late summer I saw them coming out the alley in Lloyd's pickup with it swelled over with those big overgrown squash cukes, must of been a half-ton — don't ask me who stuck them on the National.

Yale was not much in the shop, but you would hear stories he started, mostly about how those birds were sick to death on account of being penned up sopping wet in a rain, run in that close together with wire jammed into them. Not a thing to it. That boy from the State Office was out there nigh every day with a bag full of thermometers and microscopes like a New York surgeon, testing this and feeling of that. We run electric out there to

the water so's to keep at a regular heat for them, and he is all the time marching in and grabbing hold of one and going over it like Sherlock Hones or whoever. It's a fact that one time that Polack Kacznik sees him going round like that and starts asking questions. Oh, the State man says, you have got to watch out for disease. There is this polum or polet, don't you know — a chicken will have it without giving you trouble, but will lay a ringneck out cold. Or maybe vice-verse. Anyway, whichever way was too much for that Kacznik — he tells them to take the birds away, he don't want his thousand-dollar chick to go lousy on him.

I wasn't out there, but it was a roar he raised, from accounts. It took more than that boy with thermometers to quieten him down — took Trott and Waller and the rest of them. But they worked it out all right.

That was how it went through the summer — I took my turn out there feeding and watching them grow up big-breasted and then came in to hear some lie Yale stirred around about the creatures all swole up with cucumber belly and being shot full of hypodermic and vitamine so's the breath would stay in them, and the like. How he would know anything I couldn't say. Nobody ever saw him out there. But he could make up like a wild man.

I kept on terms with Trott and Waller, which was no trouble's long as Yale stayed away. But when time came to let them out, old Trott called me up on the telephone. He said he and Waller wanted to get Yale over his bitterness by seeing what they had done out there, and would I tell him they were going to pick him up Sunday morning so he could watch the birds let loose.

Now again, that was not for love, I see that as well's the next man. Yale's land still ain't posted and I know they wanted his covers and figured to get to him through me. But I couldn't exactly say why I was against it without heating them up against me, so I ended up calling him. Yale never objected. Sure, he says, blow the horn and I will come out and enjoy it with you all.

5

WE CAME by his place pretty early in Waller's station wagon, four box of birds in back. Yale said, Morning, and got in with me, but we didn't get into any habits talking on the way out that would be hard to break on the way back. We went around the Market Hill road that you ride to get to his timber lot, and Waller parked by the end tobacco barn below the lot. The sun was still down and the mist was dragging in the high grass on the bank.

They both looked around at us like they were making sure there was no running out, me in camp with Yale all over again. Trott said, Stay put, and they got out and dropped the tailgate behind us.

They each pulled out one of these cage-boxes and carried it a little ways up the cart path. They fussed around up there, looking back at us like prisoners, but not a sound from them — I could see old Trott's breath curling out of him in the damp up on the bank. In a minute Waller waved to us to come up.

"How about here?" he says to Yale, leaning over the cage he brought up. The birds were all stuffed together inside so's you couldn't tell leg from crown, the way we shoved them in from the catching pen.

"Suit yourself," Yale said.

Waller raises the top a bit and Trott reached in both hands and pulled a big ringneck with these shiny peach-red and gold feathers packed up by the ruff.

"Here," he says to Yale, sticking that bird out, "feel of that bird, will you?"

But Yale wouldn't touch it. "Take it," he says to me.

I took him. His eyes looked wild black and he was quiet in my hands but oh, how his heart went banging, crazy banging in my skin. I could feel him rushing out but all the strain he made was his heart going that way.

"Put him down," Waller says. "Let him take off."

Then is when it happened. I set him down easy and took my hands away quick like I was scared he would whip the skin off them taking off. But no. He stood flat and still where I set him. He stretched his neck forward slow, kind of cradling it itching in the long grass.

"Sure," Yale said.

And be damned! That big lazy fellow turned his neck around at Yale and looked straight at him, his eyes big and cool like he was asking the time or a light.

"Sure," Yale says. "He is asleep."

Waller and Trott looked at each other quick not saying a word. Neither one make a move.

"Here," Yale says, "reach out there and lay smooth that grass so's he can roll over and nap a bit."

"Get along, bird," Trott says almost a whisper. So that bird just craned around a little more and looked at him same's he looked at Yale. Waller is staring at him, stock-still.

"Look out, men," Yale says. "What are you waiting for? Get a fire going and we will have us a little breakfast here on wild bird. He will hop right into the pan."

Trott was fire red by then, face all pinched up inside them wire glasses. He comes a crouching up behind that bird and then jumps at it of a sudden.

"Hi!" he says. He has a little cat-bark of a voice. "Get on, bird," he says.

Well, that fellow took maybe four steps ahead, calm as a milk horse, and stops again.

Yale looked at Trott, not even a grin on him. "Hold on, you'll give him the fright," Yale says.

They was not a mind to take more a that. The two of them went after that bird then, Waller with his slicker off whipping it at him. That bird stepping out a couple yards, then stopping, looking around to see what the crazy men were doing.

"Whoosh!" Waller yells out. "Whoosh on there!" he flapping that slicker and running and stopping.

"Shoo!" Trott goes. "Shoo, shoo!" They both whooping and yelling after that fellow, but he just would not start to run and keep at it, less fly. They would come up on him, flapping, and he stop short and they stop short, slipping in the drain grass for fear of mangling him.

And Yale standing there quiet like he's watching a ball game he could tell you how it came out before he got to the park. He would not keep peace, and me right there by him like his other half.

"Hell," he says and he spits a big wad, "he never will get off the ground with them trompling on him."

One thing was happening. That bird taken to going in circles now so's one minute they're behind us going "Whoosh!" and Waller flapping that way and Trott panting, and the next out in front. One turn around when they're behind us Yale says to them:—

"Get a string to his neck and fly him, why don't you."

The two of them stop and look up at him, both of them sweating red and pop-out faced. Then Waller lights out with his foot at that creature's behind, just missing, and now it sets to running straight on again, sort of hiccup zigzag, stop and go but its neck straight up stiff like it is sailing without regard to the feet. Anyway it went toward the woods this time, neck floating in the air that way, not moving — and they go whooping on after him, flapping and hollering.

"Whoosh on, damn you bird," Waller says, and Trott you can hardly hear now — they getting farther away toward the woods.

"Shoo," he is calling, "shoo," sounds like a owl way off in the trees.

Yale stands there looking at them getting up to their waist in high grass till he loses them in the mist. Then he spits again.

"Well," he says, not so much's turning round to me, "I ain't had breakfast on account of the track meet. I see you up shop."

And he turns tail down the cart road back to his house, without waiting for them two to get back from whipping that bird to cover. All right, you say, what's the rest? But that's just it. Far's Yale Hunnicutt will say, that was all there ever

was to it. I have heard him tell that a score times — that's right, he comes in regular again now — and once he went through it when he knew Trott was out talking to somebody and just about to come in. It don't make a difference to Yale Hunnicutt what happened the rest of that morning. You can tell him and tell him and he will look right through you like you're not there or hardly breathing if you are. "Poor creature died of spent-heart," he says, wiping his eye laughing. And he will set there with one of them high school boys in Ernie's chair and pepper him about is he a runner on the track team, and if he is or wants it, he should look up Mr. Trott over to the bank, or that attorney, Mr. Waller, and get them to give pointers, they being track stars at running and the standing jump.

No, you can't tell him and you can't shut him up, and I can't get him out of here. If he keeps up, Ernie will be buying me out for less than the fixtures, when it comes time. I have told him. I have told him three times what happened that morning after he left off — how we let fly nineteen of them things and not one touched ground when let go, but streak off like a jet airplane to the wood. But not just me. Some of them fellows get him off and tell him the same, how there was seventy-five birds let out that morning and all but his shot away like a torch arrow. And no man can not-see how many of those things are around now — oh, there are hundreds. In winter after everybody has his bag — mornings after a snow — you see them come up out of the woods, up the tracks right along Yale's line in fact, up the highway, crossing streets so's the cars stop for them. They will stalk right up your drive on the crust, stiffneck, and eat that grain mix you see in the can there — sure you can have it, free for taking, the club provides it so's they can make the winter if they make the season. And oh, you never saw such a bird standing around in the twos and threes or more, eating on the crust with that sleek black and white and the gold-peach lining.

But that Yale Hunnicutt, he will drive me crazy and wreck this shop. Yale Hunnicutt gives out that he has seen only one bird, that one lead-wing creature. Oh I commence to think that it is not cussedness pure. I commence to think that where you and me and every man and boy in this town has seen a hundred or a thousand or five thousand of those creatures all around and we *know* it, that Yale Hunnicutt has or won't or can't ever see another till the day he dies, and not then. I mean it's enough to make you wonder what will become of a old man if he can't see around him better than that. Anyway meantime, I sure wish I could find how to tell him to keep to hell away from my shop.



IN MY LIBRARY, LATE AFTERNOON

by ROBERT HILLYER

In the dim library, my younger self
Drifts with possessive hands from shelf to shelf,
Haunting familiar volumes, he can quote them
More eloquently than the men who wrote them,
Because he adds a private overtone
From old associations of his own.
A four-line epigram by Francis Quarles
Glows with the winter sunset on the Charles,
Pale rain in Pomfret shimmers through Jane Austen,
Through Trollope blows the salt east wind of Boston,
And Gibbon's wit was sharpened all too well
As Europe at Versailles declined and fell.

The notion that old books can be bewitched
By aspects of a life they have enriched
Might strike the casual reader who pursues
Detective fiction down a maze of clues
As somewhat morbid — yet I find it more so
To read all night about a missing torso.
And the new critic, happy jargoneer,
Who makes obscure what once was fairly clear,
While literature, beneath his magic passes,
Replaces mirrors with distorting glasses,
Would sigh, consult his Glossary, and then
Return to Nineteen Twenty-two again.

Ah, but some books, like those where flowers were pressed,
Indeed become a fragrant palimpsest.
Sir Thomas Browne, skilled Merlin of the mood,
My rapt and adolescent solitude
Evokes, with beauty made more beautiful
By blossoming from eyeholes of a skull.
Sonnets of Shakespeare, Sidney, and Rossetti,
Drayton's *Idea* and Spenser's *Amoretti*
Discourse of double loves, their own and mine,
With reminiscences in every line;
And manuscripts, both harbingers and mourners
Of too much joy, grow dusty in dim corners.

Gray-fingered druid shadows gather now
The mistletoe upon the Golden Bough;
King Arthur's barge and the Nicaean bark
Rush with the wandering ocean toward the dark;
The awkward Don avoids one final fall
By leading Rosinante to her stall.
Unswayed by critics and by vogue undaunted,
I am content among the books I've haunted:
The oftener they're read, the more they give.
In them my cumulative past shall live
Until, our long collaboration done,
I melt in earth, they in the lexicon.



How did the Nazi cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau manage to run the gauntlet of British sea and air power and escape unscathed from their French base through the English Channel? CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, who has served for over thirty years in the Royal Navy, accounts for the failure of British intercepting forces. He is widely known for his books, The Bismarck Episode, from which two excerpts appeared in the Atlantic, and Nelson the Sailor, a biographical study. His latest book is Unconditional Hatred (Devin-Adair).

AIR POWER AT SEA

A Fiasco in Flexibility

by CAPTAIN RUSSELL GRENFELL, R.N.

I

FROM the start of the 1939 war, the British Admiralty and Air Ministry were at issue on general principles of strategy. It was the Admiralty's complaint that insufficient attention was being paid by the Air Ministry to sea-air warfare, and that in particular the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command was being starved of machines, equipment, personnel, and official favor. In sea warfare, contended the Naval Staff, the right place to apply air power, as with surface power, was at sea.

The Air Ministry took a different view. It believed in bombing land targets; and, so far as concerned maritime matters, these targets were considered by the airmen to be the building slips and the factories where ship components were produced. If, they claimed, ships were bombed in the construction stage, the supply would be cut off at the source.

As applied, however, to the urgent question of the German submarine offensive, this latter policy did not give satisfactory results. Intensive bombing of the U-boat building yards and factories was in progress from the middle of 1940. By February, 1943, the slips and yards at Wilhelmshaven alone had been bombed seventy-five times — at the average rate of once a fortnight for two and three-quarters years — and in March the Secretary of State for Air declared that one half of the previous year's total bombing had been devoted to anti-submarine targets. But all this bombing did not succeed in its proclaimed object of killing the infant U-boats at birth and preventing their ever leaving the nest. Intelligence reports showed that the number of German submarines in service grew steadily larger during 1940, 1941, and 1942. The bombing of production points was not preventing the increase of submarine tonnage afloat.

When the U-boat offensive fell away in intensity in the middle of 1943, it was not because of any lack of U-boats. It was because the Atlantic had been made too hot for them. The acute pre-war shortage of British surface escorts had just about been overtaken by wartime construction, and the new escort carriers were proving very effective. The U-boats were suffering too heavily in trying to attack, and the offensive was called off while other methods were sought. The German submarines had at last been defeated — temporarily at least — at the place which the Admiralty had all along declared was the right one to do so: afloat. Coastal aircraft had also made a valuable contribution to this end, but were much handicapped by shortage of numbers and grudging reinforcement by the Air Ministry. Had the latter devoted less effort to antisubmarine bombing in Germany and more to Coastal Command's antisubmarine work on the ocean, the check to the U-boat campaign would almost certainly have come earlier.

As one means of countering the Admiralty's constant pressure for more aircraft for sea work during this period, the Air Ministry produced the slogan of air "flexibility," which was vigorously propagated for many months. The argument was that air power was so flexible in operation that there was no need for specialization of function between aircraft employed over the land and those employed over the sea. Airplanes could be switched without difficulty from one job to another as the call arose. They could bomb Hamburg one day and be sent with equal efficiency to sink German warships the next.

The Navy had strong doubts about the soundness of this doctrine, which ran counter to all naval experience of the basic importance of training as an essential preliminary to skilled performance. Blue-

jackets had often been landed in an emergency to fight on shore, but they did not pretend to be as capable at that business as soldiers. It seemed reasonable to suppose that airmen were not immune from similar influences.

In the early part of 1942, the Air Ministry's flexibility theory was put to the test. The German battle cruisers *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had broken out into the Atlantic early in 1941, and after causing a serious amount of destruction of Allied shipping had appeared at Brest in March. There they were repeatedly bombed by R.A.F. aircraft during the ensuing eleven months. This bombing was undertaken reluctantly, and was carried out only under strong pressure from the Admiralty, the Air Ministry being loath to transfer any aircraft, in spite of its own "flexibility" claims, from the bombing of industrial targets in Germany. However, the bombing of Brest was carried out. Frequent hits were said to be obtained, and many optimistic reports were put out regarding the heavy damage being done to the two vessels, so that the British public gained the impression that they were crippled in port and unlikely again to go to sea. It came, therefore, as something of a shock when it was announced one day in January, 1942, that the *Scharnhorst* had been out and had cruised down the French coast to La Pallice, later returning to Brest.

The British Service Ministries were, of course, in closer touch with the situation regarding the German ships than the public. Early in February, 1942, intelligence information began to come in suggesting that the battle cruisers were about to leave Brest. Scouting aircraft were noticing destroyers and E-boats passing west down the Channel, which were later seen to have arrived in Brest, and German mine-sweeping along the north coast of France was observed to be unusually active.

Assuming that the German heavy ships were about to depart on some new enterprise, the Admiralty Staff thought there were three main possibilities. The enemy ships might be intending another commerce-raiding cruise in the Atlantic; or they might be bound for the Mediterranean to operate in conjunction with the Italian fleet; or they might be meaning to break back to Germany via the English Channel. In the Admiralty's opinion, the passage up the Channel was most likely.

The Admiralty's "appreciation of the situation" was communicated to the Coastal, Bomber, and Fighter Commands of the R.A.F. in the first week of February; and on February 8 Coastal Command issued its own "appreciation" to the effect that the Germans would try to pass up the Channel shortly after February 10, a remarkably accurate guess.

A general plan for dealing with the contingency of an up-Channel dash by the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* had been concerted between the Admiralty and Air Ministry as early as April, 1941, soon after the German ships had appeared in Brest. In brief

outline, the plan was as follows. There was to be a night air reconnaissance from dusk to dawn consisting of (a) a watch on Brest itself, (b) a sweep from Brest eastward along the coast for about 75 miles, and sweeps along the coast from Havre to Boulogne (called the HABO patrol) between about 1 A.M. and 6.30 A.M. — all the aircraft involved being fitted with radar and provided by Coastal Command. It was calculated that one or other of these patrols would sight any German warships trying to escape from Brest up-Channel.

If the enemy ships were sighted, they would be attacked by bombers of Bomber Command, torpedo-carrying aircraft of Coastal Command, and by destroyers and motor torpedo boats. It was not expected, however, that the two latter would obtain decisive results against an armored and well-escorted force, and major reliance was undoubtedly placed on air attack, and especially attack by the hundreds of bombers operating from southern airfields and which the Air Ministry boasted were well qualified to deal with any German ships trying to use the Channel.

2

WHEN, early in February, intelligence data foreshadowed an imminent move by the German battle cruisers, various precautions were taken on the British side of the Channel. The air searches as previously described were put into operation, and Coastal Command ordered a squadron of torpedo aircraft to come south from Scotland. Fighter Command was to stand by to provide fighter cover for bombers and torpedoplanes, and the Air Ministry directed Bomber Command to have all available bombers ready to attack during daylight.

On the naval side, six destroyers and six motor torpedo boats of the Nore Command were put under the Vice-Admiral at Dover, who was to control any surface operations against the German ships, and six naval Swordfish aircraft were flown to Manston in Kent and also placed at his disposal. Finally, extensive mine-laying took place off the French coast, 1000 mines being laid by naval vessels and about 100 by aircraft of Bomber Command.

On the 8th and again on the 9th of February, photographic reconnaissance showed one of the German battle cruisers in dock. But on the afternoon of the 11th, the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, and the cruiser *Prinz Eugen* (which had joined them at Brest in June) were all seen to be in the stream. No reports of enemy ship movements were, however, received during the night of February 11-12.

From about 8.30 A.M. on February 12, radar stations on the Sussex coast began to pick up plots of circling aircraft on the French side of the Channel moving slowly up the coast to the eastward. One might think that to forces on the alert for a German naval dash up the Channel, these signs would immediately have been recognized as distinctly sus-

picious. Yet no special significance was attached to them by the Air Force authorities for the next hour and a half. Persistent enemy jamming of radar reception also began at about 9.30 A.M.; but this, too, was not regarded as particularly interesting by the same authorities.

About 10 A.M., indications of ships off the French coast began to appear on the radar screen at Beach Head, but owing to telephone delays the information did not reach Dover till 10.40 A.M. This was, however, the first news to reach the Vice-Admiral, Dover, to suggest that the German battle cruisers might have left Brest, and it came in the alarming form of placing them already within 30 miles of Calais. Ten minutes later, ships were identified on the radar screen at Fairlight, near Hastings, and Dover was informed at once. The Vice-Admiral's Staff thereupon gave warning to the leader of the Swordfish aircraft at Manston, Lieutenant-Commander E. Esmonde, to bring his flight to instant readiness. This was the first preparatory measure to be taken for nearly an hour.

Meanwhile, certain routine fighter patrols of the French coast had already identified German heavy ships, although there were avoidable delays in reporting this vital information. About 10.35 A.M., a patrolling fighter sighted a crowd of distant shipping not far southwest of Boulogne. It was falsely assumed to be a commercial convoy, and the sighting aircraft, obeying the rules for wireless silence, went back to base to report. It was not until after the pilot had reported in the above sense and his N.C.O. companion was being interrogated that it came to light that the latter had seen a tripod mast. More than twenty minutes had, however, passed since the aircraft had landed before this all-important fact was elicited, and by then it was already obsolete. At 10.42 A.M., another patrol aircraft had flown right over the German squadron of the two battle cruisers, the *Prinz Eugen*, and attendant destroyers and E-boats, and had recognized it for what it was. But this second aircraft also obeyed the rule of wireless silence and returned to base before reporting.

It was therefore not till 11.10, or practically half an hour later, that the definite presence of the enemy ships was known onshore. Steps were at once taken to pass this vital news to every command concerned, but it was almost 11.30 before they had all received it, and by that time the German ships were entering the Straits of Dover.

3

How had they traversed almost the whole length of the Channel without being sighted? Examination of this question reveals an instructive series of failures. The first aircraft of the Brest patrol had left at dusk on the evening before, and when it arrived in its area at about 7.30 P.M. the crew found that

their radar was inoperative. As the night was a pitch-dark one, they were useless without radar, and so the crew flew home for another aircraft and did not again reach the approaches to Brest till three hours later. It was during this blank interval that the German squadron sailed. Had Coastal Command sent out a relief aircraft when it learned that the first one was returning, the blank period of three hours could have been halved.

The aircraft patrolling east along the coast from Brest also experienced radar failure a little after 7.30 P.M., the cause being obscure and "still under investigation" three weeks later. This aircraft was allowed to remain ineffectively on patrol for two hours, when it was recalled. The base authorities did not trouble to replace it.

Thus, during the crucial period when the German squadron was leaving harbor and steaming up the adjacent coast, there was no real aerial watch at all. What of the HABO patrol between Havre and Boulogne? This patrol had been planned on the assumption that the German ships would try to pass the Straits of Dover in darkness. As they chose otherwise, the patrol was too far east and had no chance of a sighting. The other detection agencies involved — the shore radar stations and the fighter patrols — were remarkably slow in apprehending or reporting the presence of the German ships, the station at Fairlight only excepted. These various miscarriages cannot all be ascribed to ill fortune, since some were due to defective organization and staff work.

Nor would it be accurate to describe this series of breakdowns as a uniquely unfortunate combination of mechanical and organizational mishaps, giving a misleading impression of aerial reconnaissance potentialities. This happened to be the third occasion in under ten months when the limitations of air power in enemy reporting had been conspicuously demonstrated. When the *Bismarck* was escaping from the North Sea in May, 1941, adverse weather conditions had caused aerial touch with her to be lost for over sixty hours. No aircraft had seen her leave her fiord in Norway, and aerial watch on the Denmark Strait, north of Iceland, was missing just when the *Bismarck* was passing through. But for two patrolling British cruisers, she would have got away unseen.

Much the same occurred off Malaya at the end of the year. Japanese convoys were discovered near the Indo-China coast but thereafter were lost to sight and knowledge until, thirty hours later, they began to disembark their troops for the invasion of the Malay Peninsula. The signal failure of aircraft reconnaissance to notice the sailing of the German battle cruisers from Brest or their passage up the Channel until they had almost reached the North Sea was therefore not exceptional.

To return now to the situation at 11.30 A.M. on February 12. All British authorities were faced with the agitating certainty that the German Brest

squadron was not only out but had got far on its way without discovery. In an hour it would be through the Straits and thereafter be increasing its distance steadily from English shores and English naval and air bases. There was no time to be lost if it was to be brought to action under favorable conditions.

Unfortunately, the various attacking forces were at very different degrees of availability for immediate offensive action. There were the heavy guns at Dover at full readiness. These, though they opened fire, were hampered by the misty weather and enemy smoke screens and scored no hits. After them, the forces most nearly prepared for early movement against the enemy were the naval Swordfish at Manston, the motor torpedo boats in Dover and Ramsgate harbors, the destroyers at Harwich, and a few fighter aircraft.

Thanks to the initiative of the Admiral at Dover's Air Staff Officer in alerting the Swordfish for possible action before 11 A.M., these six naval aircraft of slow speed and ancient design were already, by 11.30, in an advanced state of preparedness. Their leader, Lieutenant-Commander Esmonde, was an officer of exceptional energy, enterprise, and gallantry, as he had shown some months before when he had led a difficult but successful attack against the German battleship *Bismarck* with almost untrained crews. He was now hurrying his Swordfish flight on to the earliest possible readiness to take off.

When the presence of the German ships became definitely established round about 11.30 A.M., the Vice-Admiral's Air Staff Officer telephoned to Fighter Command for an adequate fighter escort for the Swordfish. It could be assumed that the German battle cruisers would have powerful fighter cover, and this would have to be neutralized if the Swordfish were to have a chance of successful attack. An escort of five squadrons of fighters was therefore agreed upon. Delays occurred, however, in these aircraft making their appearance at the rendezvous with the Swordfish; and by 12.30, an hour after the general alert, only ten fighters had arrived at Manston. These were quite insufficient for proper escort and protection. But Lieutenant-Commander Esmonde, knowing that the German ships were already through the Straits and judging it imperative to attack them at the earliest possible moment, decided he would wait no longer and took off with the few fighters that there were. Later, unknown to him, additional fighters joined up over the Channel, but not in sufficient strength to save him.

His obsolete Swordfish flew along at their miserable speed of 80 m.p.h. and were heavily attacked by German fighters and antiaircraft fire from the ships. Pressing on with great gallantry, two of the Swordfish managed to get close enough to drop their torpedoes before being shot down. The remaining

four aircraft were all destroyed, probably before they could drop. Only a few survivors from two aircraft were picked up, and it is known that no torpedoes hit. It was nearly three hours before any further air attacks were made.

The five motor torpedo boats at Dover left harbor half an hour before the Swordfish took off. They sighted the enemy about 12.20 P.M. Confronted, however, with the strong German screen of destroyers and E-boats, they felt their only hope was to fire their torpedoes from outside and at long range. This they did, but there were no hits. The three Ramsgate boats started later and had farther to go. Though they came across the German screening craft, they did not sight the bigger ships and returned to harbor without attacking.

The British destroyers, six in number under Captain Pizey, were exercising off Harwich when the enemy report came through, and were thus able to get off to a flying start for interception. But the long distance the enemy had covered in secrecy and the time of day at which he had now been sighted seriously upset the destroyers' plans, based as these were on ample warning and the supposition of a night passage of the Dover Straits by the German ships. Captain Pizey now realized that his only hope of getting into an attacking position lay in taking a short cut across an extensive British mine field. Though the risk was great, he determined to accept it and he set course accordingly. Fortune smiled on his boldness and his ships all got safely across.

The destroyers had, however, some way to go, and it was not until about 3.15 P.M. that the enemy squadron was picked up on the radar. By this time the visibility was luckily down to 4 miles and the destroyers stood on to close. Twenty-five minutes later, the battle cruisers were sighted. The destroyers at once came under a heavy fire from the German big ships and destroyers, but they continued to press in. It was a question of how close they could get without being disabled, and at 3000 to 4000 yards most of them felt they had strained their luck to the utmost and fired their torpedoes. The *Worcester* went in further and was severely damaged and set on fire, but managed to get home. No torpedoes hit. Fighter aircraft detailed to cover the destroyer during their attacks did not succeed in finding them.

4

WHEN the German ships had first been discovered before noon, it caught Coastal Command on the wrong foot. The Command had only 33 aircraft immediately available for torpedo attacks on German warships; and of these, 12 were in Cornwall, 250 miles behind the German squadron, and 7 near Portsmouth, 100 miles behind. The remaining 14 had only just landed in Norfolk from Scotland, whence they had previously been ordered south, but

which they had not been able to leave till that morning. Engine failures and lack of spare torpedoes in Norfolk reduced the number of serviceable aircraft to 9, these being 100 miles north of the Straits of Dover. The 9 were therefore ordered, but not till 2.45 p.m., to fly to Manston, where they were to pick up 5 Hudson bombers and proceed to attack the enemy. It was 3.35 p.m. before the combined force left Manston.

The Cornwall contingent would obviously have to come a long way east before it could go in to the attack, and an hour passed before it was ordered to do so. First it flew to near Portsmouth, and thence to the Norfolk base which the squadron from Scotland had just left. It did not leave this Norfolk base till 5 p.m., by which time the winter's day was drawing to its close.

The Portsmouth 7 were sent east in two sections: 4 first and then the other 3, each section to call at Manston before going on. None of these aircraft left Manston for the target before 3 p.m.

How did these various contingents of Coastal aircraft fare against the enemy? Of the original 33 torpedo carriers, 28 set out to find the enemy and 12 did not succeed in doing so, owing to rain, mist, and gathering darkness. The 9 from Scotland approached as one body at about 4 p.m., and 7 of them dropped their torpedoes. None hit. The 7 aircraft from Portsmouth attacked in ones and twos over a period of two and a quarter hours and, not very surprisingly, obtained no hits. The 12 from Cornwall left the east coast, as we have noted, very late in the day and had not sighted the enemy before darkness set in. It is pertinent to this lack of success to mention that Coastal Command, despite constant pressure from the Admiralty, had been kept so short of aircraft by the Air Ministry, and the demands on what it had for reconnaissance purposes had been so heavy, that there had been virtually no training in torpedo-dropping at all.

Now as to Bomber Command aircraft. It will be remembered that it was in relation to bomber aircraft and their concentration on the bombing of Germany that the Air Ministry's "flexibility" theory had first been formulated. Aircraft were so flexible in operation, said the Air Marshals, that they could turn from bombing factories to sinking ships with ease and efficiency. Let us see what happened in this case.

On February 4, when a German naval breakout from Brest was considered imminent, Bomber Command had been ordered to have all available aircraft ready to bomb the German ships. Aircraft were accordingly put at two hours' notice for this duty. Bomber Command could not, however, endure this interruption of its habitual occupation of bombing German factories for more than forty-eight hours without getting restive. On the 6th, it asked the Air Ministry to release it from naval stand-by duty. The Air Ministry replied that Bomber Command

must first get the concurrence of the Admiralty. The Admiralty, on being asked, said that the emergency, far from declining, was getting more acute. Nevertheless, and without informing anyone, Bomber Command detailed 100 aircraft to stand by at the longer notice of four hours, and for the remainder to revert to normal procedure.

Hence, when the German ships appeared unexpectedly near the Straits of Dover, Bomber Command was not ready to deal with them. Despite the utmost speeding-up to meet the sudden emergency, the first bombers were not airborne for three hours after the alarm, and only 73 could be mustered then. The next two waves could not be got away for another twenty minutes and two hours respectively.

Altogether, 242 bombers set out to attack the ships. What did they achieve? No less than 188 failed completely to find the target; 15 other aircraft failed to return, whether before or after attacking will never be known. Only 39, or 16 per cent, out of the whole armada are known to have carried out attacks on naval units, and a certain number of these attacks were made on the British destroyers. And not one bomb hit any German ship. An important enemy squadron had cruised under the nose of the most powerful bomber force in the world and had emerged entirely unscathed.

As so often happens when opportunities in war are not seized at the earliest possible moment, the weather, which had been reasonably favorable to high-level bombing in the morning, deteriorated badly as the day advanced. When the bombers came to make their attacks between 3 p.m. and 6.15 p.m., they were faced with low clouds and rain. They could not, therefore, gain enough height for the effective bombing of armored vessels without losing sight of the target, a limitation to aerial flexibility that had presumably not been foreseen.

The demonstration of "flexibility" on this occasion was, in fact, a complete fiasco. Two German heavy ships which it was intensely desired to destroy if they gave an opening had steamed within point-blank aerial range of English shores for a night and a day and had been untouched by either bomb or aerial torpedo. The Board of Enquiry set up at the time to investigate this egregious failure reached, indeed, the obvious conclusion as to its root cause: —

The evidence before us indicated that the training of the greater part of Bomber Command is not designed for effective attack on fast-moving ships by day.

It was the point at which the Admiralty had been hammering away for the previous two and a half years. But no one had listened. The sailors were written off as prejudiced obsolescents, ignorantly jealous of the standard-bearers of the "new strategy."



A former president of the All-India Women's Conference, DHANVANTHI RAMA RAU is the founder and president of the Family Planning Association of India. She is the wife of Sir Benegal Rama Rau, former Ambassador to the United States from India, and the mother of Santha Rama Rau, author of Home to India and East of Home. Last fall Lady Rama Rau made a cross-country lecture tour of thirty-five American cities speaking on the subject "India's Social Revolution." In the article which follows she describes the political and social gains achieved by women in India.

WOMEN OF INDIA

by DHANVANTHI RAMA RAU

1

LATE in 1952 an eminent Indian philosopher, speaking to a group of women social workers in Bombay, begged them — half-despairingly — to return to the traditional models of Indian womanhood, to those heroines of the ancient legends, Sita and Savitri, who were shining examples of loyalty, submissiveness, and devotion. Not that they were stupid — Savitri, in fact, demonstrated great wit and wisdom as she outmaneuvered the God of Death and won back her husband — but all their talents were dedicated to the comfort, service, and happiness of their husbands and families. Even today, the traditional blessing to a bride is used at an orthodox Hindu wedding, "Be thou like Sita, be thou like Savitri."

But this century has brought drastic modifications of the old ideal, and the new Indian woman has a twentieth-century independence, a more forceful voice in public life, and, most iconoclastic of all, the will and equipment of a fighter. Out of the changes in outlook and the work of Indian women have come some of the profoundest upheavals the country has ever known and some of the most controversial problems of Indian society.

Although the story of the Indian women's movement is a fairly turbulent one, it did not follow the pattern of feminist uprisings in most Western countries — it did not start as a revolt against the denial of women's rights in social, economic, and political institutions dominated by men. Its main purpose was to effect the social reform that would bring India's ancient social patterns and traditional customs into conformity with the needs of modern times.

In the early years of this century, as increasing numbers of Indian men were educated in the English-style schools and universities of India (no other education was considered qualification for govern-

ment jobs, most of the professions, and even some business posts), a breach was formed between the men and their way of life, and the wives in their domestic sphere. Traditionally the cultural life of the Indian home is kept alive by the women and transmitted by them to their children. For the first time in the centuries of India's growth, this pattern was seriously threatened. The boys were studying the history of England and the works of Shakespeare; many of them (who would never have a chance to travel) knew far more about the flowers, birds, and landscapes of a country they would never see than about their own land. They had no practical use for the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, the great Indian epics, nor for the checkered centuries of Indian history that were crammed into the first ten pages of their history books. At the same time, to keep the girls in the old Indian traditions would be to make their lives yet more remote from those of their men.

At that time some of India's more progressive men were engaged in the social reform movement which had grown out of the awakening consciousness of the need to relate the general pattern of ancient India to that of modern India. A few Indian women who had managed by their own personalities or by the coöperation of enlightened husbands or fathers to acquire a "Westernized" education wanted to extend that education to larger numbers of women so that they too might take an intelligent and useful part in the new Indian society that was being formed. In this they were led by the great politician and poetess, Sarojini Naidu, and from this group of men and women there eventually arose the nucleus and the support for the Indian women's movement.

By 1918, when the question of suffrage for India came up, enough Indian women had equipped them-

selves with the new education and were alert enough to ask for the franchise on equal terms with the men. The Montagu-Chelmsford Committee that had been sent out from England to inquire into whether or not Indians should be allowed to vote at all found itself quite unprepared to deal with the added complication of woman suffrage. The committee members refused to meet any of the women leaders who waited in deputation on them.

Indian women had watched the suffragette campaign in England in the early twentieth century and had sympathized with the demand for equal votes for women, but not with the militant methods that English women had adopted. But if they were not militant, at least they were persistent. The following year they brought up the question again, this time in front of the newly elected legislatures in which there were some Indian representatives. As a result of their persistence, Indian women gained the right to vote within a few months of their men and on the same conditions. Those conditions, however, were so stringent as to be practically prohibitive—a voter had to have a university degree, to pay an income tax, and to pay a property tax. Exceedingly few women qualified. The next step was obvious, and “Education for Women” became the prime call throughout the country—more important than it had ever been before.

2

DURING the next seven years the response from the women of India was sufficiently large for a few of the most outstanding to call a conference to discuss educational reforms. This was the first All-India gathering of women and from it emerged the All-India Women's Conference.

In these days of easy travel and relative freedom it is hard to remember the complexity of hindrances, problems, and delays that such women had to overcome. There were no air services in India at that time. Letters from Madras in southern India to Delhi, the capital in the north, took a week or more, and no reply could be expected in less than three weeks. Women had not yet learned to travel long distances alone. Many of them undertook, for the first time, journeys of three and four days to reach the conference. The majority of women belonged to average middle-class families with many responsibilities in their homes and with limited financial resources. The funds of the women's organizations were small and could not be utilized for the expense of delegates to the conference. To the women themselves it was a major venture to leave their homes and domestic commitments, and many of them were not convinced that the undertaking was useful or that the conference could be successful.

However, when they finally met, in Poona, this group decided in its discussions that before the

range of women's education could be enlarged, two social problems would have to be tackled. The first of these was the system of purdah which removed a girl from school at the age of ten or twelve to spend the rest of her life in seclusion or in the company of the women members of her family. The second was child-marriage. While this custom was not the barbaric thing it had been painted and, in fact, committed a girl to a betrothal that would end in marriage six or seven years later, still it did take her away from her education to live in the home of her husband's family and learn all the household duties that go to make a good Hindu wife. By challenging both these ancient traditions, Indian women expanded the scope of their work to include social reform as well as education.

At the second meeting of the conference, the earnest intentions and the courage of the leading women were demonstrated in a most spectacular way that was certain to shock orthodox India into the realization that her women were capable of very direct action to achieve their emancipation. Presiding over that meeting was a middle-aged woman, the wife of one of India's ruling princes, the Begum of Bhopal. She had traveled all over the world with her husband—everywhere, from Buckingham Palace garden parties to Imperial conferences. For sixty years she had worn her *bourkha*, the long robe that envelops a purdah woman from the top of her head to the ground, leaving only a narrow slit of net or lace across her eyes. After making her presidential speech, still standing on the platform she pulled off her *bourkha* and threw it aside. She implored all purdah women to do the same thing. She herself never wore a veil again.

Soon afterwards, the women's movement turned its attention to political activity and the formation of lobbies. In 1928 when the Labor Commission came out from England to report on the conditions of labor in India, the women's organizations, by now established and recognized, were called in for advice and coöperation. Their first lobbying action was to see that the government implemented the recommendations of the commission regarding women in industry.

That year the Sarda Bill abolishing child-marriage raised one of the most furious controversies in India. It undermined, the conservatives claimed, the whole of Hindu society and the joint family system—an argument they were to use many times as new reforms came up for consideration. Was a father, orthodox Hindus asked, supposed to provide for a girl for seventeen years and give her a dowry as well? How, if she married into a joint family where grandparents, parents, sons, and their wives all lived together in one establishment, would a girl adjust at that late age to her mother-in-law's ways, and to life in a home that she must forever consider her *only* one since no return was possible? Much better that she should grow up there from

childhood onwards — how else would she learn her work and position?

Orthodoxy, assisted by the British Government in India, defeated the bill the first time. But a year later the women's organizations had enlisted the help of progressive Indian men in their agitation for the Sarda Bill. Together they managed to have the bill reintroduced and it was carried.

This period, a stormy one in the history of India's independence, was marked particularly by the extraordinary power and leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. For the women of India he had a very special message. He appealed to them to join in his passive resistance movement because, he said, the only independence possible and worth while for India was one for which both men and women contributed their work and their lives. His slogan of *Satyagraha* and *ahimsa* spoke to them from the essence of Hindu teaching. Nonviolence must be the only method used because all life was sacred. Even the women most caught in Hindu tradition could respond to that appeal. All over the country, women marched in processions, carried banners, shouted slogans, were often beaten by the police, and often went to jail. They joined in Gandhi's famous protest against the salt tax and followed him in that massive march across India to the seashore. There they demonstrated, by making contraband salt, that they stood with Gandhi in his opposition to the British in India.

This nationalist movement drew to it even those women who were less educated and had kept away from the activities of the All-India Women's Conference until then. A great psychological change had come over them and a realization that all public affairs were their *métier*. This belief has remained with them.

3

THE main activities of the branches of the women's organizations, however, continued to be maternity welfare, child welfare, literacy classes, adult education, propaganda for social reform, and demands for legal action for such reform. Their members were constantly aware of the conditions in the homes of the poorer sections of India — the poverty, squalor, disease, and worst of all the high mortality of mothers and infants. Inevitably they began to think of means to curb the repeated pregnancies of mothers who were already ill, and the large families of parents who could not possibly support them.

In 1935 Margaret Sanger visited India and was given a great reception by Indian women. She spoke to crowded audiences in 65 large and small cities in the country and traveled 25,000 miles by train in the months between October and March. Even at that time she realized that she was talking to people who were already converted to her point

of view. As a result of her impetus, birth control clinics were opened in several places, and the first informed and scientific work was done on contraception.

One of the many changes that came to India as a result of the outbreak of war was the closing of these clinics. Work was stalled because the import of contraceptives from abroad had ceased. The other projects of the women's organizations, however, continued and expanded as the women began to turn their attention to a greater extent to the villages of their country from which the thousands of recruits to the army were being drawn.

Indian women's organizations carried on welfare work in the villages by means of mobile units; vans equipped with a doctor, a nurse, and the necessary medicines and materials toured the remotest parts of the country and brought help to villagers who had never been within a hundred miles of a hospital.

Since World War II, through the immense changes and readjustments that independence and the partition of Pakistan have brought to India, the work that has fallen to the women's organizations has been particularly heavy. Indian women have contributed their efforts to the rehabilitation of the 8 million refugees that have streamed into India from Pakistan since the partition — one of the largest transfers of population in history. They have helped to establish townships and industrial coöperatives; they have worked to reclaim agricultural land. They have built orphanages and homes for the children lost or abandoned in the rush of refugees across the frontier. For the famine sufferers — whose deplorable condition is the result partly of poor crops and partly of the loss of the "Granary of India," the vast wheat-growing plains of Pakistan — the women have collected money, organized relief work, arranged and run medical services.

In 1952 the women organized and ran the first International Conference on Planned Parenthood to take place in India, the third ever to be held in the world, which drew 470 delegates from 14 different countries. This was in turn responsible for a great new awareness in the country of the basic problem of population pressure in relation to food resources. India, a notoriously famine-ridden and undernourished country, shows an increase in population of 5 million people a year. Even with the extensive new programs undertaken by the government to increase food production, to farm marginal land and curb soil erosion, the country's needs can never be met if every ten years there are another 50 million mouths to feed.

In 1951 the Indian government was the first government in the world to request the World Health Organization to send it a special consultant in family planning. Dr. Abraham Stone of New York came to India, and during his travels through the country and in his contacts with government

officials, medical and public health officers, and the public in general, he helped greatly to further interest in the whole subject. In his program he was restricted by the request of the Minister of Health, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, that any experimental studies be limited to an investigation of the feasibility of the "safe period" or "rhythm method" for the control of conception. Accordingly, he helped to develop several centers where the rhythm method of conception control is now being tested under the auspices of the Indian government and the United Nations.

To make the method suitable for the women in the villages, where calendars are unknown, Dr. Stone suggested the use of a necklace of colored beads which would indicate the fertile and the infertile days. This helped to dramatize the problems involved.

The rhythm method has certain social, technical, and economic advantages for India. On the other hand, it also has many disadvantages. In a country where there is as much illiteracy as there is in India, where sex life can hardly be controlled by arithmetical calculations, it is difficult to judge the practicality of this method.

Already, in its first three years of work, the Indian branch of the Planned Parenthood Association has provided information and advice to thousands of desperate people. A typical example of the letters the Association receives runs: "I am a girl of

22 years, I was married when I was 17. Now I have got 4 children. I am so weak I cannot even look after them. What may I tell my husband to finish this? He earns Rs. 136 a month [about \$30] as a clerk in railways." One enthusiastic letter of thanks from a woman who had shared the information she received with all the women she knew in her small town read: "We all say you are serving our great republic such as no other women."

The women of India showed their political awareness and power in India's first free election, for which they turned out in record numbers to vote with their men — though not necessarily for the same candidates. At the moment, they are conducting a great fight against orthodoxy and conservatism by demanding that the ancient Hindu laws governing marriage, divorce, and inheritance be overhauled and made more equitable. Many thousands of women have now taken jobs of one sort or another, ranging from government service to positions as salesgirls in shops or hostesses on planes. India has women in its foreign service all the way up to the rank of ambassador. There are women in Parliament and in the Cabinet. There are women lobbyists, women on the National Planning Commission, women presidents of colleges. Almost all of them owe their jobs, their power, and their position to the rights that the Indian women's movement has established for them through twenty-five years of work.



BROKEN SHELL

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

CEASE searching for the perfect shell, the whole
Inviolable form, no tooth of time has cracked;
The alabaster armor still intact
From sand's erosion and the breaker's roll.

What can we salvage from the ocean's strife
More lovely than these skeletons that lie
Like scattered flowers open to the sky,
Yet not despoiled by their consent to life.

The pattern on creation morning laid,
By softened lip and hollow, unbetrayed;
The gutted frame endures, a testament,
Even in fragment, to that first intent.

Look at this spiral, stripped to polished nerve
Of growth. Erect as compass in its curve,
It swings forever to the absolute,
Crying out beauty like a silver flute.



Dramatic critic, author and editor, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN first began writing about the American theatre in 1905; and he has been regarding it ever since with mingled hope, rage, and affection. With his friend and fellow editor, Henry L. Mencken, he was instrumental in reviving *The Smart Set* between 1914 and 1923; and then, in 1924, they scored an instant success with their first issues of *The American Mercury*. Mr. Nathan is the author of many volumes of criticism, the latest being *The Theatre in the Fifties*, which has recently appeared under the Knopf imprint.

THE THEATRE AT MID-SEASON

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

I

THE theatre as represented by its main artery in New York has come close to its season's mid-point without disclosing any new play of strict critical quality, though it has provided one that is delightfully beguiling, one or two that also are interesting to criticism in its less scrupulous moments, and one or two that are moderately diverting. In this respect it is not dissimilar to the contemporary stage in whatever country one encounters it, since little if anything dramatically important seems to be written these days and since the hiatus in authentic merit is being hopefully bridged by what is popularly but sometimes dubiously known as "entertainment." It isn't that here and there one does not perceive at least a gesture at real worth; it is rather that the gesture, for all its sincerity, is deficient and that intention is hamstrung by lack of true dramaturgical ability. The best that results is traces of validity, but nothing that overall legitimately deserves a place in the critical sun.

If, for example, honesty of purpose were an acceptable substitute for genuine accomplishment, young Louis Peterson's first play, *Take a Giant Step*, would not only have its place in that sun but would be presented with a handsome beach chair in which to enjoy it. What the author has apparently attempted is an autobiographical account of a youthful Negro's perplexity in a world of whites and his baffled efforts not only to fit himself—at any rate partly—into it, and to accommodate his pride to it, but to resolve the sexual impulses of his adolescence in consonance with his approaching manhood. The character of the Negro boy is admirably penetrated and so are the scenes with his parents, who look askance at his determination to assert himself, lest it discommodate the safety of their position in the nonsegre-

gated Connecticut town in which they have been privileged to live—and so, too, are the two episodes involving the prostitutes with whom he comes into contact in his search for an answer to his sex problems—but inexperience in playwriting and the consequent lack of discipline tend to enfeeble the whole with a needless repetition that leads to eventual monotony.

What one gets, in short, is a kind of Negro *Ah, Wilderness!*, deeper in meaning, that, while it presents satisfactorily some of the facets of adolescence's struggle with itself, misses final impressiveness by virtue of its dramaturgical weaknesses. But Peterson indicates that he has potential gifts and, if he nurses them properly, should bring to a theatre that badly needs it the sort of drama that amounts to something more than the prettily packaged, broken-down vacuum cleaners it currently often so rapturously buys.

A considerably smoother but considerably lesser play, though one not without its points, is Robert Anderson's *Tea and Sympathy*. In not too loose description, it gives the impression of a combination of the elements of John van Druten's *Young Woodley* and Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*, with its key scene a duplication of one in Rose Franken's *Outrageous Fortune*, produced ten years ago. We thus engage again the boys' school with its sensitive student and understanding wife of the housemaster who takes him under her wing (*Young Woodley*), the other students whose gossip and scandalmongering place him under dire suspicion—in this instance of homosexuality (*The Children's Hour*)—and the scene wherein a comprehending and sympathetic older woman gives herself to him to relieve his aberrant doubts and to re-establish faith in himself as a normal male (*Outrageous Fortune*). But, though Anderson's

play lacks the graceful writing of van Druten's, the sharp drive and impact of Hellman's, the critical quality of the Franken exhibit, and seems at times to be forced into an acceptable box-office pattern, there is evidence in it of surgery of character that encourages faith in its author's future.

Despite its needless repetitions and too frequent injections of sentiment where less soft moisture would improve the dramatic atmosphere, the play has its merits as entertainment above the current average. The performance of the boy's role by John Kerr, as was Louis Gossett's in *Take a Giant Step*, is nicely managed; and Deborah Kerr, drafted from the motion pictures, does an appealing job as the sacrificial lady, though one might wish that Elia Kazan, the director, had refrained from having her indulge in such poses against half-opened doors and fireplaces as are dear to the movies' heart. Mr. Kazan's fondness for clichés has further caused old schoolmates who meet again after some years to indulge in such a wealth of mutual back-slapping and hand-pumping as would have made even George Ade's comic counterparts wince, and such an undue prolongation of emotional scenes as drains them of almost everything but a rebellious humor.

Another school play, but of markedly different nature, is Calder Willingham's dramatization of his novel, *End As a Man*, under the same title. Here we have what is intended as a stern indictment of our military academies. Though the author focuses his attention upon a single one in the South, it is more or less evident that his strictures are meant to have wider range. That his diatribe is not more convincing and at times resembles the unrestrained "exposés" of prisons favored by Hollywood is to be laid in large part to his melodramatically sadistic approach to his subject. Some of his scenes, particularly such as relieve his indignation with humor, are critically effective, and there is token that when one day he succeeds in mastering his apparently reiless wrath he may write drama of some poise and merit. But though he manages to jounce an audience as it is jounced by the Grand Guignol species of drama, it is clear that the acting is more greatly responsible for the effect than the writing.

2

THE failure locally of André Roussin's French boulevard farce-comedy, *The Little Hut*, in an adaptation by Nancy Mitford, after its great success in London and its several seasons' run in Paris, was not difficult to understand. In the first place, the London production enjoyed the presence in the cast of that able and popular comedian, Robert Morley, whereas his role here was given to an English actor named Culver whose comic talents, such as they were, seemed more

suitable to vaudeville or musical comedy than to the business in hand. In the second place, the adaptation, despite Miss Mitford's gifts in other literary directions, missed almost entirely the effervescence of the original and made what was casually risqué approach to something very like smut. There was also uncomfortable evidence of some readapting of the English adaptation to what she believed was the more vulgar American taste, a belief seemingly shared by Peter Brook, director of the London production who served the same office in the Broadway one. And, in the third place, the essential nature of the play, the constant repetition of a single joke, in this instance the husband, wife, and lover cast up on a desert island and the sharing of the wife's affections by the two men, operated toward that tedium which spells doom at the box office.

It takes uncommon skill to play acceptable variations on a single comedy note, and the Pineros of a *Preserving Mr. Panmure* are very few and far between. Roussin managed it pretty well, since his instrument was the French language and since the French language is susceptible of droll shadings and saucy inflections which the English, save it be maneuvered by an expert prestidigitator, is not. Miss Mitford's effort at duplication has gone amiss and what has resulted is something that sounds a lot like a Berlitz student awkwardly wooing a Parisian cocotte.

Another British import, Roger MacDougall's comedy, *Escapade*, is better, but it is still only a moderately diverting comedy about the school-boy sons of an impractical dreamer of world peace who take it into their own hands to do something they believe will actually serve the purpose. While containing several fairly amusing scenes and some fairly comical morsels of dialogue, it is not without its heavy dose of stereotypes and lackluster writing.

The wit endorsed by a number of London critical colleagues for the most part eludes me. Samples: 1. "One always thinks of what one should have said about five minutes later." 2. "It's bad for the moral fibre—like too many hot baths." 3. "If people always said precisely what they meant and remained open-minded about whether they really meant what they'd said, half the politicians and all the generals would be looking for honest jobs." 4. "Miss Betts, will you kindly get the janitor on the 'phone . . . so that he can throw you [another male character] out?" — "Old Curley? He couldn't even throw out his chest." 5. "It's more difficult to forgive brutality when it comes from the wide-eyed innocence of age."

The play was further endorsed by several London critics for its "toughly disputable arguments," chief of which, apparently, is that a young school-boy might accomplish what his dilatory elders could not by flying to a world peace conference

and presenting to its members a protest against wars signed by his young schoolmates. The toughness of disputing the argument also eludes me, even allowing for possibly intended fantasy.

Nothing produced during the first half of the season has approached the thorough delight of John Patrick's *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, dramatized from the Vern Snider novel of the same title. Its critical defects, such as a middle act that a little too weakly bridges the first and third and an occasional infiltration of out-of-key vaudeville badinage, are lost sight of in its pervading wisdom and charm; and the whole remains as likable and affecting a play as has come the way of the theatre in some time. Its humor for the most part is grounded on intelligence; its satire is healthily recognizable; and its sentiment is largely implied rather than, as in the more usual run, tortured into existence by an industrious scraping of violin strings.

The story is of the attempt of the American occupation forces to democratize the Oriental inhabitants of the island of Okinawa, and of the village of Tobiki in particular, and of the manner in which the intruders are persuaded they have much to learn from the natives. The wealth of detail and incident that embroider the story and assist it is enchanting, from the community teahouse that the American captain is cajoled into building in place of the schoolhouse specified by Washington to his reliance for prosperity upon the native brandy distilled from sweet potatoes instead of upon the pottery, inlaid boxes, and cricket cages deemed more practical by his military superiors; from the hilarious manner of travel by the natives and the desirability of misunderstood geishas to the social life of the Oriental village; and from the surrender to Oriental lure by a psychiatrist attached to the occupation forces to the handling of even that old chestnut, the final leave-taking of the young American officer and the Japanese lotus blossom.

The play, in short, develops a mood within itself that permeates its audience and that, in its avoidance of emphasis of its serious points and its smiling treatment of its subject matter, suggests at times a W. S. Gilbert not altogether dismayed by the absence of an Arthur Sullivan. And the stage settings by Peter Larkin, the direction by Robert Lewis, and the acting by a company headed by David Wayne as the narrator-interpreter, Paul Ford as the Colonel in charge of bringing democracy to the island, and John Forsythe as the Captain delegated to carry out his orders, are first-rate. All in all, an evening that whimsically defeats the strictures of criticism, however here and there justified, and that stubbornly achieves its happy end despite them.

The most commendable of the few plays with some serious dramatic purpose is Dorothy Parker's

and Arnaud D'Usseau's *The Ladies of the Corridor*, which misses as tragic drama of stature on several counts, but which nonetheless is so understanding in its penetration of character and so apt in its clinical estimate of the pitiable females it deals with that it amounts in the aggregate to something considerably superior to what Broadway usually merchants in these days. The story concerns those women, now aging and without inner resources, who are cast by widowhood and hapless marriage upon the shores of life and who, with time hanging heavy and with empty futures, inevitably find themselves forlornly removed from life and at wits' end what to do against the inexorable ticking of the clock. A lost lot, with their children married and gone off to lives of their own and with any new loving companionship far beyond their reach, they are driven to more or less desperate means to suffice them until the grave beckons them, and only in occasional visits to the movies and lending libraries, in idle chatter and consoling gossip and scandal, and in the more unendurable cases in drink, can they find nepenthe.

The strength of the play lies in Mrs. Parker's customarily shrewd and revealing study of the female psyche; its weakness is in the dramaturgy, which presents the characters not in a cohesive story line but in a series of only superficially related episodes. Some of these are admirably managed, but others, like the overlong soliloquy of one of the women, who has tried to forget herself in alcohol and who seeks salvation in suicide, are devoid of the dramatic effect that organized and cumulative composition might have furthered. The performances of a company including Edna Best, Frances Starr, Betty Field, June Walker, Walter Matthau, and Shepperd Strudwick were, however, uniformly excellent, and so in greater part was the stage direction by Harold Clurman.

The rest of the panorama is of markedly inferior color. To picture it briefly, we comment on a few sample items. *Kind Sir*, by Norman Krasna, is a woefully negligible and very silly comedy maneuvered into a big box-office success by casting those popular favorites, Mary Martin and Charles Boyer, in its leading roles. Samuel Taylor's *Sabrina Fair*, the story of a young American woman who returns after living in Paris and her trouble readjusting herself to life and love, is routine stuff attemptedly given a little stage vivacity by casting Margaret Sullavan as the girl. Howard Teichmann's and George S. Kaufman's *The Solid Gold Cadillac* is a job tailored for the ingratiating Josephine Hull as a small investor in a big industrial company who has some financial ideas of her own and, aside from some periodically comical dialogue, is just another rococo example of Broadway trade goods.

And that sums up the theatrical record to a very short distance from the season's mid-point.



The Atlantic Serial



A wandering Englishman whose gift of languages and whose audacity remind one of Lawrence of Arabia, PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR was the British Commando who during the war commanded the operation which ambushed, captured, and evacuated General Kreipe, German Commander of the Sebastopol Division in Crete. His book, The Traveller's Tree, a journey through the Caribbean Islands, was awarded the Heinemann Foundation Prize for 1950 and a Kemsley Prize. Now from that same rich and storied background comes this gay short novel, of which this is the second of three installments.

THE VIOLINS OF SAINT-JACQUES

by PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

SUMMARY. — Mademoiselle Berthe de Rennes is in her seventies and in a reminiscent mood when she tells the story of Saint-Jacques, a rich, fabulous little island in the Caribbean, where in the 1890s she had gone to serve as governess to the children of the Count de Serindan.

Berthe was twenty-four at the time of the Serindans' Shrove Tuesday Ball, the climax of the carnival season and the social function of the year. The Count, who was the leader of the rich creole landowners, had been waging a long and successful feud against the vulgar politician, Valentin Sciocca, the Governor of the island, but for the sake of peace he had been persuaded to invite the Governor and his flashy wife to the ball. The Count would not have been in so festive and forgiving a frame of mind had he known that his eighteen-year-old daughter Josephine was passionately in love with Marcel Sciocca, the Governor's brutish son. Josephine has confided all this to Berthe, who has been keeping an eye on the lovers while the ball is in progress.

10

IT WAS the custom of the Shrove Tuesday masques in Saint-Jacques to range through the town on the last night of carnival, holding the burghers to ransom in the streets with mock threats, and entering their houses, where a libation of rum was claimed as a prerogative, and willingly granted. This was the sort of thing the Count loved and the masques could always rely on a generous reception at his house. The sounds of carnival had been growing steadily louder. Now, a score of Negroes dressed in fluttering rags designed to resemble gravecloths, and their faces painted like skulls, burst into the

ballroom with savage yells, waving flaming torches over their heads. They advanced across the floor where a passage opened in front of them, passed out of the windows to leave their torches on the terrace, and returned across the ballroom to usher in their companions. And in they came. Some of them wore torn frock coats and battered top hats. Others were dressed in the scarlet rags and the long noses, the painted ears and the horns, of devils. There were mock aristocrats in powdered wigs, and these were followed by beautiful Negresses and quadroons and octoroons dressed in splendor, some wearing the tight marmalade-colored turbans with the ends tied in three jutting spikes that signified, for those who understood the sign language, amorous complaisance to all comers. Scarlet and saffron and black were the predominating colors, and many of the girls had crimson hearts painted on their cheeks. All were masked. Recognizable under their disguises, and beautifully rigged out in feathers and great paste jewels, were some of the leading mulatto *matadores* — the Jacobean equivalent of *poules de luxe* — drawn from their gilded ease into this plebeian swarm by an unconquerable desire to see the inside of the Serindan house.

(A number of the creole squires, Berthe noticed, and some of the Governor's staff, at once retreated to strategic positions behind pillars where they might escape immediate recognition.)

Half a dozen black dominoes were scattered among the rest. Human bats came beating in with large ribbed wings, pursued by leopards and tigers

and jaguars whose faces were covered by the animals' masks, while the skins flew loose behind them. Round their waists were kilts of sugar cane and *balisier*. A number of the masques wore stags' antlers and buffalo horns which rose above the heads of their fellows like the crests of *condottieri*, and one or two wore carved and painted wooden heads with alarming and slanting eyes outlined in white paint. Gaping mouths were armed with long white tusks, and yellow manes of plaited straw and palm trash trailed down their backs. At the core of the masques danced two tall figures who seemed to hold some particular sway over their companions. One was a well-known sorceress and practitioner of *quimbois* (the black magic of the islands), Maman Zélie: a hollow-cheeked crone in a white turban and white dress, festooned in saltire with necklaces of colored shells and beads. A short wooden pipe, smoking like a furnace, was irremovably clamped between her jaws, a white heart was painted on her forehead, and the rest of her face was patterned with bold rings and spirals of white. Beside her danced her invariable partner, the Devil King. He was dressed wholly in scarlet. A blood-red mask covered his face, and his tall square cap, which was surmounted by a great flickering lantern, was adorned on each of its sides with a looking glass and fringed all the way round with horses' tails.

As these newcomers danced in they sang a long incantation which was repeated half an octave lower at the end of each phrase, then once more at the initial pitch before the words altered. The musicians were masked chalk-white, like zombies; their eyes were tight shut (the wearers peeped through slits in the eyebrows) and their buckram jaws hung cretinously open. The leaders wielded shack-shacks: cylinders of bamboo filled with rattling seeds. They were followed by others who blew mournful and booming notes down *vaccins*; instruments made of two yards of bamboo several inches thick. Then came drummers with *Kas*: rum kegs with skins stretched over either end. Others, bestriding long wooden tom-toms, moved forward, like ungainly insects, in little bounds. Next came one who defined the tune on a shrill reed instrument like a primitive clarinet which somehow dominated the rhythmic din of his colleagues with a high-pitched, syncopated, and unflagging scream. Lastly a dozen zombies bore, aloft and horizontal, a giant tom-tom fashioned out of the hollow trunk of a tree. This was twelve feet long and a yard in girth, and astride it, high above the tossing jungle of horns and antlers, a frenzied rider was mounted. His bare palms hammered the drumhead at a lightning pace and each blow sent such an explosion of sound down the great wooden concavity between his legs that the very candles trembled in their hurricane glasses. In the space of a minute the elegant saloons, the fluted pillars, the white walls with their pale painted population of vanished Serin-

dans — peruked and fastidious grandees with the ribbon of the Holy Ghost across their sprigged satin waistcoats — their live descendants and all their guests, seemed to have melted away and their places to have been filled by the warriors, the witch doctors, and the blood-red splendor of the sacrificial groves of the Congo and Dahomey.

They fell into single file, each dancer holding the one in front of him by the hips, until the ballroom was girdled with a heaving chain of masques. The rhythm altered to the beat of the Mine dance and all stooped forward with their torsos swaying from side to side and their bare feet, as they advanced, slapping the polished floor in unison; leaping round at a signal crash of the *bamboula* and continuing in the opposite direction while, in the middle, the Sorceress and the Devil King, stooping double, repeated the steps in a smaller compass. At a break in the band's clangor, the dancers fished gourds of rum and *tafia* from their disguises and took quick pulls and even offered them to their neighbors and to the guests that stood nearest. Many of them had been drinking all through the last days of carnival and were now in a state of amiable and harmless drunkenness.

"Incidentally," Berthe said, "the champagne and rum had been circulating continually since the ball began, and with that, the noise, the dancing, and the stifling heat, many of the guests were in no better state — especially some young men from the outlying plantations."

The drums broke out once more in a violent tattoo, and the women and the men arranged themselves in two opposing lines. Hunching their shoulders behind craning heads, they began to shuffle and shake and shudder in the first steps of the *caleïnda*. Setting forward at a warning scream of the wind instrument, they advanced two steps and retreated one, until, reaching their partners opposite, they revolved round each other, jerking and grunting, several times; retreating again to their starting places, then forward and round each other back to back; then facing each other with their hips jerking in unison, and finally, almost on their knees, in froglike postures, with their cheeks laid against those of their partners. Everything heaved and quaked, antlers interlocked with buffalo horns, and, against the hollow booming of the *vaccins* and the grinding percussion of the tree trunk, the battery of tom-toms — goaded on by their screaming drummers — sounded as though it would break the instruments to smithereens under the pitiless and long-drawn-out hail of massed impacts.

11

THE party from Government House, who had never seen such a sight, were bewildered. The Governor kept repeating that it was "fort intéressant, ma foi! Personne ne sait danser comme les nègres!"

The Count resisted the temptation to tell him that the word *nègre*, as opposed to *noir*, was never used in the Islands except as an insult. But Madame Sciocca's hands were clasped in an ecstasy of Metropolitan rapture. "Mais ils sont impayables, ces gens là," she cried to the Count at her side.

Positions were soon taken up for a *bélé*, a dance that was often accompanied by satirical words which were improvised afresh every season. With the first movements of the dance, the voices of the masques began singing: —

"Missié le comte li bon béké,
Et Maitw' Moustache ka wien savé,
Hié' soi' a six —"

But, quelled in mid-line by frantic waves from the Count, who rose precipitately from his chair, they got no further. The tune had already provoked a simmer of suppressed giggles and anxious looks among the creoles, for the song, dealing with the conflict between the Count and the Governor very much at the Governor's expense, had been the rage of Plessis for the last two months. Fortunately, nobody seemed to have explained this to the Governor and his party, who, naturally, could not understand the creole patois and seemed ignorant of the Governor's universal nickname of *Maître Moustache*. The tune changed, but not soon enough to drown a loud, rather tipsy guffaw and a shout of *Bravo!* from the door of the library, where one of the most violent of the younger creole faction, Gontran de Chambines, was uncertainly leaning with a glass of punch tilted in his hand at a precarious angle.

"Why did you stop the tune?" the Governor asked, his forehead puckered in mystification. "I've been whistling it for days." He did so once more, beating time with his pince-nez.

"My dear Governor," the Count whispered, "it's the words — shocking. You know, the ladies, the Bishop . . ." The Governor's brow cleared and, with a gesture of knowing bachelor collusion, he held out his glass for some more champagne.

The masques had started a *biguine*, the dance that more than any other typifies the fusion of African and French influences in the Antilles. At one moment it is European and formal and tinged by something of the touching and obsolete urbanity of a minuet: at the next, it slides into an essentially Negro rhythm: African, spasmodic, and Calypsonian. The one they had chosen was an old tune that had in some measure become the *leitmotif* of the French Antilles. The Count's orchestra joined with the carnival band. The masques fanned out and chose partners among the guests and, in a few moments, the room was a revolving constellation of heteroclit couples. M. de Serindan danced with Maman Zélie, Josephine with a masque dressed as a swordfish and draped in fishnet. Madame Sciocca, deploying a nice compound of diffidence and alacrity, accepted the arm of a young Negro. The

Governor was led through the complicated steps by the experienced hands of La Belle Doudou, the most resplendent and prosperous of the disguised *matadores*. The astonishing headdresses, turning and nodding now in conjunction with the feathers and aigrettes of the creole ladies, while the spike-ended turbans and voluminous *douillettes* were escorted by the tall collars, the sashes, and the starch of the creole squires, spun through verse after lilting verse. At the last one the *biguine* accelerated into a stampede and everyone joined in the words, which Berthe now softly sang once more in a deep and agreeable voice.

This breakneck maelstrom slowed down in cries and clapping and laughter and Gentilien, the mulatto butler, shouted that supper was ready. The masques danced away to the lower terrace where a feast was prepared for them round an immense bowl of Martinique punch. The rest of the guests trailed through to the long lanterned terrace beyond the ballroom windows. A ninefold saraband of Muses dominated it from the balustrade with the swirl of their plaster draperies. "It was about time," Berthe said. "The air in the ballroom by this time had become stifling."

12

BERTHE broke off, filled the glasses, and lit a new cigarette. The sparks of the flint lit up her face, summoning those hollows and salients for a split second out of the neutral moonlight and the shadows of the olive leaves. The moon, having cast loose long ago from the trees in front of us, was now traveling across the zenith of the sky. On the hair-thin and just describable line of the horizon beyond the silently spinning trunks, the Aegean hung in a shining and unruffled curtain.

"It is odd," she said at last, "how well I remember every detail of that night. It all happened half a century ago and I don't suppose I've talked about it to anyone for almost as long. But hardly a day has passed without my thinking about it and trying to piece it together. A ball is almost a short lifetime in itself. Everything that happened beforehand retreats, for the time being, into a kind of prenatal oblivion, and the world waiting for you when you wake up next day seems as vague and shadowy as the eternity that waits beyond the tomb. Like somebody's life the ball goes on and on and the incidents stand out in retrospect, like a life's milestones against a flux of time whose miniature years are measured out in dance tunes." She laughed thoughtfully. "Anyway," she went on, "I suppose one might say that by supertime Cousin Agénor's Shrove Tuesday Ball had just about reached middle age and could look forward to a jovial maturity, a leisurely senescence, and, in the fullness of time, a happy end. Earlier anxieties had all vanished, and in spite of one or two minor

mishaps everything was going swimmingly. The hatchet was buried and forgotten; the two rival parties were, at least on the surface, on the best of terms. Knowing most of the omens, I thought I could predict a worried month or two for Madame de Serindan; but poor Cousin Mathilde was used to this, and Cousin Agénor always returned to her in the end more attentive and solicitous than ever. I also felt that the Governor and La Belle Doudou would not remain strangers for long.

"It was a relief to see that there had been no spark revived between his son and Josephine. They seemed in fact to be studiously avoiding each other. But Josephine was plainly in a state of great suppressed excitement; listening distractedly, answering malapropos, and laughing nervously: signs of which I was a fool not to have taken more notice. Every time we danced past each other I would find her eyes fixed on mine with a peculiar intentness in which fear and entreaty were uppermost. Toward the end of the *biguine* our eyes met again. Still gazing over the shoulder of her swordfish partner with the same overwrought and undecipherable expression, Josephine thrust her lips forward in the *moue* of a kiss. I blew a kiss back into the air and smiled. But no answering smile came back. Her eyelids fluttered confusedly and she lowered her head, so that all I could see, as the dance carried us away into different streams, was the mass of black hair and the three gardenias pinned there.

"I, too, was in a strange state of mind, and filled with a misgiving which I found impossible to unravel. All this was complicated by the presence of Sosthène, the Serindans' eldest son. His time in France had done nothing to change his early feelings of infatuation. He had written continuously from Saint Cyr: long love letters that often enclosed pages of poetry, some of it very good indeed. And on his return — a tall and charming young man now, and like all his family, something of a beauty — this feeling had turned into a determination that we should marry, or, as he declared in moments of emotion, that he should perish. His appearance and, in many ways, his wild and highly strung nature were so similar to Josephine's that I would often find myself gazing at him covertly and wishing that things had been planned for me on more ordinary lines. As it was, I was too fond of him to be able to pack him off; also, too familiar with his sister's impulsiveness to treat his own wild promises merely as threats. Our positions, in their different ways, were too similar and too hopeless (though I could not explain to him that all my feelings of love and devotion had irrevocably centered on another member of his family) for me not to feel bound to him by the ties of an invalid suffering from the same disease.

"We had danced together most of the evening and when after supper (where he had been acting as host to the Governor's staff) he led me mysteriously

away to a little kiosk beyond the top terrace and renewed his entreaties and his terrible alternatives, it was easy to see that poor Sosthène had drunk far too much champagne. He fell on his knees and caught me round the waist. His speech was more exaggerated than ever and his hair was all over the place. I tried to brush it straight with my hands but he kept shaking it angrily loose. Assurances that one loves somebody like a brother are not the most calming remedies for someone who is in the extremes of the malady of love. He cried out that unless I said I would marry him he would shoot himself, drown himself in the sea or even, pointing upward at the angrily flaming crater (burning, it seemed, every minute brighter), dive down the Salpêtrière. I was really anxious about what might happen and, begging him to give me until tomorrow night to decide, to which he unwillingly consented, I determined not to leave his side all the next day.

"At this point fifteen-year-old Lucienne came running up the steps shouting for me. Sosthène jumped to his feet and rushed into the trees. Lucienne caught me by the hand. 'Berthe,' she cried, 'we've been looking for you everywhere. It is time to change for the play. Everything is ready, and Josephine is first for once. Come along quick, or we shall be late.'"

Gathering up their skirts, Berthe and Lucienne ran indoors and up to their bedrooms. The Count, his face glowing with excitement, was waiting on the landing. He gave them a friendly pat on the shoulders as they passed, saying, "Vite, vite, mes enfants. Your public is waiting," and then hastened downstairs to put the finishing touches to the scenery on the stage which had been rigged up at the end of the ballroom during supper.

The one-act play the Count had written specially for the occasion a couple of months before was a slight, witty, and sentimental little sketch called *Amour en Castille*. The actors wore pseudo-Spanish costume of the time of Alfred de Musset. "It was full of charm and fun," Berthe said, "and exactly right for a diverting interlude in the ball." They had been rehearsing it hard during the last few weeks but there had been several changes in the cast. The grotesque part of an elderly and rather clownish grandee, necessitating a false obesity padded out with a pillow, the Count had written for himself; but when the invitation to Government House had been sent out, he had lost his nerve and begged his friend Captain Henri Joubert to play it. The two principal figures, that of the grandee's niece, Doña Paz — a jealously guarded beauty — and her suitor Don Fernando — a young Castilian hidalgo — had been destined for Josephine and Berthe respectively and rehearsals had gone forward. But suddenly, one morning a week before, Josephine had begged Berthe for their two roles to be changed round. She had seemed so set on it that, slightly bewil-

dered, both Berthe and the Count had consented. All the family, except for the Countess and Sosthène, whose late arrival would have cut rehearsal time too short, were included.

"Everything considered," said Berthe, "it all went off very well. As you can guess, I felt in no state for acting in a play, but luckily I have always been able to disguise my emotions. But Josephine was more excited and erratic than ever. She missed her cue several times, repeated the same stanza of a serenade twice, and struck the last chord so violently that two of the guitar strings broke. But by that time of the night the audience was in such good humor that it was an immense success. Josephine looked ravishing. Her boyish figure was dressed in a high-collared, tight-waisted black coat and a white stock. Tight black pantaloons were strapped under her boots and small silver spurs were screwed to her heels. Her hair was brushed back into a tight knot and she had drawn a curly mustache along her upper lip with kohl. Fernando and Paz had to take call after call — the Captain, sweating like a river under his upholstery, kept thrusting us forward — and Josephine and I, hand in hand, bowed and curtsied a score of times to an uproar of clapping and cheers. Cousin Agénor, answering massed shouts of 'Author!' was beside himself with pleasure. Madame Sciocca fanned herself in transports of voluble delight and the Governor kept declaring that it was better than anything he had seen in Paris, *que c'était faramineux!* The actors' hands were caught by admirers from below and they were made to jump from the stage and take part in a schottische on the freshly powdered floor while the stage was cleared away."

In the middle of this dance a deep and ominous rumble was heard above the notes of the orchestra. A bright flash like lightning drowned the many candle flames for a second with its brighter intensity and a rush of wind filled the curtains in their confining coils of hibiscus and blew them into the ballroom in wavering cylinders. The dancers stopped and looked through the long windows at the top of the Salpêtrière where a sparkling fountain of fire had suddenly sprung to a great height in the air: a brilliant red-gold needle, whose mounting summit bore all the gazing eyes upward and then down again as it broadened and lost its shape and subsided. A wide stream of lava burned its way down from the crater's rim.

This diversion was greeted, as though it were a firework display, with claps and shouts, and when it had passed, the dance swept forward with a new vigor. It looked as if the volcano itself were conspiring with the Count to add luster to his rout.

Berthe, meanwhile, had shed her combs and her shawls, kicked off her hooped black satin crinoline, and put on her ball dress again. As she reached the ballroom, she felt an arm slid through hers. It was the Captain's.

"Berthe," he exclaimed, "you were a marvel. Come and have a glass of champagne this instant." It was the first time she had seen him even slightly tipsy; and amused, she followed him into the library.

13

THE noisy room beyond, usually the Count's study, had been turned for the evening into a smoking room. It was one of the pleasantest and most lived-in rooms of the house and it was only out of bounds to the rest of the family when the Count was in the pangs of one of his sudden onslaughts of creative fever. The walls were covered with bookcases and the horns of strange animals. A Jacobean stuffed heron with petunia-colored breast feathers, a duck-billed platypus, two toucans, a wombat, a quetzal, and three birds of paradise, one of them with tail feathers ascending in a wonderful lyre, were immured in glass cases. Over the chimney piece, an apt symbol of the Count's Confucian tendencies, was a vast genealogical tree whose timbers glittered with impalements and quarterings and augmentations. The roots were inscribed with the name of Gaultier de Serindan, Seigneur de la Charce, Bailli of Fontenay and Vidame of Luçon in the reign of Phillipe IV le Bel. Its ample and heavily loaded boughs spread like those of an immense and overgrown pear tree basking espalierwise on an orchard wall; branch sprang from branch with the advance of generations, diminishing at last to the smallest and most recent twig, neatly labeled with the name of Anne-Jules. (On the day of her arrival Berthe had been conducted to this forest giant and the Count's long and unerring forefinger had alighted triumphantly on the skeleton leaf where the scarcely legible name of her own great-grandmother was inscribed: *Athenais de Serindan*, married in 1782 to the Chevalier Armand de Rennes, who was killed in the fighting at Nouaillé in the Vendée on the same day as La Rochejaquelein.) The rest of the room was a jungle of globes, astrolabes, telescopes, albums, ancient maps, sheet music, and old instruments of all kinds. Usually some newly arrived acquisition from Paris occupied the center of the room — a magic lantern, a kaleidoscope, or, that particular year — for the Count was determined to own the first horseless carriage in the island — an elaborate working model of the de Dion-Bouton motorcar that he had just ordered; and a game of puff billiards. Many of these treasures had been put on one side before the ball to make room for the present occupants of the study. But its tutelary genius, an immense and splendid macaw from Nicaragua called Triboulet, still presided on his accustomed perch, silencing the hubbub from time to time with a screech and a succession of clicks, followed by the words, "Montjoy-Saint Denis!" or, alternatively, the only words that the Count had mastered in English: "*Have a dwink!*"

The injunctions of this bird had not been falling on deaf ears. From where she sat Berthe could see the Jacobean squires leaning against the desk and spread at their ease across the chairs and sofas in their white suits and red sashes. Long cheroots were stuck between their teeth and there were rum glasses in their hands. (A closet beyond was exclusively devoted to the changing of collars, whose rigidity melted into damp shapelessness with the heat and vigor of half a dozen dances. Ardent performers — six-collar men — had sent on their servants in advance with a liberal supply of fresh collars and white cotton gloves.) Thick clouds of tobacco smoke, creeping out into the library and hanging in layers round the candelabra, streamed in horizontal drifts through the windows and into the dark. In the doorway Marcel Sciocca and another member of the Government House party were talking to a nephew of the Count's, who, in default of Sosthène, was looking after them. Sciocca was paying little attention to the conversation and every now and then he drew a watch from his pocket in a manner which spelled either boredom or preoccupation.

"That evening was the first time I had a chance of seeing him close to," Berthe said. "He had gone out of his way to be agreeable all the evening with a ghastly kind of shopwalker's gallantry. He was as vain as a peacock. But I don't think that it was entirely the exasperation and anger that I felt when I thought that we were, or had been, rivals, that deepened my feelings that he was a man capable of any despicable action. There was nothing beyond a vague field of rumor and unfavorable surmise to base this on. Certainly he was not to blame for what happened next — beyond a remark which was, in the circumstances, very unfortunate. The fact that he and Gontran de Chambines came anywhere near each other at all was mere bad luck."

Gontran de Chambines de la Forest d'Ivry and his twin brother François, Berthe explained, were something of a problem to their family and to Jacobean society in general. They lived a wild life on their estate at Pointe d'Ivry, a steep cape at the north end of the Island where they drank, as Berthe put it, like holes, and spent their sober hours riding and shooting with their Negroes and organizing cock-fights and contests between snakes and mongooses. Extremely likable and as gentle as lambs when sober, drunk they were the reverse. Their inflammable tempers and their recklessness made them prone to rash acts and their careers had been a long succession of scrapes. They were tall, strong, florid creatures with choleric, Norman-looking blue eyes. Gontran was only distinguishable from François by a stutter which, when both of them were in their cups, became slightly more pronounced than that of his twin. Both of them, most unfortunately in this instance, were advanced and violent partisans of what Government House de-

scribed in their reports as "the Creole Obscurantist Reaction." Their two bass voices, now galloping forward, now held up at the hurdle of an awkward consonant, had dominated the noise from the Count's study for the past hour or two, growing steadily louder and more garbled as the laughter and tinkle of breaking punch glasses increased in frequency. When they appeared arm-in-arm in the library door, their already sodden aspect turned by the heat into that of complete ragamuffins, it was obvious that they could hardly stand. Damp sequins of tipsiness swam in their four blue eyes above two smiles of inane felicity. Gontran, losing his footing in the crowded threshold, swayed dangerously, knocking over a chair. Sciocca, wisely flattening himself against the wall to avoid the danger zone — ineffectually, as Gontran, lurching in the same direction, collided with Marcel Sciocca's shoulder before regaining his precarious balance — dislodged a small engraving from a constellation of miniatures beside the bookcase. It fell to the floor and the glass broke. Gontran managed to articulate an incoherent apology and prepared to resume his rambling progress, and Sciocca stooped and picked up the picture and the broken glass. Considering the persons involved it had been a dangerous moment. But Gontran had failed to recognize his neighbor, and the spectators, who had watched in agony, breathed again. Sciocca, before putting the frame back on its hook, lifted some black silk that hung from the ring and glanced at the picture. His eyebrows went up. "Tiens!" he said, holding the engraving at arm's length. He tilted his head to one side in a posture of facetious scrutiny and read out loud the legend printed underneath. "The execution at Vincennes, March twenty-first, 1804, of his Royal Highness the Duc d'Enghien." Looking up with the air of somebody about to append a witty footnote to a tedious text, he went on, "It wasn't really worth while to knock him off twice." He raised the picture. "It's like flogging a dead horse, as you might say."

Berthe broke off at this point, lit a cigarette, and meditatively allowed a thread of smoke to climb into the olive branches before continuing. "The odd part of it," she said in the end, "is that I don't think Sciocca meant any harm. After all, the shooting of the Duc d'Enghien was ancient history. Certainly, in ordinary circles, nothing to make a song and dance about any longer. And I suppose Sciocca's remark was nothing more than a rather inept and pointless, but rather caddish, joke. But the creoles were thunderstruck with horror; partly because Sciocca's words seemed a gratuitously wounding sneer and, in the circumstances, very impertinent, but mostly out of anxiety about their effect on Gontran de Chambines. Any good will Sciocca had acquired by virtue of his earlier amiability was squandered in a second. Nobody seemed to find anything to say, not even the Captain. I

felt his finger and thumb tighten apprehensively on my elbow as Sciocca spoke. Gontran had stopped in his tracks. Still swaying, he supported himself with one hand on the doorpost. His eyes slowly focused themselves on Sciocca. Then, opening wide with a fixed and owl-like stare we all knew only too well, his face appeared to swell and grow crimson with mounting rage. When he spoke after the tentative titters had died down, he had almost lost his voice. It came out halting and strangled."

"M-Monsieur," he said with difficulty, "v-voilà une p-p-p-plaisanterie que je ne g-goute que m-m-médiocrement." His comment was unexpectedly mild and rather comically pompous. The uninitiated Sciocca, deceived by Gontran's glassy stare and scarcely audible voice, must have thought that he had been presented with a heaven-sent butt. His eyebrows went up still further in a pert facsimile of surprise. "Ah?" he said, imitating not only Gontran's tone of voice but his creole accent and his stammer, "and w-why are y-you only m-mediocrem-ly am-m-mused?"

Gontran's face went black with rage. His arm shot out and, seizing Sciocca by the front of his shirt and crumpling it fiercely with an enormous hand, he jerked Sciocca toward him and croaked, "B-b-because you're a f-f-filthy s-swine." Sciocca seized Gontran's wrist and tried to shake him off, then struck him on the chest. He had gone as white as paper and both men were trembling all over with fury. Gontran lurched, recovered his balance, and, still gripping Sciocca by his shirt, which was beginning to tear, caught him a violent blow on the side of one cheek and then one on the other with the back of his hand, and threw him free against the wall. It was a horrible scene. Sciocca was the first to recover. Red finger marks showed across his face.

"I'll have satisfaction for this," he said, "tomorrow when he is sober."

"G-good," Gontran answered in gulps. "Ask him to tell a f-friend, if he's got one, to g-get in t-touch with my b-b-bwother."

Sciocca looked questioningly at the man standing beside him, who nodded assent.

"Monsieur Lambert, my father's A.D.C., will represent me," Sciocca said. Then, looking at his watch, he bowed in a stagily ironical manner, exposed a couple of golden grinders in a smile, and turned toward the French window. His second made as though to follow him, but Sciocca held up his hand with a murmur of "Later on!" Then saying "À demain" in a loud, clear voice, he walked out alone into the dark.

The whole incident took less than a minute and, somehow, passed miraculously unnoticed by the dancers, revolving continuously past the library door. Everyone was slightly nonplused, and also impressed by Sciocca's composure, which, in a

measure, took the wind out of their indignation while it increased their dislike. Gontran, of course, had behaved outrageously, as usual. But, unfairly, and in spite of Gontran having shown himself to be a drunken boor, the sympathy was all on his side. Yet the incident had occurred, as it were, in creole territory and the opposition were guests and a minority. Everyone felt thoroughly uncomfortable. The Captain was the first to recover. Gontran, relapsing into his previous state with photographic abruptness, was conducted back into the study and persuaded "to rest" on a sofa, where he was soon peacefully snoring. Summoning all the witnesses — perhaps a dozen — to the window, the Captain easily persuaded them to tell nobody about the incident — and least of all the Count or the Governor — until every other means of preventing an encounter had been attempted in vain. A meeting between Chambines and Sciocca threatened not only the usual dangers incident to such affairs, but the definitive and total breakdown of the reconciliation, which had been going so rosily.

The Captain took Berthe aside and begged her to find Sosthène (of whom Gontran was very fond) who was clearly the person, reinforced by Berthe, to reason with him when he came round. Sciocca had disappeared, so the Captain got to work on his second, Monsieur Lambert, who was in complete agreement about the calamitous possibilities ahead.

The deliberations were interrupted by the sepulchral voice of François de Chambines from the window: "L-look," he said, "it's s-snowing." The observation was so unexpected and irrelevant that everybody burst out laughing. And snow was indeed falling. It was that light descent of feather-soft ash that often followed any unusual activity of the Salpêtrière. It glittered in daylight like hoarfrost, and the Jacobean Negroes used to call it "saltpeter snow." They watched the silent, fluttering, windless descent across the lamplit window and, putting their arms outside, allowed the warm strange flakes, the only snowfall ever seen in the Antilles, to settle on their hands. Berthe found the Captain standing beside her.

"Berthe," he whispered, "do please go and find Sosthène."

14

SOSTHÈNE, however, was nowhere. After a search all over the house, the gardens, and the bedrooms, Berthe was on her way back to the library when her eye was caught by a line of light under a door next to the oratory, whose red sanctuary lamp was usually the only thing visible there, at the end of a long passage. (Beyond this door lay a billiard room, adorned, for some reason, with English sporting prints and an enlarged daguerreotype of Leo XIII.) It was an odd place for anybody to be, and thinking Sosthène might have retreated there, Berthe ran along the passage and opened the door.

A faint star of light burned at the end of the shadowy room. A young man in black, not clearly discernible by the candlestick placed on the green baize, was standing by the end of the table with some papers in his hand which he quickly thrust inside his coat. Berthe stopped in the threshold in confusion and was about to leave with an apology when he called her name and, picking up the candle, ran toward her. It was Josephine, still dressed in the costume she had worn for the play.

"Josephine, darling," Berthe exclaimed, "what are you doing up here all alone? Do hurry up and change. Everybody's asking for you. Have you seen Sosthène?"

Josephine shook her head. Taking the candle from her, Berthe saw that she had been crying. The track of a tear had run through one side of the mustache that was still penciled along her upper lip. Berthe touched it with her forefinger and saw that it was wet.

"I — I didn't want to go back to the ball —" Josephine began. Breaking off, she threw her arms round Berthe's neck and put her head on her shoulder in a sudden uprush of weeping. Her hair came undone and fell down her back and her body was shaken by a deep and violent fit of tears. All Berthe could think of to say was "There, there, my angel," folding her in her arms and stroking and comforting her as best she could.

Gradually this first wild intensity died down and subsided into a succession of wrenching and destructive sobs. At last Berthe tipped Josephine's head back, swept the damp hair away from her forehead, and dried the tears away with her handkerchief. Josephine grew calmer and Berthe ventured to ask her what was the matter.

Josephine heaved a long sigh. "It's nothing," she kept repeating. "I'm such an idiot and please, please forgive me, my own darling Berthe." Berthe even managed with coaxing to conjure up the ghost of a rainy smile.

"I can't tell you how moving, how terribly touching she looked," Berthe said. "That damp-cheeked little hidalgo with her wide violet eyes and that smudged mustache and her hair falling in a long black tangle over one shoulder! But she would not tell me what it was all about, and promised to let me know next day. Almost recovered now, except, occasionally, for a dry and shuddering sob, she kept gazing at me with that queer lightheaded fixity. So I pointed to the billiards-room clock and said: 'Look! It's a quarter to three. Run upstairs and wash in cold water, darling, and change and come down again.' She stiffened and made an effort to put on a brave face. 'Shall I come and help you?' She shook her head. 'No,' she said forlornly, 'I'll join you.' I picked the candle up and we walked along the passage with our arms around each other's waists. When we reached the foot of the stairs leading to the bedrooms, Josephine

caught me by the shoulders and said, 'Dearest darling, darling Berthe. Will you promise to love me always?' I said of course I would. 'Always, always?' she repeated, putting her forehead against mine and gazing with such close fixity that her bright eyes under their single sweep of brow converged into one, like that of a cyclops. 'Always, always?' Then seizing me with a stronger grip than anything of which I had thought her capable, she gave me a long fierce hug. She broke away and caught hold of my hand and kissed it and then ran upstairs to her bedroom without looking round. I watched her running figure till all that was left was the little spurs twinkling on her heels in the candlelight. Then they vanished in the darkness of the upper regions and I went slowly downstairs, wondering why she was so unhappy. I had forgotten all about the duel and Sciocca and Sosthène."

On the landing halfway down, a tall fan-topped window, built during the interregnum when Saint-Jacques was an English colony, looked out over the treetops. It was hotter than ever and the sinister volcanic snow was still silently falling. The trees in shadow were as dark as ink. Every few seconds, a flicker from the Salpêtrière, which was invisible at the other side of the house, cast a rufous glow over the treetops, all covered now with flakes of ash. Beyond the lighthouse's turning beam, the red port light of an anchored sailing ship hung high in the darkness.

The buoyant rhythm of a waltz and the rumor of talk and laughter drowned the tom-toms of Plessis as Berthe came downstairs to the lights of the ballroom. She found the Count standing in the hall. "I really think it's the best ball we've ever had!" he said. "Everything has gone right from the start. I was afraid for a moment we might have trouble with Gontran and his brother. You know what they are. But, no — everything is going capitally." He paused a moment, and then said, rather cautiously: "You know, Madame Sciocca is a most delightful woman. Don't you think so?"

"Well . . ." Berthe began.

The Count raised his hand. "I know! You haven't had time to get to know her yet! But she's a charming creature and so intelligent and amusing and very well read too! I'm sure you'll like her. And we were all totally wrong about the Governor too — he's quite a nice old stick, apart from his infernal politics — though, I'm bound to admit, rather a bore. . . . Of course nobody knows where the money comes from. But, I must say, I don't think I could ever get to like that ghastly son of his. He gives me gooseflesh. I don't wonder his wife stayed behind in Paris."

"His wife?"

"Yes, quite a nice little thing, she sounds. But I'd be ready to bet a thousand louis that he's a *vilain monsieur*. What do you make of him?"

"I think he's terrible."

"Do you? Do you really?" He spoke as though Berthe's answer revealed a new aspect of Marcel Sciocca that had not previously been manifest. "I am sure you're right." The subject dropped and the Count hummed the tune of "Quand l'amour revient" which the band was playing, for a few seconds. "They are all enjoying themselves, that's the great thing. Except," his brow clouded, "poor Josephine. I don't know what's the matter with that child. I went up to get some more cigars about an hour ago and there she was, mooning about by herself in the billiards-room passage. She leaped at my neck and embraced me as if her last hour had come. Do you know what's the matter?"

"No, I don't, Cousin Agénor."

"Well, whatever it is, I hope she'll get over it soon. Then there's Sosthène. Wandering about ever since he got back like a mute at a funeral! Why, at his age, on a night like this, I'd have been through a dozen collars by now! Berthe, you're so clever and sensible, I wish you'd get them out of it." The Count took one of her hands and held it for a moment between both of his. "You know how happy Mathilde and I would be if you and Sosthène . . . Well, there's plenty of time to talk about *that*."

He put her hand gently back on her lap and, taking two water ices from a tray held out by Gentilien, he gave one of them to Berthe.

"Do try this," he said, "it's a new sort I am experimenting with — it's made out of mangoes and flavored with kirsch. And just imagine, in three weeks' time the motorcar will be here! Think of all the picnics we'll have . . ." The Count's face, radiant once more, seemed to reflect the shining prospects ahead. It was suddenly distorted with a rictus of anguish. "A-yi!" he exclaimed. "What a mess they are making of that tune! And we practiced it scores of times. I must go and lend a hand."

He leaped agilely to his feet and, catching sight of his reflection in a long *art nouveau* looking glass surrounded by a plaster relief of lotus leaves and poppies, he said: "I'm a complete scarecrow." He flattened his disordered hair, straightened his Maltese Cross, smoothed his mustache, and combed his strong forked beard with his fingertips.

"Really, this snow," he murmured, dusting some flakes from his shoulders; "we might be at Chamornix." Then his mind jumped back to the motorcar. "And we could drive up the Salpêtrière to the sulphur springs and bathe! Perhaps I ought to have ordered two motors. . . . After all, there's got to be room for the servants and the tent and the food.

. . . Berthe, do go and tell Sosthène and Josephine about it. Nobody knows yet, and it might cheer them up. Tell them everyone's asking for them."

A few moments later he was through the door and on the orchestra platform with one of the Negroes' violins under his chin, alternately fiddling and beating the measure with his bow, and reviving by word and example the strayed rhythm of the "Washington Post."

Gentilien was still standing behind the sofa. Once again Berthe was struck by the resemblance between the two men that centered on that thick single bar of joined eyebrow. He had made signals that he had something important and private to tell her, as he handed the ices, and Berthe had done her best to hasten Monsieur de Serindan back to the ballroom. Gentilien was agitated. "Mademoiselle Berthe," he began, holding out an envelope, "Numa Pompilius has just discovered this." Berthe took the letter. It was a thick envelope, addressed to her, with a big blue *J* entwined with embossed forget-me-nots on the back. "He discovered it in the wire letter box behind the front door which was hooked back, so nobody would have seen it until tomorrow, if Numa had not gone there for a broom to sweep some ashes away. Mademoiselle Josephine has been so strange lately — Fanette is very anxious and I am frightened something might happen to her. . . ." Berthe, meanwhile, after struggling to tear the envelope with her finger, ripped it open with the handle of the ice spoon. It contained several smaller envelopes addressed to the Count and the Countess and the other children and a sheet of paper with a message that ran as follows: —

MY DEAREST DARLING BERTHE. When you read this tomorrow, my darling, I will be on my way to Paris and I am marrying him the second we get there. Please do not be cross or hate me but love me always and come and see me. I'll write at once and please, please explain everything to Papa and Maman. I can't help it darling, it's my fate, and you will love him as much as I do when you all know him. I kiss you tenderly again and again my darling only Berthe. Your JOSEPHINE.

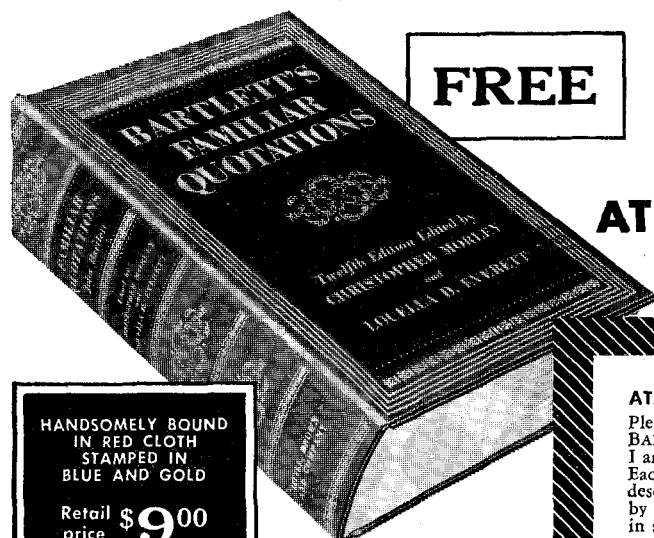
There were swollen smudges in places where tears had fallen on the ink, and two lines of crosses. Then in a different-colored ink: —

I have just said good-bye to you darling at the bottom of the stairs. You are so kind to me. I wish I were dead and I kiss you again and love you always. J. X X X X X

(To be concluded)



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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

To a boy growing up in the suburbs of New York in the early 1900s, the City had the drawing power of a gigantic magnet. Every visit was to see something special, and afterwards the event lived on in your mind. Even the approach was exciting: the train deposited you in the great lofty, smoke-filled train shed of the Pennsy, and then with your parents you hurried, you ran, down the platform and into the timbered ferryhouse (this was before Mr. McAdoo had finished the Tunnel), watching out for the horse-drawn drays which were being driven onto the lower deck. A boy's place was forward on the top deck, pressed against the rail, where you could see everything in the harbor and, looking up, the pilot in his little house. The wind was sharp, the skyscrapers gleamed in the winter sunlight, and as you crossed the water the ferry would hoot at a passing tug and the tug hooted back; then you came wedging into the slip, with the timbers groaning and the cable wheels clanking melodiously as the ferry made fast.

You might be bound for the Museum of Natural History with its glass cabinets of animals and tiny ancient people. Or for the Hudson Fulton Celebration, that swarming river parade which I watched from the deck of the U.S.S. *New York*. (My uncle was the navigation officer.) As the excursion boats filed by, the White Fleet fired off blank charges, and I remember a wad from one of our guns arching over the brief interval of water into the lap of an excursionist, a fat woman in a basket hat, who became so agitated that she and her campstool collapsed. Or you might be going to the Hippodrome to see "The Fall of Port Arthur" with wounded men toppling into the water and never coming up. Later the chorus girls in spangles walked right down the stairs into that tank, and they didn't come up either. Every chandelier of the Hippodrome held more electric bulbs

than we had in our entire house, as I announced to Mother in a voice that carried. On the back of each seat was a metal slot machine which released a box of chocolates when a quarter was inserted. We needed these for my cousin, Alan Church, who let out a wail when the Gatling guns went off at Port Arthur and thereafter was voiceless only when he had a candy in his mouth.

The great trip with Dad was in September to see the Giants play the Athletics in the World Series. Lunch first at the Merchants Club with meringue Chantilly for dessert, then the jammed, feverish ride on the elevated to the Polo Grounds. You found your seats in the good-natured tumult; you noticed the bunting and flags, Muggsy McGraw going down to coach at third, Christy Mathewson warming up in the box, and "Chief" Meyers behind the plate. It turned cold when the sun went down, and Dad showed Rufus and me how to fold newspapers inside our coats to keep warm.

Came the year when you went in on your own. Now you were buying your own clothes on an allowance of \$20 a month, and I can remember as if it were yesterday the pearl-gray double-breasted, the lavender socks, and the razor-tipped cordovan low shoes which were my first investment. I went to see Hobe Baker play against Harvard in the old St. Nicholas rink, and put on my own hockey skates in the beginning of the third period so that I could be one of the first on the hallowed ice when the game was over. I saw Montgomery and Stone in *Chin Chin* ("Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through"); I saw the Vernon Castles do the Castle Walk and heard Joseph Cawthorn and Julia Sanderson in *The Sunshine Girl* ("You Can't Play Every Instrument in the Band"); I dropped in with apparent casualness for a chop at Keen's Chop House, and the smell of beer was so saturating that I hoped the family would notice it when I got home. By such milestones do we grow up.

Portrait of a city

Hardly one of the landmarks of my youth is still standing in New York, so swiftly do the features of that great city change. Yet the growth and beauty of Manhattan down the centuries and in its many moods and crises are wonderful to contemplate, and we have **John A. Kouwenhoven** to thank for his illuminating volume, *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York* (Doubleday, \$21.00). This is something new in books, "An essay in graphic history," which tells its story in

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*(Letters on file)

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"That crazy kid"

Cress Delahanty by Jessamyn West (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.75) is the chronicle of an American family — father, mother, and daughter — living on a citrus ranch twenty miles inland from the California coast. The heroine, Cress, is entering high school at the age of twelve when the story begins and she is sixteen when it closes. As we follow her through the years of uncertainty we see the special bond between her father and herself and the baffling way she excludes from her privacy her mother; we see her in her dream world before the mirror, and in her moments of humiliation at the house party and the talent show, in the throes of vanity over That Hat, in her motherliness towards Edwin, and in her valiant hero worship of Mr. Cornelius. Cress, who is flat as a board and inconspicuous as a freshman, is determined to be noticed. What she says and does soon has the school talking about "that crazy kid," and her reputation as a comedian takes a long time to live down.

Her true awakening is a more subtle story, and it is this half-shared, half-private life which Miss West has depicted with such delightful fidelity; for Cress does grow up and out of her moods of loneliness, affectation, and romanticism, so laughable and pathetic to observe; she emerges as a most attractive person. Her parents are well drawn and identifiable, but it is Cress herself, independent and unpredictable, who carries the book. Not since Booth Tarkington has a writer penetrated so surely and so sunnily into the adolescent world.

Food and men

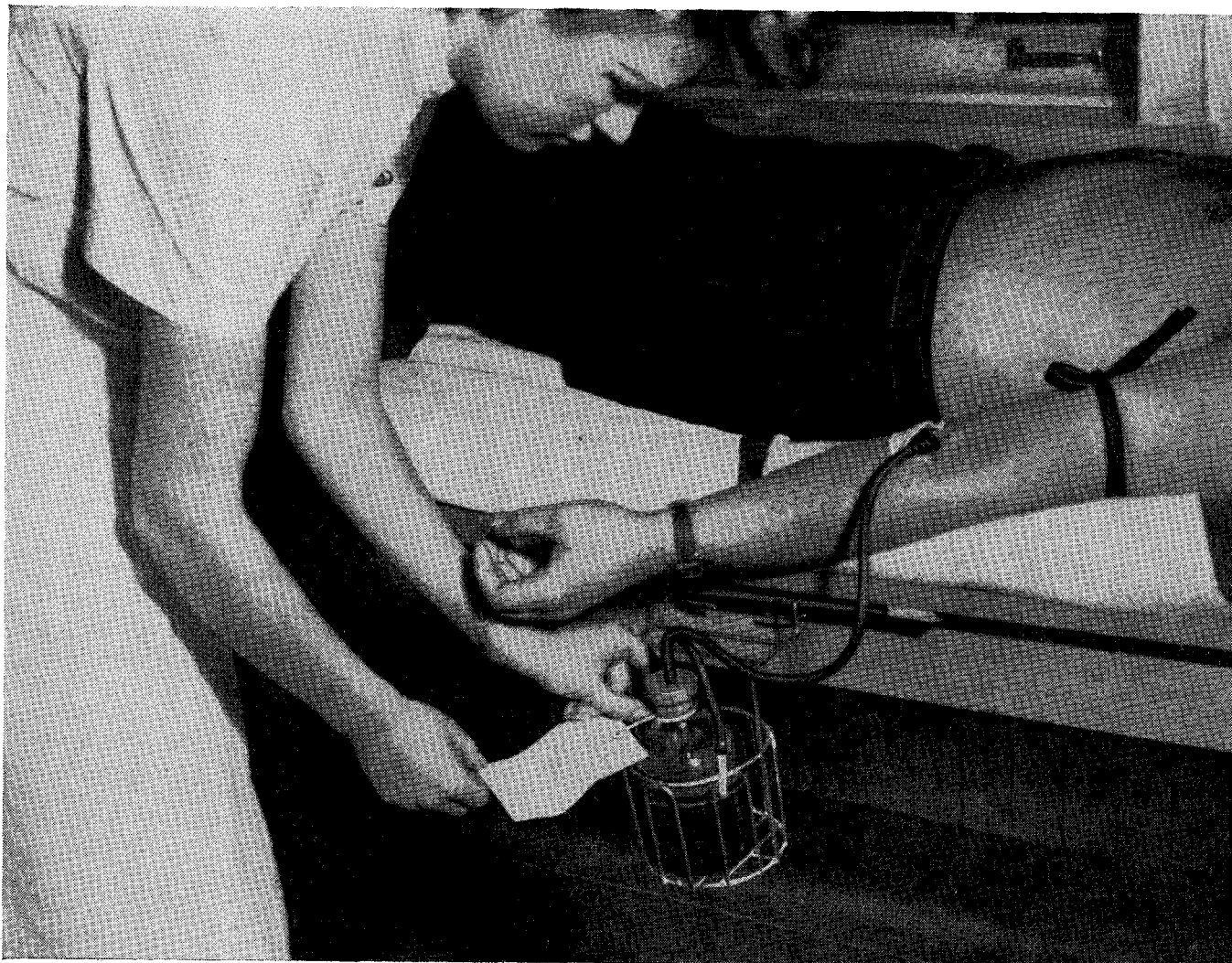
In *Our Plundered Planet*, Fairfield Osborn, President of the New York Zoological Society and one of our leading conservationists, confronted the public with the social consequences of a failing agriculture and of modern man's ruthless consumption of soil, timber, and minerals. In his new book,

The Limits of the Earth (Little, Brown, \$3.50), he tapes his survey to the measurable areas of the Free World. He discusses the reduction in the standard of living which has descended upon Great Britain, Holland, and Italy, countries without the capacity to feed themselves. He gives us a realistic addition of the food surpluses once expected of Australia, Canada, and Argentina. He reminds us that "we Americans have used as much of the earth's riches in forty years as all people, the world over, have used in four thousand!" He asks how much, by way of development, we can look forward to in Africa and the Amazon. He points to the recent report of the UN Food and Agricultural Organization that, for more than a decade, the world food supply has failed to keep pace with population growth (food supply up 9 per cent, population up 12 per cent); and in quiet, forceful words, with a salutary look at Sweden, he recommends what seems to him the most plausible solution.

Cool, objective, with a clear assimilation of significant figures, his is an argument — and a dilemma — hard to dodge. Our first impulse is to reach out for alternatives. How soon will man discover how to unsalt the ocean? If nitrates and plant hormones have upped our agricultural yield since the war, what new stimulants can we devise? The world, as Professor Black of Harvard recently remarked, "is not like a drove of hogs feeding from a common trough"; nations have lived by what they had, and perhaps in the future more relief than we can at present measure will come from the improved agriculture of nations now rousing themselves in Asia.

James Thurber

Despite his near blindness James Thurber continues to be a humorist of almost incomparable versatility. It is difficult to review his books, for one cannot possibly be as funny as he is, and it is murder to attempt to skeletonize his pieces. I take it you know his drawings, so it is enough to say that there is one for each of the twenty-six chapters in his new book, *Thurber Country* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.75). Perhaps the best I can do is to enumerate the moods in which I like him. I like him when he is wryly reminiscent, as in "The Figgerin' of Aunt Wilma," which goes back to his boyhood in Columbus. I read and shudder at a story like "Teacher's Pet," which begins at one of those antagonistic cocktail parties and rapidly goes from bad to worse. I delight when Thurber's correspondence gets out of hand, as it does in "*Joyeux Noël*, Mr. Durning," and "File and Forget," the latter a lovely little stiletto for any publishing office. I take sadistic pleasure in "The Interview," that story with its somewhat alcoholic view of a popular novelist. But I like best the informal essays like "Lady in a Trap," when Thurber writes with such dead-pan, accurate candor about his foibles.



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Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE ADAMS

Except the Lord (Harper, \$3.50) is Joyce Cary's sequel to *Prisoner of Grace*, that autobiography of a flighty beauty more or less married to a passionate but priggish liberal statesman. The new novel is this same statesman's story of his childhood and it's a better book.

The only signs of the later Chester that appear in *Except the Lord* are suitable lapses into platform sentiments, references to himself as an aged martyr, and a faculty for ignoring inconvenient moral pressures. He developed the last quality out of necessity, for he grew up in an atmosphere where moral pressure was so heavy that ignoring it was the one alternative to suffocation.

Chester's father was a lay preacher of the Adventist church and a good man. Because of his strict sense of evangelical duty, his wife died young and their children grew up with minds as warped as they were interesting — the brilliant Richard to retreat into a dream world; Georgina, gay and reckless, to kill herself in attempting to disprove the reproaches that her gentle father had never spoken; Chester to pursue power and money under a pretense of humble public service. Old Nimmo is a remarkable creation, for Mr. Cary succeeds in keeping this monster of virtue as sympathetic as he is terrifying.

Although the book is primarily a study of malign influence exerted unconsciously and with the noblest motives, it is anything but dour. The Nimmos are a lively clan, and the precariousness of their lives involves them in a string of interesting episodes abroad while the collision of family temperaments keeps things forever on the boil at home. The truth is, Mr. Cary has thrown into this one novel materials that a stingy author would have spread over at least four. He ranges from cold comfort farm to a dock strike, from Georgina's tantrums to union politics, with no crowding or confusion, and he presents his intricate principals, plus a platoon of clearly defined minor characters, with complete conviction. This combination of technical skill and lavish in-

vention produces his best novel since *The Horse's Mouth*, which means a very good novel indeed.

Life with Mother

In *My Mother's House* and *Sido* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50), Colette describes her childhood in a small French town some seventy years ago. Madame Colette, with splendid independence, refuses to have any truck with the present fashion for misunderstood little geniuses. She had a lovely time and shamelessly admits it.

Either her childhood was most unusual, or generations of French novelists have been lying about the hidebound gloom of life in the provinces. Colette rambled over the countryside with her brothers, none of them, it seems, in the least troubled by responsibility, schooling, or discipline. The only action taken against her elusive brothers was her mother's refusal to allow the younger boy to set up his miniature tombstones on the lawn. Sido seldom interfered with her children's hobbies, but tombstones, especially when bearing sardonic epitaphs of imaginary corpses, were too much.

Sido is a charmer from the second she appears in her back garden, rattling a piece of butcher's wrapping paper to call the cats to lunch. She loves these cats, and dogs, and gardening, and weather, and the odd doings of the neighbors, and the four children that she does her best to let alone, and the husband with whom she conducts a romantic flirtation to the day of his death. In spite of all this sympathy and affection, she has a peppery temper and a taste for low comedy. She hates housework. She badgers the parish priest out of pure impishness, takes a cynical view of the world, and at moments would clearly like to drown her entire family in order to go gypsying off.

If Colette's father is less fully drawn than Sido, it is partly because the Captain, like his children, was an adoring satellite, partly because he died before his daughter grew old enough to see him on an adult level, and partly because his nature, for all his surface gaiety, was more subterranean than his wife's.

No one has ever yet explained what exactly makes a writer and neither does Colette, but the Captain and Sido between them foreshadow the characteristics of their daughter's writing in an astonishing way. The

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from an article in the bi-weekly news magazine, THE PATHFINDER:

Dream trips you can afford:

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THE LITTLE Tyrhennia Line steamer *Olbia* takes a couple of days to butt through the Mediterranean, from Genoa via Leghorn to brigand-riddled Corsica. If you're aboard, don't stay up late watching the wild mountain dances of Lugiarian peasants on the steerage deck. For you must be on deck at dawn — while you pass the lone island of Capraia, with salt-blown Elba to the south — to watch for the high Corsican peaks to show above the horizon.

At \$6.50 (including five full meals), the *Olbia's* voyage is a fair example of dream trips you can afford. And there are others — colorful journeys to exotic lands that often cost little more than your vacation at home. Trade your usual beach for a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir, or a cruise among the lesser Caribbean islands by native trading schooner.

You can travel clear around the world — to South Seas coral isles and the misty lakes of New Zealand, to Australia and the plains of Africa, to Europe's leisurely antiquity — for just \$498 in fares. That long steamer jaunt can be duplicated in ten days by plane for \$1,700, but where's the fun?

Last year, 52 million Americans spent a record of \$12 billion on vacations. Many went on organized cruises at prices from \$125 to \$25,000. But some traveled off the tourist track, got cheaper and more glamorous vacations.

JUST REMEMBER

● ● Bargain paradises get that way because they haven't been discovered by tourist mobs. They're harder to find and to reach — but more rewarding.

● ● Chromed ocean liners and international hotels are America transplanted. For fun at budget prices, go by freighter and stay at pensions.

● ● Make your longest hop from Europe, not directly from the U. S. Currency differentials and lower European rates can save up to 50%.

● ● Don't go unless you're ready to plan well ahead and to shop for travel bargains.

CARIBBEAN. There are still undiscovered Edens at America's back door. Tobago, the Robinson Crusoe island that rivals Tahiti, where living is so cheap the island's chief official gets only \$240 a month. Or Grenada, which, as a native described it: "Dis islan', suh, is t'ing Gahd mek from rainbo'." There, for \$12 a week, you can rent a three-bed-room house with its own private beach. Many of the best spots can be reached only by trading schooner. Go down to the waterfront at Grenada or elsewhere and bargain with dusky skippers to make your own price — keep this up and cruise all the lesser islands of this jeweled chain.

Here is a sampling of dream trips

Round the World. Every 2 months a Shaw Savill Line vessel leaves London for Curacao, Panama, and New Zealand. Cross the Pacific, change at Wellington for another SSL ship going west via Australia and South Africa back to England. Minimum fare \$498 — but the trip is usually booked up 15 months in advance. (Reach London for about \$175 from New York.) Other round the world trips as low as \$250-\$300 a month from the U.S. via deluxe freighters.

India. Minimum fare from New York to Ceylon, India, or Malaya is about \$350. Transshipping in England, you can make the trip by luxury liner (tourist class) for \$319. Go to the lotus-covered mountain lakes of Kashmir, where a furnished houseboat with four turbaned servants rents for \$70 a month. Total costs for a couple run around \$175 a month — in the most beautiful spot on earth.

South Seas. You can still live the life of a Tahitian beachcomber — but not in Tahiti, which has found out about the Yankee dollar. Instead, drowse on brilliant Sigatoka Beach at Suva or watch Pacific combers crash on reef-girt Norfolk or Lord Howe Islands. (You can reach the South Seas by freighter from the U. S.)

Africa. Perhaps the biggest travel bargain today is an 70-day luxury cruise around the Dark Continent, calling at a score of colorful ports like Dar-es-Salaam, for \$660, round trip from London. (Combine this with a low cost tour of England.)

Mediterranean. A two-week cruise to Malta, Naples, Casablanca, and Lisbon starts as low as \$92, round trip from London. But try a longer stay — in the lush valleys of Mount Olympus on Cyprus, where a couple can live comfortably for \$1,400 a year; on Aegean islands that hide remnants of a 5,000-year-old civilization among olive and cork groves; or with the fisherfolk of rocky Sardinia, where hotel rates are 24¢ a day or \$1.12 with three good meals.

Atlantic Islands. Green cones standing out of the sparkling waters of the South Atlantic — these are the Azores and the Canaries. Tropical flowers, sandy beaches, and the charm of old Spain are combined here — with rents of about \$20 a month, groceries for a couple at \$10 a week and servants \$5 a month each.

The vagabond voyager with a fistful of dreams can get aids to planning from these 2 guides:

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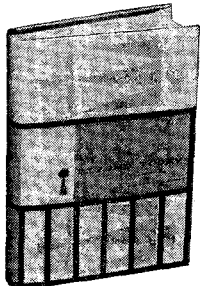
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book would be interesting for this point alone. It provides a great deal more, recording a whole glittering, moving world, full of sensuous detail and revealing incidents and solid, surprising people.

Rank-and-file Communism

Cockney Communist by **Bob Darke** (John Day, \$3.00) is reminiscence of a different sort. Mr. Darke is a London bus conductor, living in the Hackney factory district. For eighteen years he was a hard-working member of the Communist Party, loyal to the ideal of a better life for the workingman (the faith in which he originally joined the Communists) but increasingly disturbed by methods and attitudes of which he could not approve. When war broke out in Korea and the party required him to sneer at the Gloucester Battalion as "capitalist lackeys," he quit.

His book is notable among ex-Communist memoirs for its lack of hysterical remorse and apologetic self-justification. It is also unusual because it deals with Communism at the rank-and-file level. Anybody who thinks that chicanery, strained nerves, and the drumhead court-martial are reserved for high Communist officials while lesser men relax should read Mr. Darke and dispose of a romantic illusion.

The party in Hackney devoted just as much thought, forgery, blackmail, and treachery to getting a non-Communist shop steward booted from his job as it did to a national election, and with much more success. It told Mr. Darke where his wife should do her shopping (she didn't) and when to go to the movies. It worked him like a dog and drained his pockets of every spare penny and some that weren't.

Why Mr. Darke, who is clearly an intelligent man, put up with this stuff for eighteen years is a mystery until one realizes that between his regular job and his work for the party he was kept on the jump about twenty hours a day. On such a schedule, a man has no time to think, as the party is happily aware. *Cockney Communist* won't recover the author's years of hard work, but in its way it's a neat counterstroke.

The popular mind

The attitude of the general public toward doers and thinkers is the theme of **Leo Gurko's *Heroes, Highbrows and the Popular Mind*** (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.50), a book which explores an enormous amount of cultural territory and ends by discovering nothing in particular. When an author reveals that American heroes have usually been on the muscular but thoughtless side and that there is a standing tendency in this country to mistrust or laugh at intellectuals, man cannot be said to have bitten dog.

"Hero" and "highbrow" are fairly definite terms, but "the popular mind" is a nebulous entity and its workings are infernally difficult to pin down. Mr. Gurko makes very little effort to pin them down, moreover. He just tells the reader, ex cathedra, what he thinks they are. For example, he takes the old Leslie Howard film, *Stand-in*, as a perfect instance of the popular view of the intellectual as a bumbling, fragile incompetent. If this view is right, the picture should have been a notable success with the customers, but it hasn't occurred to Mr. Gurko to check his claim by comparing the earnings of *Stand-in* with those of other, contrary, films released at the same time.

Although Mr. Gurko makes a laud-

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able effort to account for one aspect of anti-intellectualism by tracing it back through medicine-show professors to Milton's Satan to Dr. Faustus and his ilk, he ignores the many European folk-tale parallels to both the simple, active hero and the clever, slightly absurd weakling. These types are not an American invention, but Mr. Gurko writes as if they were.

Mr. Gurko has piled up a great deal of information, some of it odd enough to be amusing. It's unfortunate that his book is not thorough enough to be taken seriously, and too serious to be taken as entertainment.

The childhood of Danny O'Neill

In *The Face of Time* (Vanguard, \$3.75) James T. Farrell takes his chronicle of the O'Neill-O'Flaherty family back to the early nineteenth-hundreds, making the book the chronological beginning of the Danny O'Neill series.

The novel centers on two kinds of death. Old Tom O'Flaherty is dying slowly of cancer and his daughter Louise is dying even more slowly of tuberculosis. The tired, pretty girl wanders through the house dreaming of the future that will never come for her, while her father putters about with his pipe and his occasional beer, trying to see some pattern in his past and continually surprised to recall that he is now a sick old man. The rest of the family swirls around these two, quarreling, petting the spoiled little Danny, snarling at the neighbors, and worrying about the invalids for whom nothing can be done.

The situation is convincing and ultimately very moving, but the book demands considerable patience. Mr. Farrell's characters are drawn with large, sweeping strokes and no subtleties at all. Mr. Farrell persuades the reader by repetition, on the theory that a statement made often enough becomes fact automatically. While the method works for him just as it did for Hitler's propagandists, it results in monotony and the conviction that a more ingenious writer could do the same thing in half the space.

In spite of the limitations of Mr. Farrell's technique, the novel has, in the end, a powerful emotional impact. The catch is that it has no more impact, and rather less spirit, than the two lines of Yeats from which Mr. Farrell took his title: —

I spit into the face of Time
That has transfigured me.



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Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

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Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

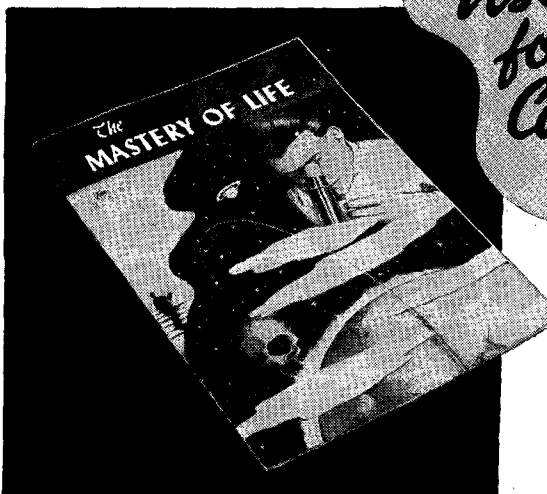
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

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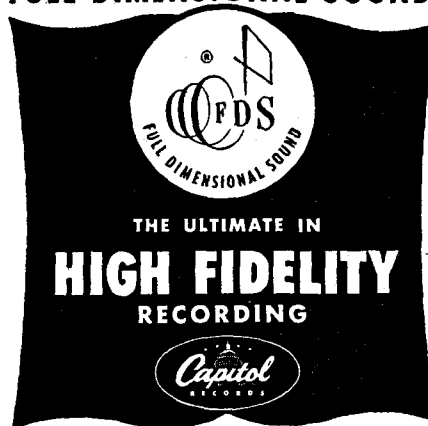
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Potpourri

THE HOUSE THAT NINO BUILT by Giovanni Guareschi. Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.00.

Mr. Guareschi's adventures with his family and his new house are every bit as lively as his tales of Don Camillo, even more charming, and confirm my own suspicion that the traditional authority of Continental husbands is so much myth and moonshine. Mr. Guareschi fights a gallant, comic, hopeless battle to maintain mere equality with his ingenious wife, his unpredictable son, and his small daughter—as formidable a brat as ever drove a father to the typewriter.

THE LADY FOR RANSOM by Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann, \$3.50.

In the year 1096, an old soldier turned friar dictates his memories of war against the Turks for the instruction of young knights on their way to the Crusade. This Roger fitzOdo is an authority on the Byzantine Empire, for he is half Greek himself and as a boy took service with one Roussel de Balliol, a landless captain of mercenaries from Normandy, with whom he campaigned all across Asia Minor. Roger's story, peppered with cynical wisdom, details his master's long, devious, tricky campaign to convert himself from a wandering free lance into a solidly landed gentleman.

The book is as packed with intrigues and unexpected disasters as most historical novels, but it differs from the general run in having wit, plausible characters, and a real feeling for the period. Mr. Duggan's refusal to let his people think like moderns gives the story vitality and interest, and permits a great deal of sly, funny irony in the contrast between forthright Norman thieves and elegant, wily Greeks. *The Lady for Ransom* has few of the standard defects of historical novels, and a set of virtues all its own.

GREAT ENGLISH SHORT NOVELS edited and with an introduction by Cyril Connolly. Dial, \$6.00.

After describing the factors which he believes determine a good short novel and remarking wistfully that the English have never equaled the best American products in this field (he names *The Aspern Papers* and, surprisingly, *The Great Gatsby*), Mr. Connolly presents eleven first-class items. They range from Dr. Johnson's *Life of Richard Savage*—a novel by virtue of the fact that Savage was an incorrigible liar—to the evocative, ambiguous *Between the Acts*, Virginia Woolf's last work. In between come Maria Edgeworth, Le Fanu, Mrs. Gaskell, Eliot, Conrad, Aldous Huxley, Meredith, Peacock, and Hazlitt. Some of these authors may look offhand like museum pieces, but every one of them proves to be very much alive.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Mixed Bags

SOMEONE LIKE YOU by Roald Dahl. (Knopf, \$3.50.) These short stories vary widely in plot and circumstance but share sinister excitement and an elegant, economical style. Mr. Dahl is a highly accomplished writer and his tales, while nerve-racking, are pure fun to read.

SELECTED WORKS OF SACHEVERELL SITWELL. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.00.) A jumble of subjects like an Oriental bazaar, held together by the author's unique combination of scholarship and imagination.

PERSPECTIVES USA—No. 5 edited by Malcolm Cowley. (Viking, \$1.50.) Aiken, Wilson, Riesman, and Burke are included in the group of distinguished authors and critics reporting on the arts in this country. Very lively and stimulating comments.

THE THEATRE IN THE FIFTIES by George Jean Nathan. (Knopf, \$4.50.) A veteran reviewer's afterthoughts and speculations on the New York theatre since 1950, sparkling with wisecracks, irreverence, and good sense.

COLLECTED STORIES by Osbert Sitwell. (Harper, \$5.00.) Sir Osbert ranges from sentiment to satire and by ignoring current fashion in fiction creates his own distinctive style and some quite remarkable effects.

MODERN WRITING edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv. (Avon, \$3.50.) This distinguished collection of fiction, criticism, poetry, and autobiography is the first in a projected series of anthologies of modern writing in Europe and the United States. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Rahv, editors of the *Partisan Review*, have done a fine job.

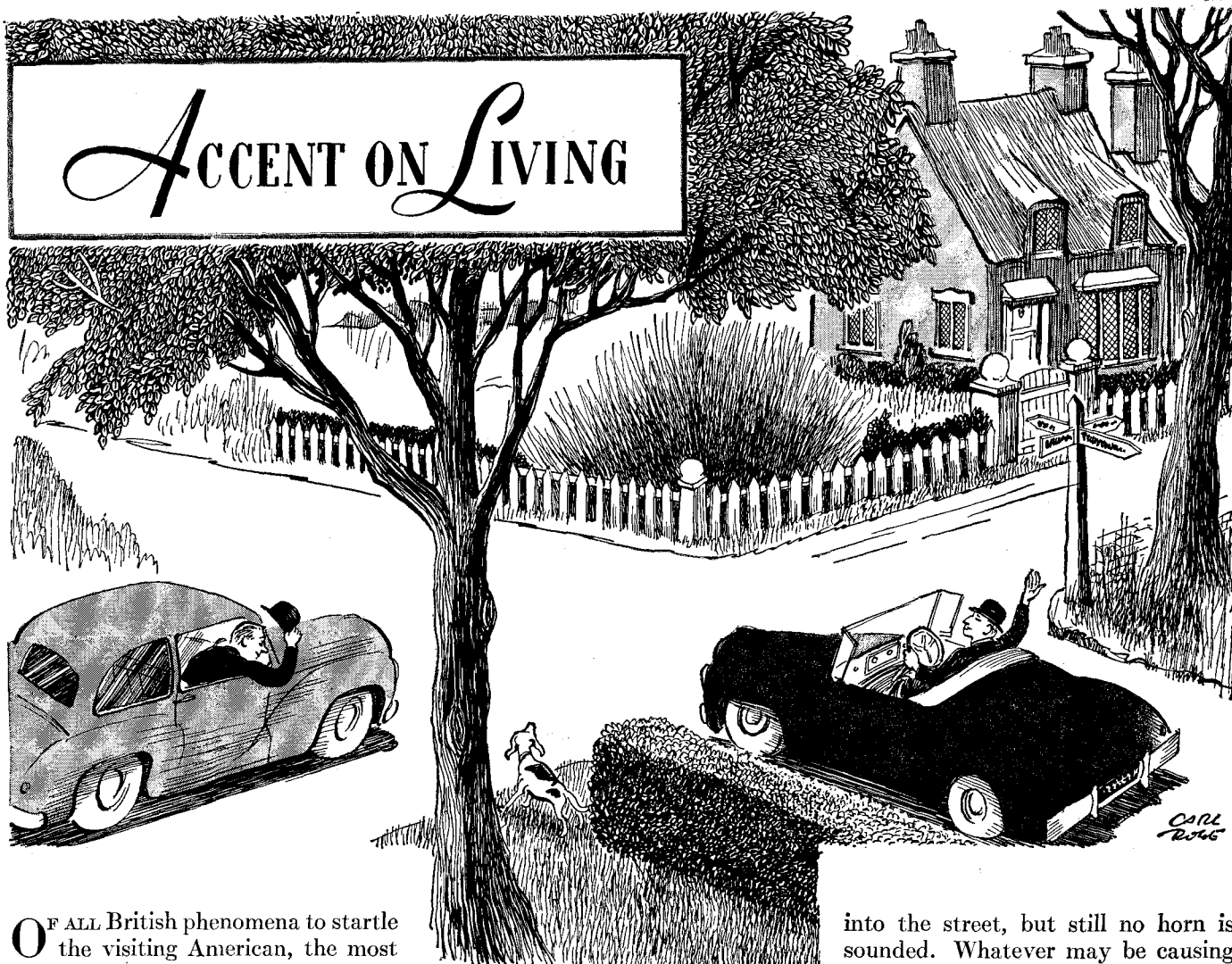
Pictures and Prose

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDER GROUND by Lewis Carroll. (Panda, \$3.00.) Facsimile of the original manuscript, in Carroll's hand and with his delicate illustrations. A pretty book which non-cultists may well prefer to the later, longer official version.

EMETT'S DOMAIN by Rowland Emmett. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50.) Trains, trams, buses, and Englishmen roll through a mechanized Cloud-Cuckoo-Land in these deft, daffy cartoons from *Punch*.

JAMES REYNOLDS' IRELAND by James Reynolds. (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$10.00.) This personal, loving, arbitrary report on what tickles the author about Ireland is pleasant reading and has eye-catching drawings. Mr. Reynolds is a romantic who makes no secret of his liking for horses and ghosts and his complete disinterest in politics and slum improvement.

ACCENT ON LIVING



OF ALL British phenomena to startle the visiting American, the most novel is likely to be the motor traffic. In the cities or on the highway, he will find it like nothing he has ever seen at home; and far from becoming accustomed to it, he can experience it for weeks and months with an ever-increasing wonderment. The British method of driving at the left is quickly assimilated and soon ceases to be strange, but in all other respects the traffic persists in seeming downright unreal.

The visitor's first shock comes when his taxi turns into a narrow one-way street off Piccadilly and stops in front of his hotel, bringing to a halt thereby two or three cars just behind. Cars are solidly parked along both curbs, the cab blocks the street, and the passenger is assailed by a sense of guilt and haste.

He wishes he had less luggage, although the London taxi has managed to stow it all outside — impossible for a much larger New York cab — and without putting even a parcel on the rear seat with the passenger. London cab drivers think it unprofessional to wedge luggage on the seat

around the passenger. They disapprove, also, of any thought that the passenger should bear a hand with the bags and help unload the cab. So, as the visitor hops out with a view to forestalling the expected blast on the horn from the other drivers in the rear, the cabman shoos him gently towards the hotel. Work of a moment, sir, no need to rush, just make yourself comfortable.

More cars are added to the jam-up, and the newly arrived traveler, looking apprehensively up the street, catches the eye of the first driver in the line. Still no blast on the horn; in fact, the driver acknowledges the situation with an amiable shrug. In the next car behind, two people are conversing earnestly and paying no attention to the delay. They all sit there while the last of the luggage is being handed over to the hall porter and the cab driver goes back to consult his meter.

There are cars stationary on Piccadilly by this time, waiting to turn

into the street, but still no horn is sounded. Whatever may be causing the delay, these are not drivers who expect to eliminate it by disturbing innocent householders a half-block up the street. When the taxi finally moves off, the whole procession follows, and that's that. On one occasion a friend of mine accidentally blew his horn in a traffic jam while lighting a cigarette. He blushed deeply, and heads turned in many cars around us to see what on earth could be wrong.

The visitor will be impressed next by the lavish use of direction signals — semaphores, blinking lights, hand signals, and often all three — on which the traffic depends. The slightest change of course rates a signal. On a country road, usually winding, most drivers wave on an overtaking car whenever a clear chance to pass develops, and it is no rare thing for a driver to slow down and hug the road's edge if the car behind seems to need a little extra time and room for passing. Truck drivers, in particular, travel with the most tender concern for faster vehicles in their rear.

All these practices I encountered so

often that I can only regard them as typical, or at least as widely prevalent, and a brisk controversy was going on in one of the letter columns while I was there over the lamentable absence of a good signal that would instruct the driver behind to "reduce speed" for reasons beyond the control of the driver up front.

Meanwhile a magistrate was remarking the decline in the British spirit of courtesy and fair play on the highways and getting a rousing play in the papers with his misgivings — certainly a man who had never tried a left turn off Madison Avenue or getting on and off Boston's new parkway up the Charles. A peer of distinguished name was in the papers at the same time. He had been fined a goodly sum for exceeding the speed limit in a built-up zone, and his appeal was firmly turned down.

The British driver's attitude towards the direction signal is worth mentioning. It seemed to me that he uses it to indicate an intention rather

than a hell-or-high-water determination to carry out his next move. He makes the signal as early as possible, giving the rest of the traffic a chance to mull it over and accommodate him, but his main effort is to do nothing that will prove objectionable to anyone. So it is that when a half dozen streets are pouring solid streams of traffic into a circus or a square, where two or three streams try to intersect two or three others, the pervading spirit is one of caution, alertness, competence, and above all courtesy. The London traffic policeman is famous for such qualities, but he really has little to do but preside over a kind of love feast, a self-regulating pattern of movement, like a folk dance or the Grand Right and Left.

Any traffic this heavy — through streets that were never laid out to carry it in the first place — may be on the slow side, but it does move. Neither scowls nor glares from the drivers accompany it, and the effect

on the overseas visitor is singularly agreeable.

There are, in fact, few traffic jams, as we know them, in London, where drivers would rather move slowly in two lanes than bog down altogether in forming a third lane with room for only two. The British willingness to queue up is obvious throughout such situations: they prefer a queue to a mess. It was my impression that any driver trying to jump the whole queue and land in the front row could easily do so, simply because the other drivers would reason that nothing short of a grave emergency — a ruptured appendix or a maternity case — could induce such behavior.

The same view is taken of cutting in and out, of shopping furiously for the faster lane. The British realize that the inside lane is the slower, that the fast traffic belongs in the outside lane, and that overtaking another car on the wrong side is worse than dangerous: it is bad manners.

CHARLES W. MORTON

THE OLDEN TIMES

by ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

ELINOR GOULDING SMITH lives in Scarsdale, New York. She has been a frequent contributor to these pages.

MY CHILDREN, like all children, love to hear about the bygone days when Mommy and Daddy were little. They sometimes express doubts about our veracity though, because it is so hard for them to imagine the rigors of life in the olden times before they were born.

For instance, I've told them of the clocks and watches that actually had to be wound up by hand each day, and I've told them about the sewing machines that only sewed forwards. I have tried to describe the labor and toil of Venetian blinds whose tilting cords got uneven because there was no mechanical device to keep them even; and they simply refuse to believe that we actually had to press a button to make the pilot light on the range reach the burner when we turned on the gas. "Just imagine!" they say in wonderment.

I've told them about old-fashioned razors and razor blades, and I've told them how Daddy used to have to un-

wrap the new blade from its paper, open the razor, take out the old blade, put the new one in, and then twist the handle to close the razor again. "Goodness," say the children, "what hard lives people had then!"

I've told them of our toil with shoe



polish that needed rubbing and silver polish that needed scrubbing. And I've told them how, in the old days, we did our laundry with soap. "How in the world did you ever manage?" they ask.

I told them about my first vacuum cleaner, before they were born, that

had a dust bag which had to be removed and emptied; about the clothes drier with no chimes to tell you when it was all finished, and the ice cube trays that actually had to be removed and emptied and then be refilled by hand.

I told them about baking a cake by sifting flour and baking powder and salt, and creaming butter and sugar, and adding eggs and vanilla, but they couldn't grasp the idea. I told them how we brewed coffee and tea in pots, and bought vegetables fresh from the ground with the leaves still on and the dirt still clinging to them, but they thought I was joking.

Once I told them about milk that wasn't homogenized, and explained how we used to have to shake the bottle before pouring out the milk. They both came and put their arms around my neck. "Poor Mommy," they said with tears in their little eyes, "how hard you had to work in the olden times!"

The other day I was telling them about cigarette packages whose cellophane wrappings had no little red strip to pull. "Well," they said, "now you've gone *too far*. Now we know you're making it all up."



PITY THE CHAIRMAN

by N. BRYLLION FAGIN

N. BRYLLION FAGIN is an associate professor of English at the Johns Hopkins University and director of its theater. He is the author of several books, the latest being *The Histrionic Mr. Poe*.

UNTIL a short while ago I attended conferences and conventions only as a delegate or visitor, and I often came away with unkind feelings toward chairmen or presiding officers. It seemed to me that they were a particularly smug and insensitive breed, sitting above everyone else, secure in power, smiling with diplomatic condescension.

And then came the dawn — when I was asked to chair a regional one-day conference; and swayed by reasons of expediency, loyalty, moral obligation, and pride I assumed the burden of the honor. Immediately I found myself turning into a diplomat, resorting to a benign smile for protective coloration and hiding my perplexity and trepidation by assuming an air of self-confidence which shielded but did not warm me.

The program called for a Morning Session, a Luncheon Session, and an Afternoon Session. The Morning Session was to begin promptly at ten o'clock with some words of greeting by the president of the small college which played host to the conference. We waited twenty minutes before a lowly dean appeared with apologies from the president, who regrettably was unable to be with us. I introduced the dean with all the tact and eloquence at my command. And the man repaid me and the conference handsomely; he spoke for twenty-five minutes. The time allotted on the program to the greetings of the president was five minutes.

We were thus forty-five minutes behind schedule when I introduced the principal speaker of the Morning Session, an important lady from an important educational institution. She had sat next to me on the podium during the dean's "remarks," and I had managed to whisper to her that we were almost three quarters of an hour behind time, and she had charmingly reassured me that her talk would be brief. Unfortunately she had no prepared speech, only a package of three by five cards, and she proceeded to improvise to her heart's content — and to my consternation and chagrin. To this day I don't know what the lady said. But when she finally stopped talking I stood up and led the applause.

It was now 11:45; and before we could adjourn to lunch, at which a very famous literary figure — the *pièce de résistance* of the whole conference — was to enlighten and entertain us, two more items on the program faced me. One was a fifteen-minute talk by one of my own colleagues; the other was a panel discussion in which six delegates, each representing a regional institution, were to participate. It was impossible to do anything about the second item, but something, I thought, could and should be done about the first.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I announced. "I know that you are as eager as I am to hear the rest of the program of this extraordinary Morning Session. I also know that we are running considerably behind time and are in danger of incurring the enmity of the college chef if we are late for the excellent lunch he has prepared for us. I therefore take it upon myself to shift Dr. X's talk to the Afternoon Session and to proceed immediately with the panel discussion. I am sure Dr. X will agree with me that an important talk such as his should receive the attention it deserves, which it won't so near the lunch hour."

I thought that I was being diplomatic and clever. Evidently I was neither. My colleague seemed to acquiesce at the time, but he has hardly spoken to me ever since — for, of course, I was not able to find a spot for him on the afternoon program.

And my words had the further effect of alarming my six panel participants — four males and two females. The first gentleman read every blessed word in his prepared manuscript and consumed fifteen minutes;

the second speaker, a lady, edited her manuscript publicly, commenting, shading, disgressing, and "concluding" several times without coming to a full stop. I sent a frantic note to the third speaker and received a smiling promise of brevity, but once he got up he acted as though he were saying to me: "I have the floor at last and I am going to have my say, every bit of it; everyone else has had all the time he wanted and I am as good as everyone else, if not better. This is my moment of glory and I am going to live up to it, even if thereby I annoy some people."

And he evidently did annoy a considerable number of people, for they began walking out on him. The last speaker had a mere token of an audience, which, of course, included the tired and wilted chairman. I guessed that these intrepid listeners were merely waiting their turn to become questioners, arguers, and commentators in the general discussion, and I was right. No sooner had I thanked my speakers than people began popping up, eyes blazing, hands upraised, demanding to be heard.

By then, however, I was not only tired but also desperate. The idea of more talk was intolerable to me. "I know," I said weakly, "that you all have interesting things to say. Discussion from the floor is always stimulating and profitable. But lunch is waiting for us; it is getting cold; let's go to it." I could not help feeling that my suggestion was received with hostility.

The rest of the conference is not clearly registered in my mind. We ate chicken à la king — or was it tuna fish? — and a brick of ice cream with a green cookie. The literary celebrity was very jolly and we all laughed a lot. I don't remember when the Afternoon Session began but it was over by 6 p.m., when I was saying "Thank you" to many people who thought the conference had been wonderful. I said it cheerfully, although I was not sure what I meant by the phrase. Perhaps I meant: "Hooray, it's over!" or "Glad you think so" or — more irreverently — "Nuts!"



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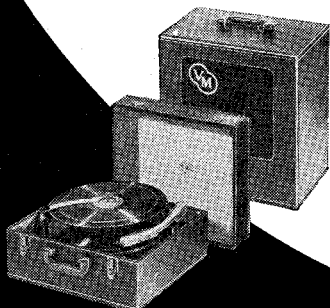
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by JOHN M. CONLY

Arne: Ode in Honor of Great Britain ("Rule, Britannia") (Benjamin Britten conducting soloists, Aldeburgh Festival Orchestra and Chorus; London: 12" LP). Almost everyone has heard "Rule, Britannia," but few people know that it was originally the finale of a masque, *Alfred*, by Dr. Thomas Arne, produced in 1740. Here it is presented just as it thrilled the 1740 audience, with Peter Pears lustily singing the four verses against bright eighteenth-century orchestration.

The rest of the disk offers two songs for royalty by Purcell and Arne and, on the reverse, a set of variations on an Elizabethan theme by six modern British composers, including Britten and Walton.

Bach: Suites No. 1 and No. 3 for Unaccompanied Cello (Antonio Janigro, cello; Westminster: 12" LP). Skilled, vital, deeply sensitive performances, and some of the best cello sound anywhere. Complication: Columbia has fine versions of Suites 2 and 3 by Casals on a single disk; Period offers Starker in an equally good combination of 3 and 6.

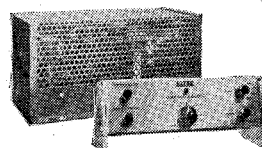
Beethoven: Concerto No. 3 in C Minor (Rudolf Serkin, piano; Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). Ormandy deepens as he ages, and Serkin remains a firm Beethovenian; so here is the best Third Concerto yet on microgroove. It could easily be a little more exciting, and the orchestra is better recorded than the piano; still, it's good.

Chopin: Waltzes, Complete (Guiomar Novaes, piano; Vox: 12" LP). The only substantial competition is from the late Dinu Lipatti, on Columbia. Novaes offers cleaner sound, one more waltz (No. 15, Op. posth.), and playing that is somewhat cooler and more measured than Lipatti's. Chopin lovers had better hear both before buying.

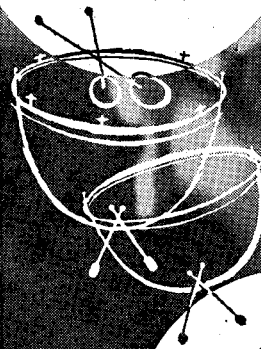
Orff, Carl: Carmina Burana (Eugen Jochum conducting vocal soloists, Bavarian Radio Orchestra and

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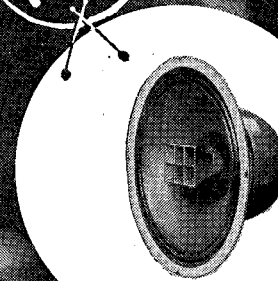
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ACCENT ON LIVING

Chorus; Decca: 12" LP). Neither Thompson's *Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians* nor the *Oxford Companion to Music* makes mention of Carl Orff, though he has been around for fifty-eight years, composing most of the time. However, when Deutsche Grammophon recorded his *Carmina Burana*, settings of authentic thirteenth-century strolling minstrel songs, it became at once their best seller. Score one for the public over the experts. (This is the same recording, incidentally.) Orff relies primarily on the primitive power of a good song, arranging it first in almost medieval simplicity and then beefing it up with exciting modern sound-effects. This formula could produce horrors, but in Orff's hands it yields something really fascinating.

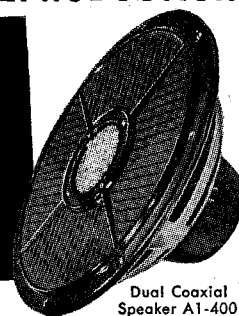
Wagner: *Tristan and Isolde* (Kirsten Flagstad, Ludwig Suthaus, Blanche Thebom, Dietrich Fischer-Diskau, Josef Greindl, other soloists; Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting Covent Garden Chorus and Philharmonia Orchestra; RCA Victor: five 12" LPs in album, with libretto and commentary booklet). So far as this reviewer is concerned, here is the best operatic production on records, in all ways, without qualification. What trifling loss Flagstad may have incurred, through time, in physical-vocal powers is more than made up for in enhanced dramatic insight. Second credits must go to Furtwängler, for all-out aural exploitation of the score's tremendous drama. Thebom is terrific; so is the brand-new Wagnerian, Fischer-Dieskau, as Kurwenal. And applause is due the HMV production men who have so magically combined perspective, impact, and intelligibility.

Full Dimensional Sound: A Study in High Fidelity (Excerpts from various FDS recordings; Capitol: 12" LP in album, with explanatory essay by Charles Fowler). Four record companies—Urania, Westminster, RCA Victor, and Capitol—have put forth hi-fi "show-off" records, aimed in part at equipment dealers. Most consist mainly of excerpts from the makers' own highest-fi disks. The Capitol is distinguished chiefly by the lucid, 2000-word explanation of wide-range sound-reproduction by Charles Fowler, executive editor of *High Fidelity* magazine—and by two startling bands of percussionist by Hal Rees, chief percussionist of Twentieth Century-Fox Films.

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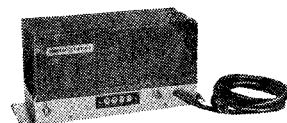


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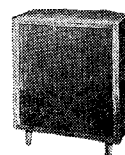
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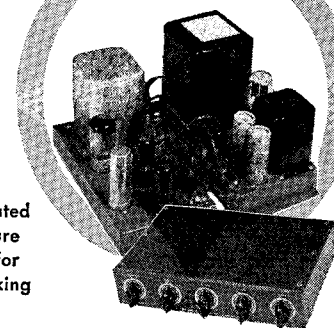
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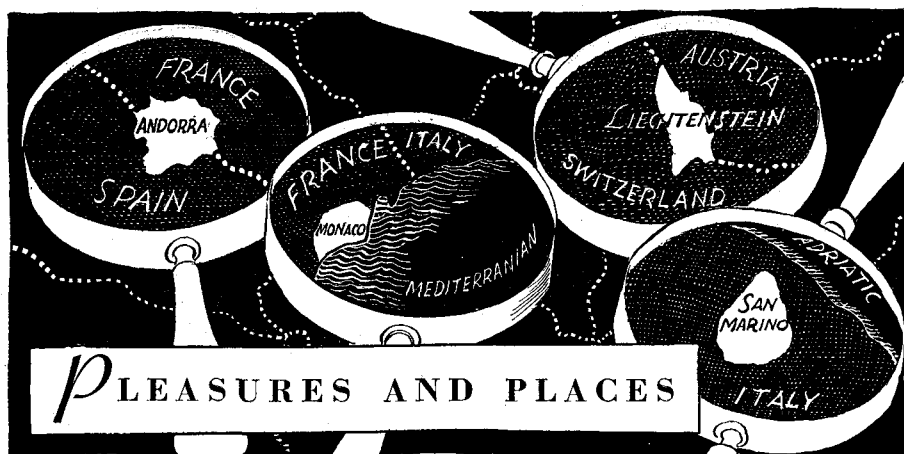
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THE LILLIPUTS

by GILES PLAYFAIR

GILES PLAYFAIR divides his time between London and the United States, with occasional excursions to the Continent. We have published several of his travel articles, and he now sends this account of his trip to the four smallest states in Europe.

WHEN I set forth last spring to visit Europe's four surviving Lilliputian states, I fancied myself as something of an explorer. I knew, of course, that Monaco, the smallest of them all, was already famous among world travelers, and had been for nearly a century. But I imagined that the other three were pretty well uncharted territory.

And maybe it isn't everyone who could say right off just what Liechtenstein, San Marino, and Andorra are, and where they are: that Liechtenstein is a principality sandwiched between eastern Switzerland and western Austria; that San Marino is a republic landlocked by Italy, about fifteen miles from Rimini on the Adriatic coast; that Andorra lies snugly, if elusively, in the Pyrenees between France and the Spanish province of Catalonia, and is variously described as a principality and a republic. (Actually, Andorra has two co-princes — the Spanish Bishop of Urgel and the President of France, who inherits his title through the Comte de Foix and the French monarchy. But the co-princes have no powers, except the power of veto, and the Andorrans otherwise administer their own affairs through a General Council.)

I must report, however, that if these countries still need some such explanatory introduction, this is no longer, as it was before the war,

through any bashfulness of the outside world on their part. Since 1945 they have all been engaged in determined efforts to make themselves attractive to visitors. Today, each of them has its new hotels; each of them has its tourist offices; each of them is bristling with picture postcards and the various other commodities that tourists are supposed to find irresistible.

Moreover, with the active concurrence of the Lilliputian governments (Monaco's included), a central travel organization is to be set up in London for the special purpose of popularizing just such a tour as I made: the Little Tour, perhaps this may come to be called, as opposed to the old, outmoded Grand Tour. As recently as the 1930s parts of this Little Tour would have been impossible except by foot or mule. Now it can all be done, if a little hazardously in places, by shining charabanc.

As a matter of fact, to attempt it on one's own, as I did, without a car, though it may be no explorer's dream, is still a pretty complicated undertaking. I went Andorra-Monaco-Liechtenstein-San Marino, which was, I think, as easy a way round as I could have chosen. With Bordeaux as my starting point, it involved me, excursions aside, in approximately sixty-four hours of rail travel with thirteen changes of train, six and a half hours of road travel in three different buses, and an excessively uncomfortable all-day mountain climb, mostly through about three feet of soft snow.

The climb I could have avoided if I hadn't committed the initial blunder of trying to reach Andorra from the French side. Andorra has no railroad of its own, but there is a railroad station in France called l'Hospitalet-près-Andorre which, judging both from the sound of it

and its place on the map, I supposed within as easy striking distance of Andorra as one could get. The trouble was, though, that I arrived in April, and except between June and September the road from l'Hospitalet into Andorra is closed to traffic because of the snow; in fact, it's considered so impassable that neither the French nor the Andorrans bother to man the frontier. For the rest of the year the only way to get to Andorra in any sort of comfort is from the Spanish side. The nearest railroad station is Puigcerdá, and from there it's about a five-hour drive, with a change from a Spanish bus into an Andorran bus at Urgel.

The remaining Lilliputs were more easily reached than Andorra, and would have presented hardly any problem at all if I'd been going directly to them from some central point instead of traveling from one to the other. Monaco has two main-line railroad stations of its own less than a mile apart, which means that the whole country is somewhat more than adequately served. There used to be a branch line running from Rimini to San Marino; this was destroyed during World War II, but is due to be repaired shortly by the Italians. Meanwhile, there is an excellent bus service.

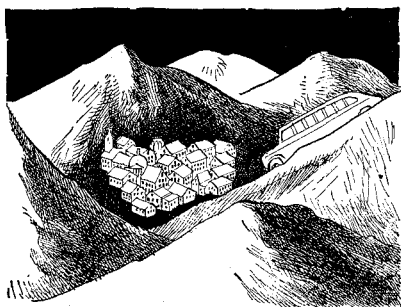
The simplest way of reaching Vaduz, Liechtenstein's capital, is to get off at the Swiss frontier town of Buchs, which is on the main Paris-Vienna line, and then take a taxi — only a five-mile drive. A more romantic way, perhaps, is to proceed a couple of miles further by train to Schaan-Vaduz, the principality's one railroad station, and take a bus or taxi from there. But this means wasting quite a lot of time because, though Liechtenstein has a customs union with Switzerland and therefore no border formalities of its own, the train is held up at Buchs for inspection by the Austrian immigration and customs officials.

All four Lilliputian states have it in common that they are mountainous, and were once practically inaccessible. This largely accounts for their present independence, so that in retrospect at least it was a momentous political decision when in 1859 the Prince of Monaco, who ruled absolutely over a rock that was approachable from France only by a perilous mule-track, granted a concession for the building of a casino

within his minute and unproductive realm. For this decision meant that Monaco was abandoning its geographic isolation in favor of flaunting and exploiting its anomalous sovereignty. Henceforth, it could no longer expect to be overlooked by Europe's successive warmakers and peacemakers; it would have to rely on striking a sentimental chord in their hearts.

But that is what it seems to have done. Around the casino grew Monte Carlo, which became the very hub of the fabulously fashionable Côte d'Azur and turned the valueless rock that had been Monaco into a glittering prize. Yet Monaco has survived two world wars and two separate reshapings of Europe with its independence unchallenged. Admittedly, the Germans violated its neutrality during the last war, though as a matter of fact they were not obligated to respect it, for Monaco had signed a treaty with France that gave the French the right to send troops into its territory in an emergency. But, unlike its big neighbor, Monaco has emerged from the experience of German occupation without any signs of physical or spiritual disfigurement. Its city of Monte Carlo that was built for the delectation of princes is still a living thing; it still looks supremely elegant and supremely opulent; it is not, as so many places elsewhere in Europe have become, just a pale, dejected reminder of what it used to be.

Or so it seemed to me, and I was in Monte Carlo in May, which is out of season. I should suggest, though, that May is possibly the best time of year to go there for those who do



not care particularly to be in the fashion and whose resources are limited. True, the opera house is closed, which is a pity, but the main casino is open, the weather is likely to be quite warm enough for sea bathing and sun bathing, and the prices have not risen to astronomical heights. I stayed, demi-pension, in

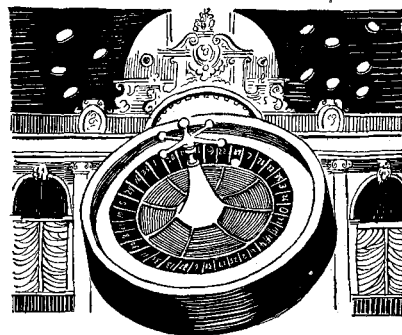
a modest but perfectly comfortable hotel for the equivalent of \$4 a night.

And, in or out of season, the thing that gave Monte Carlo its special attraction and set it above the other pleasure troves of the Côte d'Azur is always on view. There is always the pageant of Monaco's sovereignty to watch: the Prince's palace, on the other side of the twinkling, stage-designed harbor from Monte Carlo, and the two toylike sentries outside it, with their two gaily stripe-painted, toylike sentry boxes, and the policemen, whose splendor of uniform and bearing makes the policemen of the French Republic just up or along the road look like bedraggled servants of a pauper state, and the elaborately designed outsize postage stamps and the flags and the emblems and all the rest.

But no doubt in these fear-ridden, armament-burdened times a new and more potent appeal than comic opera colorfulness and romanticism has been added to the charm of Lilliputian sovereignty. That is why, in one sense at least, Andorra, Liechtenstein, and San Marino have chosen a good psychological moment to follow on the road that their baby brother took nearly a hundred years ago. For today the four Lilliputs are like a tiny remaining leisured class among nations. They exist without armies, and consequently exist very happily; they can afford to ignore the trials and problems more powerful countries must face. Taxes are either very low, as in Liechtenstein and San Marino, or nonexistent, as in Monaco and Andorra, where crime is nearly absent and where there is no anxious grabbing at the latest edition of the newspaper. They exude an atmosphere of light-heartedness that is infectious; to visit any one of them is to capture the illusion of a world at peace.

In Andorra this atmosphere is close to anarchistic. As the bank manager told me over a drink in a café, "There is no law in Andorra"; and when he said this the chief of police, who happened to be standing by, nodded enthusiastic agreement. What the chief of police meant, as I discovered on questioning him further, was that, crimes against property and person aside — and these, he insisted, were never committed by Andorrans, though occasionally they were by resident aliens — the people were subject to no compulsions or restraints.

Actually, the Andorrans are almost exclusively a peasant community, but since the outbreak of World War II a considerable number of them have been making their money out of smuggling goods from



France into Spain, and vice versa. Andorra has other sources of revenue — a tobacco industry, for example, and a powerful commercial radio station — but, unofficially at least, smuggling appears to be its chief one, and it has proved extraordinarily profitable.

The Andorrans are too well off to have any real need of a tourist trade. They are investing in the prospect of one, however — in hotels and neon-lit movie houses and shops and marble-walled arcades. In the two chief urban centers — Escaldes and the town of Andorra itself, which are now about a mile apart on the road running through the valley, but will soon be joined together if building goes on at its present rate — I counted a half-dozen modern or modernized hotels already in operation and as many more in process of being built. The shops are innumerable, and they are still mushrooming; even in the narrow, primitive, unpaved back streets of the old part of Andorra town new ones are being readied. In fact, Andorra is a shopper's paradise; it is stuffed with luxury goods from the market places of the world, and most of these are obtainable at lower prices than in their countries of origin.

Generally speaking, Andorra can be recommended for its cheapness. The charge for a hotel room with bath is something under a dollar and a half. The average meal, which consists of seven courses and inevitably includes *paella* (an assortment of shellfish and meats in fried saffron rice) and (for some reason) *crème caramel*, costs about 90 cents, with a bottle of local wine thrown in.

But all this, and the salmon trout fishing, too, which is said to be very

fine, is clearly not enough to put Andorra on a level with Monaco as a pleasure resort. The one thing it feels it must have, if it's ever going to catch up, is one thing that has



been vetoed by the Bishop of Urgel: a casino.

In Liechtenstein also a casino has been forbidden — by the Swiss, who have the final say in such a matter under the terms of their customs union with the principality. The Swiss objection is partly based on moral grounds, as is the Bishop's in Andorra, and partly, one may suspect, on economic grounds.

In other respects, too, Liechtenstein's position is comparable with Andorra's. The atmosphere is more orderly — one even has to fill out a registration form on arrival at a hotel, which in Andorra is a quite unheard-of bit of red tape — and if smuggling goes on or has gone on, it is not something openly admitted or boasted about. But like the Andorrans, the Liechtensteiners, though too prosperous to need a tourist trade, are investing their money in one; and their prosperity is likewise in a large measure due to the war, when refugee capital flowed into their country, when export prices for their farm produce boomed, and when hugely inflated wages were to be earned working for the Germans across the Austrian border.

For the tourist, Liechtenstein is a far more expensive country than Andorra. The local wine, a *vin rosé*, is infinitely superior to the Andorran local wine, but it is not thrown in with a meal any longer, as it used to be; it is charged for at \$1.80 a bottle. Hotel prices in general are as high as they are in Switzerland, which is to say as high as anywhere in Europe. Government officials excused it on the grounds that Liechtenstein was tied to the Swiss economy. But the fact is that Liechtenstein was tied to the Swiss economy before the war, and in

those days, I'm assured, prices were about half what they were in Switzerland.

Of course, everything is no doubt considerably more luxurious now than it was then, but just the same the Liechtensteiners have a lot to learn about running hotels. So, for that matter, have the Andorrans. With one outstanding exception, in every hotel I stayed at in the two countries the shine of comfort was too often mistaken for the actuality. In a hotel in Vaduz, for example, I had a telephone in my bedroom (there was a telephone in every bedroom), but no closets, no chest of drawers, and no table. In an Andorran hotel, I had a most serviceable-looking bathroom, but without any towels in it, which proved quite a logical omission because there wasn't any hot water either.

Liechtenstein has the picturesque advantage of a reigning prince who lives in a Zenda-like castle, standing in splendid isolation high above Vaduz. The Prince himself is said to be somewhat cool towards the whole idea of tourism, but a number of his relatives, who — like him — once spent most of their time on estates in what has since become Russian-dominated Europe, are taking an active part in the tourist drive. There is notably an immensely energetic baron, who runs a tourist bureau of his own called Quick, which serves as a thrustful addition to the slower-moving and more conservative government bureau. The baron is brimming with ideas for a bigger and brighter tourists' Liechtenstein. He has persuaded the Prince to allow his castle to be floodlit at night during the season, and he has persuaded the government to build a ski lift which he hopes may turn Liechtenstein into a popular winter sports resort. Meanwhile, in the summer, he arranges for conducted charabanc tours to come to his country from England and elsewhere, and personally welcomes the visitors on their arrival in Vaduz.

For me, though, Vaduz itself seemed a place to be avoided in the summer. It is a village growing up into a town, though apparently without any proper plan or design. Lying at the foot of the mountains, parallel with the Rhine, which is Liechtenstein's western frontier, it is apt to be uncomfortably hot. And, thanks in part to the comings and goings of the charabancs, and in part to the hammering out of the new

buildings, which seems to begin promptly at six o'clock every morning, it is often excessively noisy.

However, within a fifteen-minute climb up the steep roads leading to Liechtenstein's unspoiled highlands, one can find perfect quiet and a cool breeze and a view of mountain scenery as lovely as any in Switzerland. And up there is the exception among hotels that I mentioned just now, a brand-new hotel called the *Sonnenhof*; and for a combination of peacefulness and comfort it is in my experience without a peer.

Still, these things, and mountain climbing too, and beer gardens and cafés and at least one hotel with a dance orchestra and cabaret, do not add up to any Monte Carlo. As in the case of the Andorrans, the men behind Liechtenstein's tourist drive are convinced that their pre-eminent need is a casino.

San Marino actually has a casino. It is referred to in the official guidebooks as the "quite new kursaal," for the San Marinesi haven't got around as yet to employing a very expert English translator. It was built on the level immediately below the old walled capital of San Marino, which is atop Mount Titano, and it stands there now, a vast marble palace of a building, more impressive in its modern way than Monte Carlo's casino, but deserted except for a sad-eyed caretaker.

For San Marino is at once the Cinderella and the *enfant terrible* of the Lilliputs. It fared badly during the war. On June 26, 1944, the British bombed it, in the mistaken belief that the Germans had an ammunition dump under the railroad tunnel, and the republic suffered quite heavy damage. Thereafter, its territory was



in turn occupied by the retreating German army, turned into a battlefield, and finally occupied by the pursuing British.

There was no compensation forth-

coming for all this after the war. Moreover, San Marino found itself caught up in a running dispute with Italy, as a result of which the Italians were withholding payment of an annual sum that under treaty they were obligated to pay the republic in lieu of customs dues. Accordingly, San Marino decided that it must build up a tourist trade in order to pay its way.

At that moment, a mysterious figure from Rumania, named Maxim Maximo, appeared on the scene with an offer to raise money from private sources in Genoa for a casino. This offer was accepted, and in August, 1949, the roulette wheels began to turn. At the same time, on the strength of their expectations, the San Marinesi opened three new hotels. (Formerly, there had been only one.)

During the first six months of



operations, the casino brought San Marino double the revenue that Italy was still withholding. But then the trouble started. Italy requested San Marino to close down its casino and, when this request was refused, established what amounted to a total blockade of the republic. Italian police were posted at every road leading into San Marino and, on the pretext of enforcing customs regulations, held up anyone attempting either to enter or leave, for hours on end. After seventeen months of this the San Marinense government was finally compelled to give in.

Precisely what the grounds of the Italian objection to San Marino's casino were is open to doubt; at least no two people in San Marino itself seem to have the same explanation. But the grounds *could* have been political because, let it be whispered, San Marino had (and still has) a pro-Communist government.

For my part, though I took some trouble looking into the matter, I

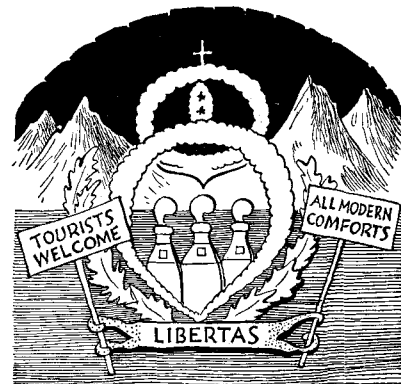
find it hard to regard this pro-Communist government as a particularly grave menace to the peace of the world — or of San Marino. "They 'ate themselves," an Italian told me, speaking objectively of a people among whom he has lived continuously for the past thirty years. He meant that political rivalries in San Marino are intense. But if this is so, it is not at all obvious to the tourist. For the atmosphere of the place remains uninhibitedly friendly and free, and if the present government has made one attack on democratic liberties or enacted one Communist or even Socialist measure, nobody I spoke to in San Marino, government and opposition supporters alike, could tell me of it.

Anyhow, I was enchanted by San Marino. It is more expensive than Andorra, though less expensive than Liechtenstein: about halfway between the two. Assuming that Monaco must still be considered in a lofty class by itself, San Marino would be my choice if I had to recommend one above the other Lilliputs for a vacation.

For it has something that Liechtenstein and Andorra rather depressingly lack: a cultural tradition. And it has set about organizing its tourist trade without doing violence to this tradition. The Diamond hotel, for example, where I stayed, is a conversion job of a characteristic building within the old walled capital. But though it has its private bathrooms and its telephones, the whole thing has been carried out without creating any disharmony between it and the town of which it's a part.

This town is remarkable not only for the superb panoramic view from it: it is remarkable in itself. Its history, which dates back more than a thousand years, is commemorated not simply in hastily assembled hand-outs for tourists; it is commemorated

in stone. It has the most primitive sort of movie house that I can remember having been in since the



advent of the talkies. But it also has a very handsome white and gold theater, which the San Marinesi people built for themselves in 1941 on the site of an older theater. That, I think, typifies the essential difference between San Marino on the one hand and Liechtenstein and Andorra on the other.

And I've a second, more sentimental reason for my preference. San Marino really needs a tourist trade, and now that its "quite new kursal" has been forced to close down, there is something touchingly, almost heart-rendingly appealing about its efforts to acquire one, especially by comparison with the slicker, more efficient methods of, say, the Quick office in Vaduz. Its newest, biggest, only neon-lighted hotel advertises its attractions to the English-speaking world in these words: "Ot offers a friendly warm welcome in a serene and calm atmosphere. Every modern comfort, central heating, batle, telephone in cache room, garage, park, garden and large roof terraces from where a wonderful siglet may be enjoyed."

That may not be entirely clear, but I should hate to think of the hotel that has said it not being full.

THE POET AND HIS GIFT

by R. P. LISTER

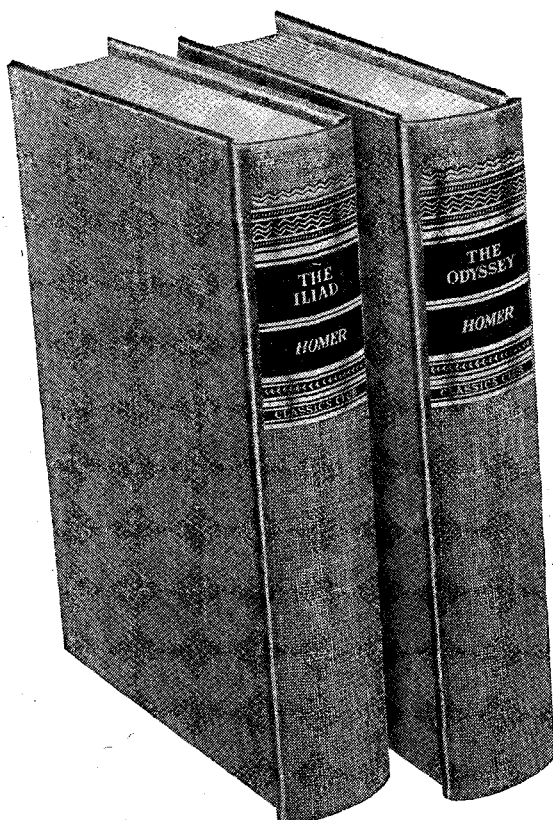
THE beauty of my land, and that of my lady,
Are past belief, sang the poet with genuine fervor.
His character was, however, a trifle shady,
And he died in a pub from the blow of a life-preserver.

This does not detract from the excellence of his gift,
Which the critics all declared was purely lyrical;
But his land and his lady were better off with him biffed,
And that nobody biffed him before is a positive miracle.

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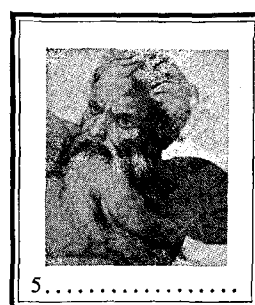
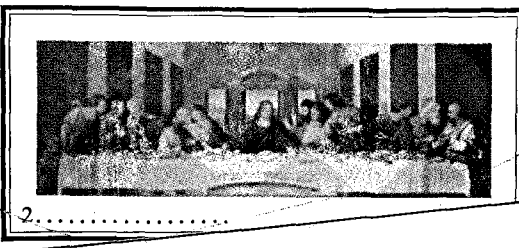
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